

RHYMES  
ATWENTIMES?  
BY  
Thomas  
MACKELLAR



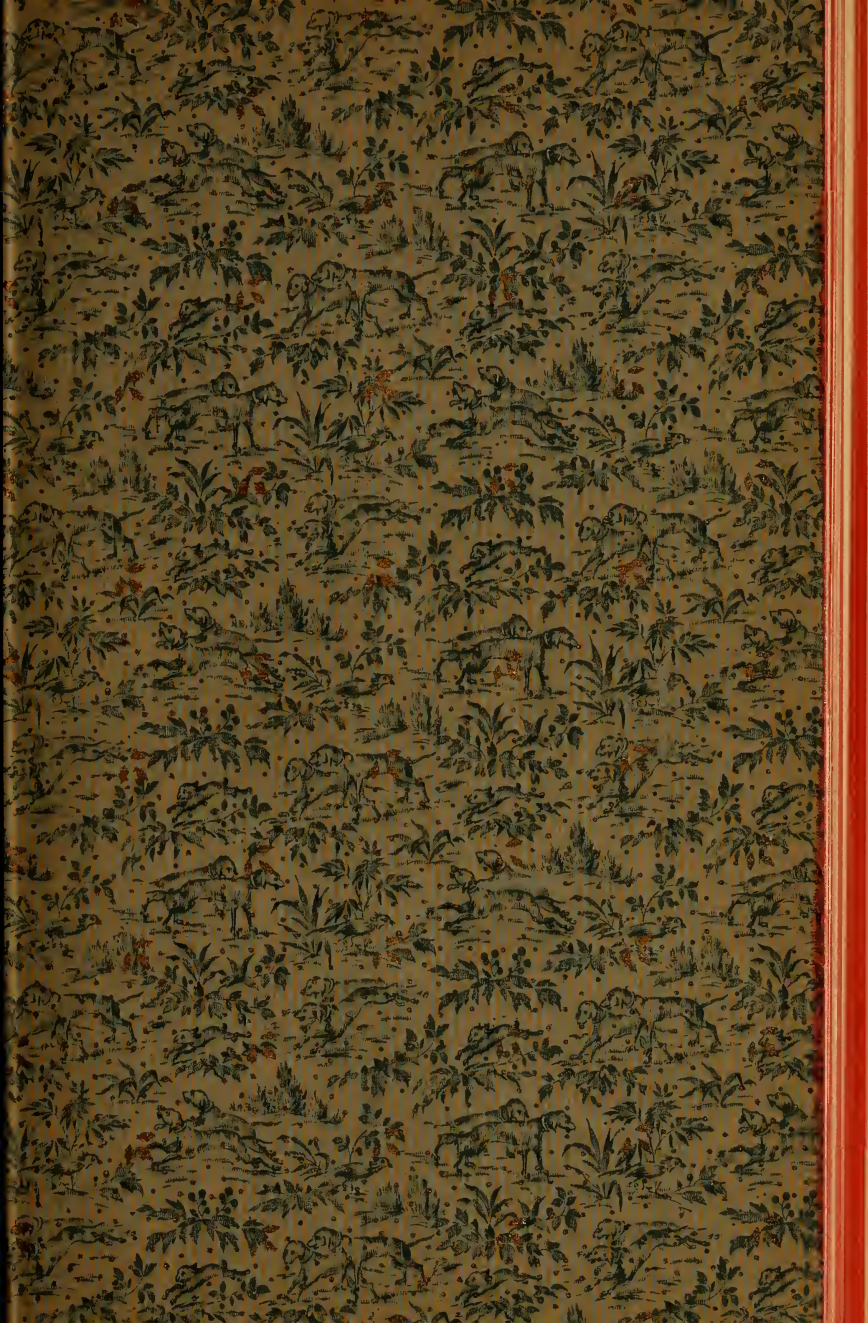
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RHYMES ATWEEN-TIMES.



### THE POET'S VENTURE.

*I SAT me down to build a boat  
And launch it on the sea afloat :  
I wrought it with a loving will,  
Putting to task my utmost skill :  
I gave its form the highest grace  
My hand and eye knew how to trace,  
And beautified its every part  
According to my native art.  
I set the mast, and spread the sail  
To catch the softliest-breathing gale,  
And then I sent it forth to go  
Whichever way the wind might blow.  
Who knows ? It may be lost at sea,  
Or come with treasure back to me.*

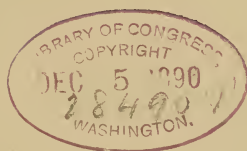


*RHYMES*

*ATWEEN-TIMES.*

✓  
*BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.*

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*PHILADELPHIA:*  
*PORTER & COATES.*  
*1890.*

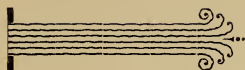
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*SECOND EDITION.*



## Preface to the Second Edition.

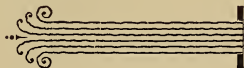
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*THIS* edition of *Rhymes Atween-Times* is sent forth by the author—firstly, to please himself; and, secondly, to win the approval of readers of pure and gentle instincts.

*Some pieces in the first edition have been transferred to the author's book of Hymns and Metrical Psalms, and new poems have been inserted in their stead.*

*T. McK.*

WOODNEST,  
GERMANTOWN, PA.  
December, 1890.







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# RHYMES OF COMMON LIFE.









## RHYMES ATWEEN-TIMES.



### MEMORIAL ODE.

*Recited at the Unveiling of the Battle Monument at Germantown.*

#### I.

IN the far, slow-coming days,  
When war shall nevermore be known,  
And men shall sing the heavenly lays  
Of love and peace alone,—  
And tatter'd flag and sword and gun  
Adorn antique historic halls,  
Or hang as curious relics on  
The antiquary's walls,—  
As generations, with untiring tread,  
Along the aisle  
Of centuries shall file,  
The children shall approach with reverent head,  
And ask in wonderment: What means this pile?  
Its eloquent lips will tell to eager ears  
The deeds heroic, wrought in olden years,

Of valiant men, who, at their country's 'hest  
When by tyrannic hands distrest,  
    Left hearth and wife and child,  
And toil'd by day in hunger, heat, and cold,  
And lay at night wrapp'd in the chilly fold  
    Of stormy skies and tempests wild,  
    Without a whisper'd cheer  
Of faithful wife, or mother's fond embrace,  
    So comforting and dear  
    To men of noble race,—  
The men who lifted up their good right arm  
    To shield their land from harm,  
    And, uncomplaining, bled  
And fell, the conquerors though dead.  
Not they who shout are conquerors alone,  
For they who fall before the day is won  
Are also victors, and the laurell'd crown  
Fitly adorns the warrior smitten down.  
    No martyr dies  
    A fruitless sacrifice;  
    Heroic deeds  
    Are the immortal seeds,  
Nourish'd by blood and tears,  
    That yield the fruit of liberty  
    And conscience free  
Through time's unresting years.

## II.

The fragrance of thine old renown,  
    O Germantown !  
Like precious scents that never pass away,  
Fills all the land e'en at this day:  
    For o'er thine undulating hills  
    The long street ran

Where wise Pastorius and the peaceful clan  
Proclaim'd the brotherhood of man,  
And freedom for all from slavery's bonds and ills.  
A century had scarcely mark'd its score,  
When through that peaceful thoroughfare  
Ran rivulets of gore,—  
The heart's blood, rich and rare,  
Of men who dared to take  
The gage of battle for sweet Freedom's sake.

## III.

The crimson sun  
Rose luridly upon  
The hills and vales of Germantown,  
Prefiguring the fray  
That happen'd on the day  
When Washington swept down  
Upon the foreign hordes  
That lent their swords  
To slay the new-born babe of Liberty.  
No drum was heard,  
No shrill fife stirr'd  
The quiet of the chill October morn;  
No rustling of the dry leaves of the corn  
That stood in serried ranks upon the yellow lea.  
The town lay all asleep,  
While Freedom's little band  
Was moving silently, with purpose stern and deep,  
Upon the haughty enemy  
Reposing nigh at hand.

## IV.

Hark the rattle of the shot!  
The booming of the gun!

The cry of quick surprise !  
The battle is begun !  
King George's soldiers run,  
And shouts of victory arise !

While the pursuit is hurrying and hot,  
The startled burghers on the long, long street,  
Flee fast away with terror-quicken'd feet  
O'er the wide fields, while down the travell'd way  
Grape-shot and canister spread havoc and dismay.

But, lo ! a fog comes murkily down  
And midnight gloom o'ershadows Germantown,  
And friend and foe, unseeing and unseen,

Strike random blows

Wild and unrestrain'd ;

And friends mistake for foes

Their patriot brothers, till the browning green

With kindred blood is stain'd.

The foes, befriended by the darksome dew,

Fly to the fateful house of Chew,—

The fort-like mansion built of massy stone

That stands upon the verdant lawn alone.

Ensconced behind the rocky shield,

Their bullets sweep the open field,

And patriot heroes on the greensward fall,

Slain from windows of the stony hall.

O precious moments lost !

The chieftains of the foreign bands

Bring up their overpowering host

That lay upon the lower lands,

And the outnumber'd patriots

Reluctant beat

A slow retreat,

While firing at the foe the final Parthian shots.

## V.

Defeat was victory !  
The news ran o'er the land  
How bravely fought that little band  
Against the veteran hosts that came from o'er the sea ;  
And freemen grasp'd with firmer grip the brand,  
And, trusting in the Lord, determined to be free.

The long, long night of war lay on the land ;  
But in the seventh year  
The Sabbath-day of freedom broke  
The darkness drear,  
And, freed from tyrant's yoke,  
Sweet, gentle Peace dropp'd gifts with plenteous hand.

## VI.

The enfranchised country grew apace in strength,  
Despite old Europe's supercilious ban,  
Until at length  
The youngest-born of nations led the van.  
And yet a stain upon her forehead lay !  
She, who had wrench'd the manacles away  
From her own hands,  
Still held in captive sway  
The stolen sons of Afric's sunny lands.  
The wrong begat a curse that grew amain,  
Perverting heart and brain,  
Till hatred's gall tinged artery and vein,  
And friend and fellow scowl'd upon each other.  
As once the infant land unkindly  
Was smitten by the angry mother,  
So now the infuriate Southron blindly  
Turn'd in wild wrath upon his Northern brother.

The gates of Hades open'd wide again :  
 The guns that boom'd on Sumter struck the knell  
     Of half a million men,  
     Stark dead, or sorely wounded.  
 A doom more dire than Cain's upon the nation fell :  
 The trump of war o'er all the land was sounded :  
     From Pennsylvania's mountains  
     To farthest Southern shore  
     A thousand crimson fountains  
     With kindred blood ran o'er ;  
 And many a homestead wept a hero dead,  
 And Rachels that would not be comforted  
     Sat by the desolated hearth.  
     Ah ! wrathful day  
     Well pass'd away  
     Forever and forever from the earth !  
 Ah me ! the sin, the unrepented sin,  
 That brought the avenging time of retribution in !

## VII.

No son of thine or denizen is he,  
     Wherever he may roam,  
     Over the wide, wide world, or up or down,  
     Who says not, when he dwells again at home,  
 There is no town in lands beyond the sea  
     More beautiful than thou, O Germantown !  
 Yet pleasant homes nor loving ones could stay  
 The valiant men who, hastening away  
     With hurried step, rush'd to the battle-field,  
     And, looking not behind,  
     Made their own breasts the shield  
     To ward the blows  
 Of weapons held by brave, misguided foes,  
     Encarnadined

With blood from kindred veins.  
Let the page historic tell  
The crimson'd battle-plains  
Where many a strong man fell:—  
Enough to bid the grateful verse  
On this auspicious day rehearse  
How victory swept the cloud of war away,  
And rainbow'd peace athwart the heavens lay.

## VIII.

Beneath the peaceful skies,  
And with the Father's smile,  
We dedicate this pile  
To sacred memories  
Of men of elder as of modern day,  
Whose place of burial, to man unknown,  
Is all unmark'd by monumental stone:—  
To nameless heroes slumbering in the sea,  
The sighing winds their ceaseless lullaby,  
Who seem, as 'twere, to need more care of God  
Than they who sleep beneath the churchyard sod:—  
We dedicate this pile to the dead brave who share  
The grassy resting-places of the town,  
Enwreathed by loving hands in flowery May  
With garlands fragrant, and as Eden fair,  
And grander in the Father's eye than monarch's  
jewell'd crown.

## IX.

The land of all the lands by Heaven most blest!  
Who strikes at her doth strike at Freedom's breast.  
If she must bleed, let not the blow  
Be dealt by children's hands again,

But by a common foe,  
The foe of God and freedom-loving men.

O North! O South! O East! O West!  
Away with jealousy, suspicion, hate!  
Joint heritors are ye of one estate,  
Forevermore to hold;  
Ample and broad, so fill'd with bread and meat,  
The recompense of honest toil,  
That ye might welcome all the world to eat:—  
A land whose hills are iron, coal, and gold,  
Whose valleys run with oil:—  
A land of God and gracious charities  
That heal the mind and give the sufferer ease,—  
Yea, every ill assuage,  
From orphan'd infancy to helpless age:—  
A land of freedom for right deed and thought,  
The just and equal law its only king,  
Which none may set at naught.  
What would ye more?  
What lacks your earthly store?  
O happy land! to God thank-offerings bring!  
Let the dead past, and all its curse and scorn,  
Be buried, with no resurrection morn!  
Stand forth, O land, in unity and might,  
Loving the good and true, and valorous for the right!  
Down to the unreturning depths be hurl'd  
All things by God abhorr'd,  
And stand thou ever forth a blessing to the world—  
To the glory of the Lord!



A BALLAD BY THE SEA.

AT mid of night beside the sea,  
The moon far in the west,  
I sigh'd for one long gone from me  
Who day by day still seems to be  
A dweller in my breast.

And suddenly a stranger came  
As if from out the tide,  
A man of bow'd yet stalwart frame,  
Whose face I knew not, nor his name,  
And sat him by my side.

He laid his brawny arm on mine,  
That old man by the sea;  
His locks were hoar with age and brine;  
His eyes with tender gleams did shine;  
A winsome man was he.

"Comrade!" so spake the ancient man,  
"A good God loves us all.  
This world is order'd by a plan  
Too broad for thee or me to scan,  
That covers great and small.

Why hug a sorrow to thy heart  
And nurse it till it bite?  
Why chafe the wound until it smart?  
Why turn against thyself the dart,  
And thine own bosom smite?

In other years—how long ago,  
Comrade, I cannot tell—  
In sun and shine, in rain and snow,  
When all was calm, when storms did blow,  
I served a skipper well.

I saved his life and risk'd mine own;  
A daughter fair had he;  
Before another year had run  
The skipper own'd me as a son,  
'My husband!' whisper'd she.

I built a cottage near the shore:  
Next-door to heaven it seem'd;  
For love came in the open door,  
And from the rafters to the floor  
Its blessed presence beam'd.

The God in whom we trusted sent  
A babe of beauty there,  
And as the seasons came and went,  
They added, to our glad content,  
Two more as sweet and fair.

I went a voyage o'er the sea,  
My heart still staying home;  
O'er many a sea and far country  
For wife-sake and our children three  
I was content to roam.

My wandering journey o'er, I sought  
My cot beside the sea,  
For love and treasure I had brought,  
Beyond my boyhood's wildest thought,  
For wife and children three.

My home of love I stood before ;  
The windows gave no light :  
Trembling, I knock'd upon the door,  
A neighbour only said, ' No more !'  
My heart fell dead that night.

The years pass on, no longer told ;  
I leave it in God's hand  
To share among His poor the gold  
I strove so long to gain and hold ;  
And now I walk the strand,

And when the wrecking winds do sweep  
A vessel on the shore,  
In my good life-boat forth I leap  
To aid the strugglers in the deep,  
As Christ hath done before.

Now, comrade, ere with thee I part  
This only will I say :  
*Go heal the sorrows of thy heart*  
(No matter whosoe'er thou art)  
*By doing good alway."*

A far-off look was in his eyes,  
As if he saw away  
Beyond the sea the blessèd skies,  
Where no one weeps and no one sighs,  
Where God's belovèd stay.

The ancient man arose and sped  
His way along the sea ;  
I ponder'd on the words he said,  
And pray'd, before I sought my bed,  
To be as wise as he.

## THE OLD MAN OF MINNEQUA.

A DAPPER old man came over the hills,  
Came over to Minnequa :  
In bearing erect and as prim as a prig ;  
His whiskers and beard and his long-flowing wig  
The whitest that ever you saw ;

A spry little wight, with a queer chapeau  
Of the mythical days of yore ;  
With hosen of silk and gold-buckle shoon,  
And trousers and vest of the skin of the coon,  
As folk of antiquity wore.

To the place of the waters of healing he came  
As the sun sank wearily down ;  
Seeking to charm away sickness and care,  
The old and the young were gathering there  
From cities of olden renown.

“ From the ends of the earth, good people, I come,  
From wanderings hither and yon,  
To drink again of the health-giving fount,  
Where I play'd in my youth at the base of this mount  
Ten thousand summers agoe.

“ I've drank in the East, I've drank in the West,  
And the farthestmost North and the South,  
And my feet have traversed the earth around,  
But not a drop of water I've found  
So sweet as this to my mouth.”

The people made way for the dapper old man ;  
To the brink of the fountain he rush'd ;  
While six dozen men with buckets did dip,  
He emptied each vessel with ease at a sip,  
As fast as the waters up-gush'd.

He drank and he drank till the sun went down,  
And he drank through all the night ;  
And day after day he was drinking still ;  
And it verily seem'd he never would fill,  
So thirsty the gray old wight.

He drank till he grew much bigger than two  
Of his former self, and soon  
The buckles of both of his shoes were rent,  
And zigzagging into the air they went,  
Like aerolites shot from the moon.

He drank and he drank till his coat was split,  
So great was the mighty strain ;  
And the buttons flew off to the regions atop,  
Like corks from bottles of new ginger-pop,  
Or Widow Clicquot's champagne :

And they were all turn'd to ethereal dust,  
Thin nebulæ just begun ;  
And scientists now of our much-learn'd age,  
Who scan every dot in philosophy's page,  
Find metals in rays from the sun.

The dippers a-weary then ceasing to dip,  
The drinker dropp'd off in a nap,  
And snored so loudly he cracked the air  
And burst the bands of the Delaware  
And open'd the Water-Gap.

That noise of noises resounded through  
The atmospherical halls:  
It scoop'd Niagara's bottom, and threw  
The rocks high up in the ether blue,—  
So came the wonderful Falls.

And into the famed St. Lawrence stream,—  
A distance of many miles,—  
Swiftly descended the cloud of rocks,  
As from a gigantic pepper-box,  
And founded the Thousand Isles.

Along the banks of Seneca Lake  
It deafen'd the ears of men ;  
It split with its invisible wedge,  
Driven by some Herculean sledge,  
Wide open the Watkins Glen.

In stellar realms such a racket was made  
Polaris was twisted askew,  
And one of the Pleiades fell into fits,  
And splinter'd to infinitesimal bits,  
And faded forever from view.

The monkey-tribes in the cocoanut climes,  
Where the summer-time never fails,  
Were smitten with such a tremulent fright  
That some became hairless and others turn'd white,  
And some were stripp'd of their tails.

The Darwinite lights of this ignorant world,  
Engender'd when time was old,  
Aver in our day that the untailèd elves  
Were fathers of sages,—perchance of themselves,  
If the fact must squarely be told.

The vast concussion squeezed all the hills  
That held bituminous coals ;  
The deep-hidden stores of oil oozed out,  
And fill'd the cavernous depths thereabout  
And subterranean holes.

From far Alaska to Florida sands  
And the tropical Indian isles  
The world was stunn'd by the thundering sound,  
And men fell down in a sudden swoond  
Through seventy thousand miles.

The nations all stopp'd their ears, and they held  
Their temples between their hands,  
Till the snoring suddenly ceased one day,  
And a most stupendous silence lay  
On all the seas and lands,

Until he sneezed a horrible sneeze,  
A sort of volcanic puff.  
Alas ! the sneezer was instantly kill'd,  
For it seem'd as if his nose had been fill'd  
With a thousand pounds of snuff.

The Indians were holding a grand pow-wow  
In a grove beyond the spring ;  
The squaws and warriors leap'd at the sound,  
And dived six fathoms beneath the ground,  
A very unusual thing.

At the same moment his eyes, shooting out,  
Sped up to the region of stars :  
In after ages the Washington man,  
Whose curious eyes the firmament scan,  
Announced two moons of Mars.

The skies grew dark and a hurricane blew,  
    Bending the trees like a fan ;  
And some toppled over, and others were bent,  
And others upon their brotherhood leant,  
    As man often leans upon man.

The body was borne by the cyclonic wave  
    Like a boat on a billowy swell ;  
The arms of the wind let him suddenly drop  
Upon a broad hillock's velvety top  
    That rises before the hotel,

Where his bones were turn'd into trappean rock,  
    His muscles to arable clay,  
And the lapse of the ages rounded his form,  
As all unheeding the sunshine or storm  
    The wonder of Minnequa lay.

Now from the porch of the Minnequa House,  
    On any clear day, may be seen  
His form roughly traced on the hillocky crest,  
Like a half-a-mile giant taking his rest,—  
    Majestic, reposeful, serene.

The folk who stick to the straight line of truth,  
    And go just as far as it goes,  
May deem this tale an incredible myth,  
Like Helen of Troy, or Captain John Smith,  
    But all I can say is: Who knows?





THE BROOK OF WATKINS GLEN.

A WAYWARD rill  
On the top of the mount  
Stole softly away  
From its mother-fount,  
And, sliding adown the mountain-breast  
That gently sloped away from the west,  
It tripp'd along,  
Happy and gay,  
Singing a song  
Upon the way.

Stronger it wax'd, and broader it grew,  
And it gleam'd in the sunlight,  
And glitter'd in moonbright,  
And danced in the shadows the great trees threw.

When its glee was high,  
It struck the ravine  
And fell with a cry  
'Twixt rocks mossy-green,—  
Rocks all ragged,  
Cragged, jagged,  
In wild confusion piled,—  
All fissure-rent,  
Twisted and bent,  
Like chaos itself run wild.

Dashing and plashing,  
It rumbled and tumbled,  
And danced and pranced  
In maddest riot,  
Taking a leap  
Down many a steep,  
Then slowly creeping  
And almost sleeping  
In pools of heavenly quiet;  
And, after its holiday rest,  
Plunging again  
Adown the glen,  
As though in quest  
Of something newer,  
Better, truer,  
Hidden away  
In a coming day.

Slow moving through cathedral halls,  
Where solemn reverence holds her seat,  
Next plunging down 'twixt narrow walls  
Beyond access of mortal feet;  
Now twisting like a snake a-fright,  
Now quivering like a bridal veil;  
Now emerald-hued, now dark as night,  
Now brilliant as a peacock's tail;  
Now slaking thirst of bird and brute,  
Now sheltering fish at every turn;  
Now giving nourishment to root  
Of clinging moss and elfin fern;  
Now on the cliff the passer-by  
Charming by its unceasing hum,  
Till gentle thoughts that light his eye  
Within his lonely bosom come.

So the brook on sped  
    Its varying way,  
While the day grew night  
    And the night grew day,  
And ever, like a restless soul,  
It hasten'd to its final goal.  
    But cliffs still tower'd,  
    And shadows lower'd,  
    And rocks stood out  
    To hedge about  
The path of the struggling rill,  
    And it struggled in vain  
    Till the clouds gave rain,  
    And the torrents fell,  
And the brook began to grow and fill,  
    And its veins began to swell :  
    With the heavenly aid,  
    Again it sped  
    On its widening bed,  
    Its progress all unstay'd,  
Until it found its home and rest  
In Seneca's enfolding breast.

So, men and brethren ! is our life :  
The toil, the rest, the peace, the strife,  
But school us for the heavenly place  
In God's good way and God's good grace.



## RAIN IN THE MOUNTAINS.

AQUARIUS took a walk one day  
And Bacchus met him on the way ;  
They idly chatted as they went  
Until they came to Bacchus' tent.  
Aquarius set his water-pot  
Beside him in a handy spot ;  
And Bac, as he was wont to do,  
Of wine brought out a jug or two.  
The water-god,—too many such,—  
Imbibed till he had far too much ; .  
And when to sit upright unable,  
He fell asleep beneath the table.  
“ Now,” cries sly Bac, “ I'll play a joke  
On Minnewaska's temperate folk :  
I'll give them water quite enough  
To make them cry out *Quantum suff.*”  
Aq's water-pot he then upset,  
And mount and plain o'erflow'd with wet.  
The fogs hid all the world away  
From mountain-folk day after day,  
Till the hotel all lonely sat  
Like Noah's ark on Ararat.

But rain nor clouds nor darkness quell'd  
The joyous life above the Lake ;  
For still the cheerful chatting swell'd,  
And still the song of gladness brake,—  
Until the echoes woke old Aq ;  
And, springing up in sore dismay,

He spilt the wine of cunning Bac,  
And took his pot and went his way  
To Juno straight, and begg'd her soon  
To give the earth a dry new-moon.

In queenly style she made reply,  
(A queen could not such suit deny :)  
“At ten o’ the clock this very night  
The moon, in infant robes bedight,  
High in the heavens shall hang her horn,  
Precursor of a clearing morn ;  
And nightly shall she glow more bright  
To whispering lovers’ fond delight ;  
A crystal clearness in the air  
Shall make the landscape doubly fair ;  
No rain upon the mount shall pour  
Save in the morn from one to four.”

Then old Aquarius left the queen :  
The weeping skies became serene,  
And glorious splendors fill’d the earth  
Soon as the sweet young moon had birth ;  
And vale and mountain, beauty-clad,  
Shouted for joy, and man was glad.



## LAKE MOHONK.

GIRDLED by the Shongum Mountains,  
Sentinel'd by Eagle's Nest,  
Mohonk, daughter of the fountains,  
Seems a gem on beauty's breast.

Like a child that, loved of Heaven,  
Bears the peace-marks of His grace,  
By His unseen finger graven  
On the trustful, earnest face,

Thus the rippling Mohonk's seeming  
To my restful eye to-day,  
As I sit and gaze, half-dreaming,  
At the waters' gentle play.

Strange that scene so softly quiet  
Follow'd æons of crash and rage,  
When the Lord's almighty fiat  
Form'd creation's title-page !

Chaos, darkness, overtumbling ;  
Gas mephitic, vapours dire ;  
Lightning, earthquakes, thunders rumbling ;  
All the world in molten fire :—

Twisting, shrivelling, torn asunder,  
Mountains lifting up their crests,  
Splitting with the crash of thunder  
Down, far down their rocky breasts :—

Coldness of the Arctic Ocean  
  Numbing lands and seas and streams,  
Silence follows wild commotion,  
  As a sleep succeeding dreams.

Nature travails till He pleaseth,  
  And the child of pain is born :  
At His word the tumult ceaseth,  
  And His light awakes the morn.

Thus the pageant sweeps before me,—  
  Chaos, in God's fitting time,  
Ushering in the day of glory  
  Pictured in Miltonic rhyme.

With no sin of man assoiling,  
  Earth a paradise were found ;  
Yet, with all of sin's despoiling,  
  Beauty lingers still around.

Glory crowns the lake and mountain ;  
  Beauty smiles on hill and vale ;  
Music of the bird and fountain  
  Echoes downward to the dale ;

Winds of balm around me stealing,  
  Scented with the fragrant pine,  
Giving comfort, strength, and healing,  
  More than dwell in oil and wine.

And the worn and weary gather,  
  And the glad and hopeful come,  
Where the children of the Father  
  Catch some glimpses of their home.

Rest, O soul! nor nurse thy sorrow;  
Garner strength upon thy way;  
Take not worries of the morrow;  
Christ will help thee day by day.

Rest is faithful labour's guerdon;  
Soon, with spirit brave and strong,  
Thou canst bear again life's burden,  
Singing hope's uplifting song.

#### A FIFTY-YEARS' VOYAGE.

*Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bement's Golden Wedding, Jan. 26, 1890.*

YOUTH and a maiden,  
Love-welded together  
Embark'd in a vessel  
In sunshiny weather,  
To go on a voyage  
Without knowing whither;  
And Hope hung her pennant  
High up on the mast,  
As softly they scudded  
Or sped along fast.

A crew came aboard  
As they sail'd on their way,  
And chubby-faced sailors,  
And hearty, were they.  
They came aboard singly,  
Dropp'd down from above,  
And got for their living  
Full rations of love:



A crew well assorted  
Of girls and of boys,  
Some paying in beauty,  
The others in noise.

They sail'd in the sunshine ;  
They sail'd in the storm ;  
They sail'd in north countries ;  
They sail'd in the warm.  
Blow hot and blow cold,  
The vessel went on :  
They tugg'd at the oars  
When fair winds were gone.  
They touch'd at the islands  
Where gold did abound,  
They gather'd the treasures  
That lay all around.  
The vessel full laden,  
A storehouse of good,  
They lifted the anchor  
And homeward she stood.

Their heads were grown wintry ;  
For full fifty years  
The good ship had taken  
To compass the spheres.  
Now peacefully riding,  
The vessel no more  
Shall go out to sea  
Far away from the shore.  
And may the Great Master,  
The Lord of the seas,  
At last bring her safe  
To the haven of peace.

THE POET ANATHEMATIZETH THE  
MOSQUITO.

YE agile, fragile, marsh-begotten sprites !  
Ye airy, fairy dwellers by the sea !  
Tiny in frame, but mighty in your bites ;—  
Big as a goose, what devils ye would be !  
Ye stripe-legg'd, gossamer-wing'd imps of spite,  
Secret and sly, like thieving sneaks ye light  
With footfall soft on man's unguarded skin,—  
His neck, his ear, his finger, or his nose,  
Or any part unarmour'd by his clothes,—  
And deftly stick your poison'd lancets in,  
And suck his blood until ye wellnigh burst.  
Ye slim, attenuated wretches ! ye  
Wing-gifted congeners of the jumping flea !  
By all are ye unanimously curst !

No pity do ye show to man or beast,  
To tender infant or to maiden fair,  
Nor reverence pay to winter-frosted hair,—  
All are your prey, the greatest and the least.  
Ye Ishmaelitish Arabs ! I would know  
Your right to run a muck by night and day  
And stealthily take the blood of man away,  
From head unwigg'd to unprotected toe.  
I'll smite ye, villains ! and will give no quarter :  
I'll smoke ye, burn ye, smash ye, break your head ;  
Asphyxiate and choke ye with the rage  
Of sulphur, pennyroyal, camphor-water,  
Till the last culex lies before me dead,  
Known nevermore save in sciential page.

## A QUEST FOR THE SEA-WIND.

LOST, a wind,—a wind from the sea!  
It wander'd away,  
The weathercocks say,  
'Twixt the rise of the moon  
And the dawn of the day.  
It may have gone, of its own wild will,  
Away to the far nor'west,  
To ramble over some piney hill  
With a mantle of ice on its crest.  
It may have fallen unaware  
Into a quiet sleep  
In some far palace of the air,  
Or in the crystal deep.  
If I but knew its hiding-place,  
I'd rap upon the door,  
And make it frisk about apace  
Till it were fain to roar  
And wreak its wrath on land and sea,  
And blow the sand amain,  
And bend the head of every tree  
Upon the seaside plain,  
Until its rage were fully spent  
And it should softly sing  
Sweet airs unto our heart's content,  
And health and healing bring.

Where is the wind, the good sea-wind,  
That fann'd us yesterday?  
A gift for him whose wit can find  
The truant gone astray.

O man who sitteth in the steeple  
Built beside the sea,  
Who in the morning tells the people  
The weather that's to be,  
Where is the wind that yesternight  
Blew o'er the ocean fresh and light?  
Why kept ye not a stricter watch  
While we were all a-dream?  
Why did ye not the urchin catch,  
Bind him to morning's beam,  
And hand him over to the East,  
Or to the East-by-South,  
A prisoner, not to be released  
By any word of mouth  
Till sweet September in her grace  
Begins her queenly reign,  
And comfort gives to every place  
From Florida to Maine?

But idle is my quest, O man  
That sitteth in the tower!  
Though skillful ye the clouds to scan,  
Too hard I task your power.  
Yet still I cry, this quiet day,  
Where has the sea-wind fled?  
And still I sigh for its soothing play  
About my fever'd head.  
But lo! a faint puff  
Comes shyly along  
O'er the low Jersey shore,  
Merely enough,  
Like a far-distant song,  
To stir up the senses with longings for more.  
O wind from the sea! come back to your home,  
And lift up the waves until they roll proudly,—

Till they break into foam,  
And the surf shall sing loudly:  
To the worn and the weary,  
Escaped from the city,  
Show the grace of sweet pity,  
And make their souls cheery!

## A BATTLE-HYMN.

GOD defend thee, land of nations!  
Mother of the brave and free,  
E'en amid thy desolations  
Stronger grows our love for thee.

Comrades! be our motto ever,  
*Faithful to our country's trust!*  
Though we give our lives, yet never  
Shall our mother kneel in dust.

By the love we bear that mother,  
By the duty children owe,  
Faithfully by one another  
Stand we till we crush her foe.

Let the hail of bullets rattle,—  
Hostile weapons line the field,—  
In the day of freedom's battle  
God Almighty is our shield.

When the cloud of war is riven,  
Peace shall like a rainbow shine;  
They who for the right have striven  
Coming ages shall enshrine.

## THE OLD MAN OF SKY-TOP.

THE clouds came a-peering  
O'er Sky-Top one day,  
And look'd at the lake  
While tripping away.

"Old Man of the Mountain,"  
They halted to say,  
"Do you want any water?  
If so, we will stay."

"No! no!" grumbled he,  
"I have more than enough;  
Go away! go away!"  
And his accent was gruff.

"Why, what is the matter,  
You crusty old chap?  
We'll stir up your bones  
With a smart thunder-clap."

So they fired a volley  
Terrific and dread,  
Which startled him so  
That he popp'd out his head

At the point of the cliff;  
And his fear was so vast  
That he turn'd into stone,  
And stuck hard and fast.

They threw a fleece veil  
All over his head ;  
But when it was lifted  
They saw he was dead.

Then off they went packing,  
The nimbus below  
And the cumulus high  
And whiter than snow.

They wildly flew over  
The Shandaken hills,  
Nor stopp'd till they jostled  
The tall Kauterkills,

And all the wild reaches  
That lie to the Nor'ard,  
And Overlook winks at  
From the eye in his forehead ;

And there overtaken  
By Night's chilly breath,  
With over-much weeping  
They pined unto death.

But the stony Old Man  
Of the Mount shall remain  
While the Shawngunks shall stand,  
In sunshine and rain.

In a tempest, 'tis said,  
The old fellow cries,  
And tears in a torrent  
Run down from his eyes.

In the silence of eve  
A double-bass word,  
That sounds like "Ter-choonk!"  
May also be heard.

And any who listen  
On a high windy night  
May still hear him whistle  
With ear-piercing might.

Don't say I'm a rhymers,  
Much given to quiz;  
You can see for yourself  
His petrified phiz.

#### WATKINS GLEN.

O MIGHTY rift! Cleft in the far-off time  
Ere God created man, when darkness lay  
Upon the deep; ere yet in swampy slime  
Vast creatures gambol'd in their awkward play,  
Or birds flew in the air, or fishes fann'd  
Their fins in the cool waters; when the sun  
And moon and stars shone on a silent land,  
Void of inhabitant, life unbegun:  
Silent from noisy life alone; for, lo!  
The lightning flash, the peal, the earthquake  
shock,  
The rush of waters and the crash of rock  
Rack'd the rent world as with an utter woe,  
Till God call'd peace and order on the earth,  
And man's first home was fitted for man's birth.



O mighty rift! Mysterious whispers fill  
All its profoundest depths, solemn and dread,  
As if intoning requiems for the dead.  
Anon I hear the rushing of the rill,  
Quick tripping from the canyon's upper crown,  
Merry and musical, leaping adown  
The sudden steeps, and falling fast asleep—  
Like children after play—in crystal pools  
So quiet as to tempt life-weary fools  
To spurn the gift the good God bids them keep.  
Far overhead the craggy walls let through  
Glimpses of heaven serenely fair and bright,  
Promises of rest in upper realms of light  
For the brave soul that dares to bear and do.

O mighty rift! Ages have come and gone;  
Strange forms have lived and died, and pass'd  
away,  
Whose stony bones are with us to this day;  
And generations long have hasten'd on;  
Nations have risen and set in final night:  
But thou, O rifted cleft, remainest still  
In all thy wondrous grandeur, beauty, might,—  
A temple built at His imperial will  
To show His wonders who made all things well;  
That man, His child, may marvel and adore,  
And say, while filial thanks his bosom swell,  
To God be glory, glory evermore,  
Who, throned in His high and holy place,  
Still shows on earth His glory and His grace.

## THE LOVER TO HIS WIFE.

THE sunniest room in all my heart  
I keep, my love, for thee,  
And set thee there from all apart,  
A shrine for none but me.

A being thou of mortal mould,  
And yet of heavenly birth,  
A world all made of gems and gold  
Could not outweigh thy worth.

The song of birds, the hum of bees,  
A richer fulness takes,  
As in spontaneous symphonies  
Thy voice of music wakes.

When morning puts the veil away  
That hid its beaming face,  
Thine eyes unto the light of day  
Gives e'en a brighter grace.

My day of toil is light to bear,  
With all its dizzying din,  
Because I feel that thou wilt share  
The boon that I may win.

When night in ebon caves ensnares  
The sun with cunning wiles,  
My brow a sweet contentment wears  
Beneath thy cheery smiles.

If clouds should dim thy happy day  
And sorrow touch thy heart,  
Be mine the hand to wipe away  
The teardrops as they start.

Along the way of life we'll go  
Together heart and hand;  
And when our locks grow white as snow,  
Pass to the peaceful land.

*"SICK, AND YE VISITED ME."*

**B**EYOND the far Missouri  
The hunted lay in camp,  
Crouching from winter's fury  
In wigwams chill and damp;  
Men and women and children,  
All of a copper stamp.

The old and young were lying  
In companies and alone,  
Fever'd, and sore, and dying,  
Without an audible moan;  
Men and women and children  
Stoical as a stone.

Dreading not a betrayer,  
The hapless hidden lay,  
But the foot of the arm'd slayer  
Had track'd the snowy way,  
And men and women and children  
Were scented out as prey.

List to the rifle's riot !  
Hark to the musket's din !  
Amid the desolate quiet  
Hell's ravages begin :  
Men and women and children  
All safely trapp'd within.

The astounded wretches wonder,  
Gazing with startled eye,  
The leaden rain and thunder  
Passing not harmless by :  
Men and women and children  
By white men's bullets die.

Say ! shall we lift the pæan,  
And sound it o'er the land !  
A band of sickly heathen  
Falling beneath the brand,  
Men and women and children,  
At a soldier's grim command !

Though squaw nor babe were pretty,  
Nor warrior bold and brave,  
It seems a horrible pity  
To sweep into the grave  
Men and women and children  
Without a prayerful stave.

O people of the nation,  
Who cuddle the ebon race,  
Why look with detestation  
On folk of coppery face ?—  
Men and women and children—  
For these has God no grace ?

## THE BELLES AT HATHAWAY'S.

THE billows haste along the strand  
To kiss the footprints in the way  
Made by the maidens on the sand  
When sporting in the briny spray.  
O greedy billows! ye should be  
Most sharply chidden. Why so free  
With the belles at Hathaway's—  
The witty belles,  
The pretty belles,  
The graceful belles at Hathaway's!

The breezes from the spicy pines,  
The fragrant ferns, and clover dells,  
Steal underneath the bonnet lines,  
And kiss the lips of all the belles.  
O breezes! bold and wanton ye  
To take such wilful liberty  
With the belles at Hathaway's—  
The witty belles,  
The pretty belles,  
The charming belles at Hathaway's.

Amid the mazes of the dance  
The music whispers witching spells,  
Enwrapping in delicious trance  
The senses of the wilder'd belles.  
O music! how I envy thee  
Such fond familiarity  
With the belles at Hathaway's—  
The witty belles,  
The pretty belles,  
The gentle belles at Hathaway's.

## EVERY-DAY INDICATIONS.

THE weather will be rainy, clear,  
Or just a little mix'd,  
Unless the brakes get out of gear  
By which the thing is fix'd.

Should there be rain, 'twill fall in drops  
That come down pit-a-pat,  
And sprinkle o'er the shingle tops  
Of houses, and all that.

The mercury will not go up  
Unless the day grow hot ;  
The clouds be but an empty cup  
Save in some local spot.

No barometric fall we'll see  
Unless a fierce cyclone  
Whirl in potential energy  
Up from the Torrid Zone.

The sky will don its robe of blue  
Envail'd in cloudlets rare ;  
And birds will sail the ether through  
Like wing'd ships of air.

The lake like liquid gems to-day  
Will dazzle with its shimmer,  
Until the sun shall hide away  
And all the world grow dimmer.

And man another step will take  
Along the way of life :  
Some hearts with sudden grief will break,  
Some nobly bear the strife.

The helplessness of babyhood  
Will be its strong defence ;  
For mother-hearts hath God endued  
With love's omnipotence.

The maiden fair will list to speech  
Wherein love's witcheries run ;  
Affection's depths the words will reach,  
And two hearts fuse in one.

From whom the grave has taken most  
That he had loved the best,  
That man will walk amid a host  
In loneliest unrest.

Oft will he speak in lightsome tones  
The while his thoughts arise  
And reach out for the absent ones  
That live beyond the skies.

For 'neath a quiet smile may lie  
A sorrow of the soul  
That needs a daily victory  
To hold it in control.

A few may run an easy pace  
With self-reliant boast :  
But God e'er gives to those his grace  
Who seek and need it most.

And they who bear the battle's brunt,  
And temper'd weapons wield,  
Will stand up grandly in the front  
And hold the conquer'd field.

God's rank and file, in battle line  
And truth's divine array,  
Will set their camp at day's decline  
Along the King's highway

To that good land, by sense unknown,  
That land whose name is Heaven,  
Where Christ doth gather all his own,  
And crowns of life are given.

#### A SEASIDE NOTION.

PEQUOT! Pequot!  
The Paradise spot  
Where ocean embraces the river;  
Right royal is she  
With her foot on the sea,  
As she sits like a queen  
Of exquisite mien:  
What prettier name shall we give her?

While poets have sung  
In the old English tongue  
In verses pellucid as water,  
No word could be found,  
In all the world round  
To its furthest bound,  
Sweet enough in its sound  
To give to its loveliest daughter.



King Philip came down  
One night to the town  
To write a pet name he had got her ;  
And he traced on the sand  
Of the westerly strand  
The name of the race  
Once lords of the place ;  
And this was the legend—Pequotta.

Oh ! sad to be said,  
Before it was read,  
The surf coming up, like a blotter,  
Expunged the t a  
So completely away  
That the title was shorn  
Ere the coming of morn,  
And Pequot took the place of Pequotta.

## LUNA AND ÆOLUS.

THE beautiful moon  
Had a tear in her eye,  
For she wept as the motherly  
Summer pass'd by,  
To lay down her head  
In Eternity's lap  
And sleep with her sisters  
An unwaking nap.

The Wind-Tyrant whistled,  
A-mocking her woe,  
Till she flew like a skylark  
From regions below.

And the giant went hunting  
In earth and in air  
To find the young moon  
In her far-away lair.

He ranged in the darkness,  
He ranged in the day,  
And fierce-dashing torrents  
He brought into play!  
But Luna, protected  
By heavenly bars,  
Far in the up-regions  
Held court with the stars.

Around the high peaks,  
Like a beast out of cage,  
He howl'd, but the mountain  
Derided his rage.  
He dash'd at the lake,  
Yet his fury was vain,  
For its waters took captive  
The torrents of rain.

The strength of the Wind-King  
All futilely spent,  
To his cavern, outwitted,  
He sullenly went,  
When the moon in her beauty  
Rose sweetly serene,  
And new-born September  
Saluted her queen!

## THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

A HOME for the sisters of Christ,  
For the mothers in Israel,  
Who have borne the worries of life  
So lovingly, long, and well :—  
Who have given their beautiful youth  
And the wisdom of matronly days  
To the sweet little duties of home,  
In womanhood's winsomest ways :—  
In the gentle neighbourly deeds  
And the helpful accents of cheer,  
In the charities born of His love  
To the soul of the suffering dear.  
But few, in the face of the world,  
Are called to do notable things,—  
Yet all have a labour to do,  
The people as well as the kings.  
As in the sight of the Lord,  
The mite of the widow is more  
Than manifold gifts of the great,  
Grudgingly out of their store,—  
So the small daily duties well done,  
And all for the love of the Lord,  
More precious than deeds of renown,  
Shall meet with His gracious reward.  
And right and fitting it is,  
When age has weaken'd the limb,  
To shelter the sisters of Christ,  
As service render'd to Him.  
Ye wards of the church of the Lord,  
His arms around you are thrown !

O rest in this beautiful home  
 Till Christ shall beckon His own  
 To that far-away home in the skies  
 That He has gone to prepare,—  
 The heavenly mansion of rest  
 Which all His children shall share.

### SEND-OFF RHYMES

*On Mr. and Mrs. Richard Smith's departure for Carlsbad,  
 June 20, 1885.*

SOFTLY-SPEEDED be the gale,  
 And quieted the water,  
 As o'er the summer seas ye sail,  
 Till old Germania's coast ye hail,  
 O Philadelphia's earnest son!  
 O Philadelphia's gentle daughter!

Health and comfort be the boon  
 Of healing Carlsbad's water,  
 And may God's heavenly blessing soon  
 Set heart and nerve in perfect tune,  
 O Philadelphia's manly son!  
 O Philadelphia's lovely daughter!

Hidden in Bohemia's vale,  
 The vale of healing water,  
 Your tenderest thoughts will never fail  
 To run along the homeward trail  
 To all whose hearts forget you not  
 While biding in their native spot,  
 O Philadelphia's friendly son!  
 O Philadelphia's kindly daughter!

## GARFIELD.

THERE'S darkness over every land ;  
The hearts of men are failing ;  
Man takes his fellow by the hand,  
In nearer brotherhood they stand ;—  
For all the earth is wailing.

There's sorrow in the hut and hall ;  
The bells of death are tolling ;  
The sun is hidden by a pall ;  
In whelming billows, over all  
The tide of grief is rolling.

Loved Britain's queen of grace and worth,  
The proudest thrones of power,  
The millions high or low in birth,—  
Yea, all the peoples of the earth  
Are one in sorrow's hour.

'Tis not that bloody-handed war  
A nation's strength has broken ;  
No pestilence has swept the shore,  
Nor famine left in any door  
Its grim and deathly token.

A cruel, vile, accurs'd blow  
The world's great soul has smitten ;  
It laid a man heroic low,  
And lines of deep and bitter woe  
On countless hearts are written.

Up to the Majesty on high  
Unceasing prayer ascended ;  
And kneeling millions wonder why  
A righteous God should let him die  
For whom their prayers contended.

'Tis true, a serpent strikes the heel,  
And man sinks down to perish ;  
And swift diseases from us steal  
The loved and loving, till we feel  
This life has naught to cherish.

Yet, world of weeping ! question not  
Whatever God ordaineth ;  
He cannot err, no matter what  
The seeming strangeness of the lot,—  
The Lord Jehovah reigneth !

#### STEALING FOR LIFE.

H O ! send the woman to jail,  
She's only a hungry thief,  
With furtive eye and cheek so pale,  
And nothing plenty but grief.  
Has she stolen ten dollars' worth ?  
What be it if only one ?  
A wretch so vile shan't walk the earth,  
So hide her away from the sun.  
Constable ! open the door  
And hustle her into a cell ;  
Drive home the bolts and fasten her sure,  
Though it seems to her like hell.

Away in a desolate room  
Her children—she has but four—  
Are huddled, awaiting mother to come  
With food she can steal no more.  
One is a child of seven,—  
The youngest a babe at breast,—  
Hungry beneath the frozen heaven,—  
Birds in a storm-beat nest.  
There's not a coal on the hearth,  
There's not a crumb on the board,  
And this in the time of Christmas mirth,—  
The advent-time of our Lord!

O mothers in this great city,  
With babes in a downy bed,—  
O fathers, have ye no pity  
For a mother stealing for bread?  
Remember, she is a woman,  
And her babes were starving and cold:  
She stole because she was human,  
And not from hunger of gold.  
'Twas more in the doing than willing,  
For in want the conscience is dumb.—  
A prison for stealing a shilling,  
A palace for filching a plum!

*A YEAR OF WEDDED LIFE.*

NOW Leaf the First of wedded life  
Has just been written and turn'd over,  
And not a blot or stain of strife  
The keenest vision can discover.

Adown the page are lasting lines,  
Invisible save to the writers ;  
And these shall be as token-signs  
Of God's good grace to the inditers :—

Records alike of joys and cares  
That link true souls more close together,  
(For life has hours of damp, cold airs  
As well as days of sunny weather):—

Records of friendships that abide  
Like fragrance in Damascus roses,  
Whose perfume, breathed on every side,  
An ever-during charm discloses :—

Records of many a deed and aim  
Born of true love and gentle kindness,—  
As quick to praise as slow to blame,  
And showing oft a prudent blindness:—

Of works of ruth for Jesus' sake,  
And helpful words in pity spoken,  
To soothe the sorrow and the ache  
Felt by the silent spirit-broken :—

Ay ! many a line too sweet and pure  
For the rash inquest of the poet  
Is written there :—may each endure  
To cheer their hearts who only know it.

May the New Leaf, more rich and rare  
Than any found in fiction's story,  
Be fill'd with records bright and fair  
To the dear Master's praise and glory !



## LOST, A HEART.

HAS anybody seen a heart  
That somehow got astray  
About the springs of Minnequa?  
A maiden saw, or thought she saw,  
The wanderer yesterday.

The maiden in the evening glow  
Was drinking at the spring,  
And when my pathway she had crost  
I found that I had somehow lost  
My bosom's dearest thing.

This heart is not a carnal heart,  
But an ethereal sprite,  
That none but love-anointed eyes,  
By natural instinct shrewdly wise,  
Can captivate on sight:—

An honest heart, as full of love  
As roses full of scent;—  
If it has joined itself unto  
Another heart as sound and true,  
Then were I well content.

But till I find if this be true,  
I ask, where did it go?  
If one should learn its whereabouts,  
Beyond an if, a but, or doubt,  
Please let the loser know.

## THE FIRST CALLED.

HATH come on him a great and bitter sorrow,—  
His sun of joy eclipsed by sudden night;  
And when came in the tardy-moving morrow,  
'Twas dark and cheerless to his heavy sight.

The eldest-born,—the idol of his bosom,—  
In all the bloom of early womanhood,—  
Untimely nipp'd like a maturing blossom,  
Droop'd at his feet as in amaze he stood!

Though heavenly-moulded in her outward seeming,  
Though heavenly-temper'd in her inner mind,  
It enter'd never in his vaguest dreaming  
That she must die. God help him! he was blind.

Dear pitying friends, his speechless grief partaking,  
Cross'd her fair arms and closed her loving eyes;  
Robed in pure white, the while his heart was  
breaking,  
They laid in earth the daughter of the skies.

And now he goes among his fellow mortals,—  
And while he mingles in their busy din  
His thoughts are knocking at the heavenly portals  
To seek an audience with the blest within.

Far in the night, when cheerful men are lying  
Cradled in slumber silent and profound,  
Sad on the couch, his wakeful spirit, sighing,  
For God's sweet comfort reaches round and round.

Then, in his grief, he names the name of Jesus,  
And on His arm he lays his heavy woes :—  
“Not as I will, but as my dear Lord pleases !”  
And in His grace the spirit finds repose.

## TO SOMEBODY.

I SOUGHT a diamond on the shore,  
The rarest of the rare :  
A gem mine own, forevermore  
Next to my heart to wear.

I sought it far, I sought it near,  
Until my hope grew weak,  
And well-nigh turn'd to utter fear  
Lest I should vainly seek.

I stood upon the farther land  
That juts out in the sea ;  
A fairy wave stole up the strand  
As if to speak to me.

I bent mine ear to catch the word  
So big with fate of mine ;  
My soul with ecstasy was stirr'd  
To hear the name—'twas thine !

## WANTED, A COURIER.

WANTED, a courier to go in haste  
To the regions far away,  
Where wet Aquarius has his seat,  
As the olden poets say.  
Something is wrong in the water-realm,  
Some rascal has broken the jars,  
Or open'd the spigotts to overwhelm  
The planets and lower stars.  
Earth is sitting in robes of gloom  
Beneath a dripping veil  
Of clouds that crack with a thunderous boom  
Over the hill and dale.  
The rills infantile swell into streams  
And the streams to rivers grow,  
And they rush and they gush  
Till it verily seems  
They threaten all summer to flow.

Now, who will the hasty courier be?  
Some maiden fair and fancy free,  
And light and airy  
As feather or fairy?  
Or of mien majestic and port serene,  
As the goddess Juno of Homer seen?  
Or a youth as fleet as Mercury's heel,  
With heart of fire and nerve of steel?  
Or a grave old man of mind sedate  
With wig and wisdom adorning his pate?  
Perhaps a dozen will go together,  
E'en though they be not birds of a feather.

How many they be, a dozen or one,  
Let them be off by early sun,  
And telephone soon the reason why  
Things are askew in the upper sky,  
That means be taken to catch and tether  
The tricky imps by the clerk of the weather.

### THE SINKING OF THE CUMBERLAND.

AT Hampton Roads, the month was March  
In eighteen sixty-two,  
A man-of-war at anchor lay,  
Ready to dare and do.

Her wooden walls were good and staunch,  
Her name the Cumberland:  
Her crew and officers were brave,  
And Morris had command.

Adown the roadstead slowly came  
The Merrimack, a craft  
In armour clad to water-line,  
O'er-deck, and fore to aft.

The mailed Merrimack bore down,  
As hawk upon a lark,  
And open'd all her batteries  
Upon the wooden bark.

The Cumberland, undaunted, join'd  
In battle with the foe;  
Her balls, like hail against a wall,  
Went glancing to and fro.

“Surrender!” from the Merrimack  
Arose the stern command:  
“No, never!” the commander cried  
On board the Cumberland.

The Cumberland fought to the death,  
Her colours at her mast,  
And every man beside his gun  
Stood bravely to the last.

The Merrimack with iron prow  
Stove in the frigate’s side;  
And as the Cumberland went down  
Her last shot swept the tide.

Her living and her dead alike  
Sank with her ’neath the wave:  
Encoffin’d in the Cumberland,  
No king hath such a grave.

For they shall live forevermore  
In story and in song,  
While liberty on earth abides  
And man abhorreth wrong.

In water many fathoms deep  
The Cumberland went down:  
In water but a fathom deep  
There’s room enough to drown:

But he who skulks when duty calls  
May find no drop so slight,  
In all the world, which would not drown  
His little soul outright.

## THE ECLIPSE AND THE RAINBOW.

'T WAS yesterday, in the afternoon,  
A scene came off 'twixt the Sun and the Moon.  
Demure as she seems, and modestly shy,  
The Moon conceived a feminine prank  
While sporting behind a cumulus-bank.  
On tiptoe stealing, in quick surprise,  
When he came by  
She tipp'd the Sun a mischievous rap  
Right in the eye,  
That blacken'd the cheek of the fiery chap.  
The Sun in anger gave her a cuff,—  
A cuff on the ears,—  
Not very severe, but quite enough  
To furrow her cheeks with tears,  
Which, drenching the peopled world below,  
Made all the rivulets overflow,  
Till Earth cried out, in sudden dismay,  
That the walls of creation had given away.

Then the Sun peep'd out from the rim of his hat,  
And the people all wonder'd what he was at,  
As the light-bearing shafts, speeding through air,  
Transmuted the tears of his petulant queen  
To rubies and diamonds and amethysts rare.  
When the circlet of beauty enveloped her form,  
Forgiven, forgotten the quarrelsome storm,  
Her sovereign she kiss'd, and all was serene ;  
And now, in good temper, they jog on their way,  
She queen of the night, he king of the day.

## CRAWFORD'S NOTCH.

THE Storm-King stood in the car of his wrath,  
And drave over mountain and vale.  
As chaff he swept the rocks from his path,  
And they rattled along like the hail.

The King of the Mount, awaking from sleep,  
Gave the burly invader a blow  
That hurtled him down the precipitous steep,  
Far down in the valley below.

The chariot stuck in a granitic crotch,  
The horses threw backward their heels,  
And kick'd out the gorge ycleped the Notch,  
And splinter'd the chariot wheels.

The beautiful lake the mountains had kept  
Imprison'd high up in the air  
Through the doorway of freedom hastily swept  
And chased the Storm-King to his lair.

## THE LITTLE ONE.

SHE flew away from earth below  
Unto the country of the stars,  
And angel-hands let down the bars,  
And led her in before the face  
Of One who, in his loving grace,  
Bless'd little children long ago.



## THE RIVER OF RHYME.

O H for a spell of the former time,  
When I dwelt beside the river of rhyme,  
And the frequent thought would over me steal,  
"Shall I dip a bowl of its waters for Neal?"

To the margin I skipp'd,  
(I was younger then,)  
By a sleight of the pen  
The vessel was dipp'd;

And I drank myself, and I found the bowl  
Was a pleasant draught for a thirsty soul;  
And when I held it to Joseph to drink,  
He look'd at me with a friendly wink,  
And said it was good, and wish'd for more  
Of the waters that flow'd a-past my door.  
So many a time I sent him a can:  
"He loved it," he said—and I loved the man,  
And I was glad to give him a pleasure  
As big as the span of my mind could measure;

Until the day  
When he was call'd from the world away,  
And round his clay  
The friends who loved him silently wept.  
A chord in my bosom suddenly snapt,  
And I, in indolence wrapt,  
Left my mansion untended, unkept,  
Till it were nigh to decay.

Though it be now refurnish'd and swept,  
Yet there too seldom I stay:  
But still I love to think of the time  
When I dwelt beside the river of rhyme,  
Where a tide of music flow'd ever along,  
And every breeze was the breath of a song.

## THE THISTLE-SIFTER.

THE sifter sitteth sifting thistles,  
Witty as the wisest sybil,  
Yet as silent as the Sphinx:  
Ye players on tongue's silver whistles,  
Pitch up to your highest treble  
And tell us what she thinks.

The sifter plies her flitting fingers,  
Flinging many a fluttering feather,  
Filament and stamen, too :  
Now in the time that never lingers  
Gather all your wits together,  
And guess what she will do.

The thistle-sifter still is plying  
Fingers light, and swift, and nimble,—  
Scattering the airy stuff  
That like the feathery down is flying :  
Lacking scissors, thread, and thimble,  
She makes a powder-puff.

## EARLY DAY.

HOW slowly and majestically comes the morning  
sun !  
His piercing rays begin to break through all the  
vapours dun ;  
The morning-star grows paler, and the feebler stars  
all hide,  
The splendour of the early day extinguishing their  
pride.

See nature rise with crimson blushes from the bed of  
night!  
How silently and gracefully she clothes herself in  
light!  
She sits in beauty like a bride adorn'd with jewels  
rare,  
And when she speaks, all harmonies are blended in  
the air.

For cheerily, most cheerily the singing-birds awake,  
And joyously in multitude their songs of praises  
break:  
Soul! canst thou hear them piping thus at daybreak's  
holy hour,  
And not be lifted up to GOD by love's attracting  
power?

An indistinct and humming noise now steals along  
the air:  
Mankind arise from dreaming beds, and for their  
toil prepare:  
Some kneel and humbly pray to GOD, while others  
go their way,  
Without a blessing in their hearts, to pass a thankless  
day.

Blest be the LORD Almighty for the cheering morning  
light!  
If beautiful the sun of earth when rising in his might,  
Ineffable must be the Sun that rules the realms  
above,  
Through an eternal day of light, of glory, and of  
love!

## THE TEMPEST STILLED.

THE tempest from its airy throne descended in its  
might,  
And hasten'd to the earth amid the dark and solemn  
night;  
It rush'd in its mad fury o'er the face of Galilee,  
When JESUS and his bosom friends were sailing on  
the sea.

Night spread her mantle o'er the skies, and hid the  
gentle light  
That teaches mariners to steer their trembling ships at  
night:  
The raging anger of the gale had quench'd the  
glimmering spark  
Of courage in the breast of all His followers in the  
bark.

Yet JESUS slept in quietude upon the tossing sea,  
(For every holy one is safe wherever he may be;)  
And to him his disciples came, all wan with anxious  
fear,  
And said, "O LORD, hast thou no care that we should  
perish here?"

The LORD arose in majesty amid that scene of dread,  
And spake unto the tempest-gale that hurtled round  
his head:  
He bade the driving winds be still, the waters rage no  
more,—  
And then the heavens became serene, the waves slept  
on the shore.

O fully may the Christian trust the Arm that can  
restrain  
The howling of the tempest-blast, the fury of the  
main ;  
For when the hour of judgment-wrath the day of  
grace shall end,  
CHRIST'S mighty arm will succour all who on His  
strength depend.

## MY MOTHER KNELT IN PRAYER.

ONCE, in my boyhood's gladsome day,  
My spirits light as air,  
I wander'd to a lonely room,  
Where mother knelt in prayer.

Her hands were clasp'd in fervency,  
Her lips gave forth no sound ;  
Yet, awe-struck, solemnly I felt  
I stood on holy ground.

My mother, all entranced in prayer,  
My presence heeded not ;  
And reverently I turn'd away  
In silence from the spot.

An orphan'd wanderer, far from home  
In after time I stray'd ;  
But GOD has kept me, and I feel  
He heard her when she pray'd.

## AUTUMNAL QUIET.

THE beautiful repose of age  
Pervades the land to-day:  
The Autumn, like a reverend sage  
With years and labour gray,  
And pausing in his pilgrimage,  
Is resting by the way.

Or like a mother, meek of eye—  
Life's active duties o'er—  
Who, when the eventide is nigh,  
Sits calmly in the door,  
And ponders on the things gone by  
And days she knew of yore.

'Tis Nature's time of quietude  
Before the day of dread,  
When Winter in a wrathful mood  
O'er all the land shall tread,  
The leaves and flowers thickly strew'd  
Along his pathway, dead.

What though no cheerful song of bird  
Nor insect's merry trill  
Among the barren boughs is heard,  
There's music round me still,  
What time these old brown leaves are stirr'd  
That wither on the hill.

The rivulets are musical,  
As hiddenly they flow

Along their gravelly beds, or fall  
On mossy rocks below;  
And sweeter notes in cot or hall  
Are seldom heard, I trow.

I love the woods in Autumn time,  
So quiet and so dim,  
When sighing winds evoke a chime  
From many a slender limb,  
Until it seems the note sublime  
Of some angelic hymn.

*LOST, SOMEBODY'S CHILD.*

SOMEBODY'S child is lost to-night!  
I hear the bellman ring;  
And the earth is frozen hard and white,  
And the wind has a nipping sting.  
I know my babes are long abed,  
A tender, motherly hand  
Laying a blessing on every head  
After their evening prayers were said—  
God keep the slumbering band!  
Yet somebody's child is lost, I say,  
This night so bitterly cold,  
Some innocent lamb has gone astray  
Unwittingly from its fold.  
"Bellman! ho, bellman, whose child is lost?"  
And I grasp my staff and cloak;  
But the ringer over the wold had cross'd  
Before I tardily spoke.  
The neighbours soon gather, and far and near  
We pry into ditch and fen,

Till, hark! an answering shout I hear—  
The rover is found again.  
Ah! mother, fond mother, your heart is light  
With Joe to your bosom bound;  
But many a child is lost to-night  
Who'll never, no, never be found.

Ay! somebody's child is lost to-night,  
While the wind is high and hoarse,  
And the scudding ship, like a bird a-fright  
Flies shivering on its course.  
She suddenly drops in the yawning deep  
As never to return;  
She leaps atop the watery steep,  
A-creaking from stem to stern.  
Hold well, good bark! for a score of lives  
Comprise thy costliest freight;  
Else loving mothers, and maids, and wives  
Will ever be desolate.  
And well she holds, with a single sail  
Outspread to guide her way,  
While all the furies of the gale  
Around her bulwarks play.  
The sailor-boy, with a fearful heart,  
Sighs for his distant home,  
And the hasty tears from his eyelids start,  
And drop in the briny foam.  
In the months ago a father sigh'd,  
And a mother trembled with fears;  
But that father's law had he defied,  
And he scorn'd that mother's tears.  
The pitiless blast now mocks his grief,  
And a huge and hungry wave  
Bears him away beyond relief  
To the depths of an ocean grave.



The brand is blazing upon the hearth,  
The work of the day is done,  
And the father's heart runs over the earth  
In search of the wandering son.  
"Oh! where is our poor boy to-night—  
This night so bleak and wild?"  
The mother shuts her eyes to the light,  
And inly prays for her child.  
The busy needles all cease their flight,  
While their hearts say, "Where is he?"  
They dream not he has sunken from sight,  
Down, down, down in the sea.  
The mother may pray, and she may weep  
Till she weep her life away,  
But never more will she find the sheep  
That wilfully went astray.

Somebody's child is lost to-night!  
Oh! sorrow is on the day  
When a virgin's fame is marr'd with blight  
That cannot be cleansed away.  
An humbled family sit in the gloom,  
Bemoaning their hopeless shame:  
Would that she were safe in the tomb  
With honour upon her name!  
While deck'd in garments of satin and sin,  
The fallen daughter, I ween,  
Is scorch'd with a fever of heart within,  
Though reigning as wanton-queen.  
O merciful Father! is this the child  
Thy hand created so fair,  
With eyes where simple innocence smiled,  
And coy and maidenly air?  
Is this the promising morning-flower,  
The brightest its rivals among?

Is this the bird that sang in the bower  
With sweetest and merriest tongue?  
Ah me! this child is more than lost;  
For her low-fallen form,  
On sin's voluptuous surges tost,  
Will perish in passion's storm.  
And the mother may sigh, and she may weep  
Till she weep her life away,  
But never more will she find the sheep  
That wickedly went astray.

Somebody's child is lost to-night—  
A widow's only son,  
With brow as light and eye as bright  
As you ever look'd upon.  
“And he will be my staff and stay”—  
Her words were inly spoken—  
“When I am old, and my hair is gray,  
And my natural strength is broken.”  
Her motherly soul with pride o'erran  
As the lad grew up to the estate of man,  
And she said, in her joy,  
That nobody's boy  
Could match her paragon by a span.  
Time stole along, and her locks were gray,  
But her heart had lost its pride;  
For the man had wander'd so far astray,  
'Twere better the boy had died.  
A loathsome, vile, and gibbering thing,  
Stung by the poisonous still-worm's sting,  
Despised of man, contemning God,  
And gnashing at the avenging rod  
Wherewith his passions scourged him sore,  
Till, fainting, he could feel no more,—  
Ah! somebody's child was lost in him

When he took up  
The wassail cup,  
And sipp'd perdition from its brim.  
Then his manhood died,  
And the beautiful boy  
Of his mother's pride  
Spill'd in the sand the cup of her joy.  
Instead, she quaff'd  
A wormwood draught,  
A sorely-smitten woman;  
Yet loved she still,  
Through every ill,  
The child so scarcely human.  
In weariness and watchings often,  
Unmurmuringly her grief she bore,  
Until, unwrapt in shroud or coffin,  
Her son lay dead before her door.  
Her sorrows had come so thick and fast  
They cluster'd round her everywhere,  
Till, reason utterly overcast,  
The darkness hid away her care.  
Yet oftentimes would she ask for one  
Long gone from home, her beautiful son;  
And while she chided his long delay,  
She would sigh, and whimper, and pray.  
That mother will sigh, and she will weep  
Till she weep her life away;  
But never more will she find the sheep  
That wickedly went astray.

So many children are lost to-night  
That I, even I, could weep  
As I hear the breathings, soft and light,  
From the crib where Tommy's asleep.

And I strain my vision to pierce the clouds  
That hang over years to come ;  
But utter darkness the future shrouds,  
And the tongue of the seer is dumb.  
So I lay them down in the bosom of grace,  
The children whom GOD has given,  
Trusting he'll bring them to see his face,  
The face of our LORD in heaven.

## SPRINGTIME.

THE sovereign Sun unbars the icy gates  
To let the Spring with all her train come in ;  
But timidly the bashful maiden waits,  
Or flees affrighted from the stormy din  
And elemental strife. While she doth stand  
In hesitance, the soft, warm southern breeze  
Steals from the isles of lime and orange trees,  
And blithely Spring trips o'er the smiling land.  
Hurrah ! the buds grow big ;  
They burst their swaddling-bands ;  
The spiral sprout  
Is shooting out,  
And grass is creeping o'er the meadow-lands.  
Hurrah ! ten thousand rills  
Are hurrying down the hills ;  
And, sparkling as they run,  
They symbolize the boy  
So over-full of joy  
His very eyes are scintillating fun.  
Hurrah ! a fly, a real fly !  
With legs so slim and will so strong,  
So impudent and sly,  
So busily idle all day long ;

Where didst thou hide the freezing winter through?

Hadst thou a cosey cell

Where thou didst dwell

When the snows fell

And the north winds blew?

Ah! have a care, gay chap!

For many a snare,

In earth and air,

Is hidden in a silken trap.

How genial is the ray

Of this luxurious day,

That vivifies the bosom like a thought

Of other days with happy memories fraught;

The young-life days that seem

But a delicious dream

That flitted o'er a brain whose vision

Glimpsed upon a scene elysian,

Too unreal for a world

By manhood into chaos hurl'd.

A tear! why, sure, there's still

A living rill

Beneath the rubbish piled upon the heart,

That bubbles up

And yields a cup

Of healing for a bosom-smart.

Let's forth, my friend, and wander slow

Over the fields of tender green,

Where, as we go,

The earlier flowers are seen,

With bluish eyes,

Up-peering to the skies,

Like childhood looking up to God

From bended knees.

How fragrant is the sod,  
Where no o'ershading trees  
Prevent the blessing of the sun  
From coming down,  
With odorous plants to crown  
The lea that erst was desolate and dun!  
Companion mine!  
Thou of the musing race!  
Seest thou the beams that round us shine  
Of Heaven's premeditated grace?  
Oh! speak; for thou'rt a master in the speech  
That to the soul's remotest depths can reach:  
A place there is within thy poet heart  
Where heavenly thoughts like holy angels bide;  
Thou drawest at times the hiding veil aside,  
And from its home thou causest to depart  
A living verse to go abroad, and be  
A missionary of good to our humanity:  
So speak thou now in this love-moving hour,  
When newborn Nature wakes in mystic power.  
Ah! silent still! I see! I see!  
I find a key  
That opes to me  
The mystery  
Of thy deep silence now: I see  
The cloud that hangs above thy joy;  
Thy memory rests on thine angelic boy  
Who held thy hand when on thy evening walk,  
And by his little talk  
Beguiled thee so  
That life without him seem'd an utter wo.  
Thy lamb is safely gather'd in the fold,  
The fold eternal, in the better land;  
His hand is in the gentle Shepherd's hand,  
And by His side he walks, as once of old

He walk'd with thee along this beauteous earth.  
His eye, that glisten'd with a sinless mirth,  
Is brighter now: his voice,  
Excelling in its sweetness any bell,  
Is sweeter now in its harmonious swell,  
In that grand hymn wherewith the blest rejoice.  
He cannot come to thee; but thou,  
When GOD shalt change thy brow  
And make thy vision dim,  
Shalt go to him.  
What though we turn to clay—  
A springtime resurrection-day,  
Remember, shall be his and thine  
And mine  
And every soul's that loves our LORD  
In this brief time:  
Immortal prime  
Is theirs who trust the Master's word.

Let's homeward now: thy face again is bright;  
The springtime shadows soon resolve in light.

## MY DAUGHTER.

PALE and silent Harriet lies:  
Folded hands and veiled eyes—  
Pass'd from me up to the skies,  
My daughter—O my daughter!

If an angel hither came,  
Dwelling in a mortal frame,  
Thine the blessed spirit's name,  
My daughter—O my daughter!

Scarce a score of years had run,  
In its number lacking one;  
Time with her so early done!  
My daughter—O my daughter!

Firstling of our household band  
To appear in glory's land,  
Still I clasp her wonted hand,  
My daughter—O my daughter!

Mid the many cares of day,  
Pressing through them as I may,  
She goes with me all the way,  
My daughter—O my daughter!

Smiling from the glory cloud,  
Clad in light instead of shroud,  
I behold her in the crowd,  
My daughter—O my daughter!

Wakeful in my bed at night,  
She is present to my sight  
In her look of love and light,  
My daughter—O my daughter!

If 'twere fitting she should go,  
Should I weakly answer No!  
Though it were a bitter wo?  
My daughter—O my daughter!

Let Thy will be done! I say  
In my sorrowful dismay:  
This the daily prayer I pray:  
My daughter—O my daughter!



## CRAZY NORAH.

WILD, fantastic, wayward creature,  
Lean and sharp in every feature;  
Slyly shrewd and simply cunning,  
Whether chiding, praying, dunning;  
Earning many an honest penny,  
Loving none nor fearing any;  
With her box or satchel laden,  
Jeer'd by boy and fear'd by maiden,  
Up and down the streets a-going,  
Through the alleys of the city,  
Better known to all than knowing,  
Moving gentle women's pity.  
Did the fiends her path environ?  
Arm'd for battle, with gridiron,  
Frying-pan, or tongs, or other  
Weapon, fell assaults to parry,  
And the haunting imps to harry,  
Calling saints and grandam-mother;  
Prayer and benediction uttering,  
Wrath and imprecation muttering:  
Fain her rooted faith to foster,  
Teaching urchins *Pater Noster*  
And the Creed of ancient ages  
Found in early Fathers' pages.

Why in pathways dark and mazy  
Trode the feet of Norah crazy?  
Had her heart been vilely broken  
By a vow in falseness spoken?  
Had the love her first love grew to,  
Twining rootlets all around it,

Dried to dust, and proved untrue to  
Her whose soul had closely bound it,  
Till with love died also reason,  
Root, and stem, and bud, and flower,  
Dying in the noontide hour  
Of the summer's scorching season?  
Was it that unholy rancour  
Gnaw'd her spirit like a canker,  
Till the cable from the anchor  
Parted, and away she drifted,  
Evermore from haven rifted?

In the times yet unforgotten,  
Symbolized by learned Cotton,—  
When the Quaker, neck-suspended,  
Had his dream of life rough ended,—  
When the witch, perchance demented,  
Old and poor, yet still contented  
With the lot of Heaven's frowning,  
Was consign'd to murderous drowning,—  
Shrift but short had been allotted  
To a wretch with wit out-blotted.

In these better days prevailing  
In the city of the Quaker,  
Norah, 'mid her sore assailing,  
Found no hand so rough to take her—  
None so vile to hale to prison  
One whose sun, in brightness risen,  
Was eclipsed till day immortal  
Burst through death's mysterious portal.  
Plodding in a pathway lonely  
Till her temple-locks were whiten'd,  
Kindness waited on her only,  
Kindness by her whimseys heighten'd,

Till her eyes were re-anointed  
In the time of GOD appointed :  
Then the people, if unmournful,  
Said, " Poor Norah's dead !" unscornful.

*BROTHER! TAKE MY ARM.*

WHEN grief falls heavy on thee,  
Or boding ills alarm,  
Fear not to lean upon me,—  
Then, brother! take my arm.  
There's many a carking trouble  
That taketh two to bear,  
And one would bend quite double  
Beneath so sore a care.

If malice, in its rancour,  
Has sought thy mortal harm,  
My shoulder be thine anchor,  
Here, brother! take my arm.  
Though all, in time of trial,  
May turn their look away,—  
Nay, brother! no denial,—  
My arm shall be thy stay.

If grief were mine to-morrow,  
A grief but love could charm,  
I'd cry, amid the sorrow,  
Good brother! give thine arm.  
'Tis Christlike when another  
That sinking cry shall heed;  
For man to man's a brother  
More truly when in need.

JOHN MAYNARD,

THE PILOT OF LAKE ERIE.

THE morn was fair as e'er a morn  
Of summer in her beauty born:  
The rarest tint of ancient dye  
Were pale beside its wondrous sky;  
No fleece by fuller wrought upon  
Were whiter than the clouds that hung  
As if on snowy pinions swung  
About the pathway of the sun.  
The breeze came tripping o'er the lake  
With ripples chasing in its wake,  
And frolicking in open day  
Like dimpled urchins at their play;  
While sea to sky and sky to sea  
Flash'd messages responsively,  
As glimpsing glances fond and shy  
Are met by passion's answering eye.

A steamer grandly rose and fell  
Upon the bosom of the swell  
Created by her wheels, as if,  
Impatient at the hawser's check,  
She'd snap the rein that, taut and stiff,  
Lay on her proud imperial neck.  
The bell had clang'd; the captain roar'd  
In trumpet accent, "All aboard!"  
The cable loosen'd, forth she sprang  
Like restive racer on her course,  
While landsmen's shouts, prolong'd and hoarse,  
With many a GOD-speed bravely rang.  
The pennant stream'd out at the fore,  
The flag was gayly flapping aft,

While the pent steam with hissing roar  
Whirl'd round and round the ponderous shaft,  
That drove the ship impetuous o'er  
The deep green waters far from shore.

Her decks are laden with a freight  
Richer than gems of far Brazil  
Or gold from every treasure hill  
Of modern or of ancient date—  
Of living souls, the grave, the gay,  
The child, and sire with temples gray.  
Without a thought of lurking ill  
The sense of present joy to kill,  
A hum of voices steals along  
Like murmurs of a far-off song:  
The while the pilot at the wheel,  
With wary eye and nerve of steel,  
In watchful silence holds his post  
Serene above the chatting host.

But, lo! a cry! All lips grow dumb;  
Thin wreaths of smoke from hatchways come.  
Strange noises now are heard below,  
A hasty rushing to and fro.  
*"Pass on the buckets!"* Every ear  
Is startled with a sudden fear:  
Yet calm and stern the captain stands,  
His voice sonorous as a bell:  
*"Be lively, men! Come, bear a hand!  
Work with a will, and all is well."*

They struggle hard, they labour long;  
The enemy is fierce and strong,  
And when the flame bursts from the hold,  
The blood in many a heart runs cold.

“John! head the vessel for the shore!”  
The captain to the steersman cries;  
“We’re safe in thirty minutes more!”—  
“Ay, ay, sir!” cheerly John replies.

With many a prayer to Him who saves,  
The trembling crowd press to the bow,  
For aft the flame is rushing now:  
And as the fire-ship cleaves the waves,  
Its fury to the wheelhouse sweeps;  
Down to the deck the pilot leaps,  
And at the stern he takes his stand  
Holding the helm with steady hand.

The boat speeds on her headlong way,  
Dashing before her clouds of spray,  
The while her sturdy ribs of oak  
Quiver beneath the engine’s stroke.  
A mile away—it may be more—  
Serenely smiles the verdant shore.  
O grant, good LORD! that she may reach  
That quiet, grass-emborder’d beach!  
“John! hold on but five minutes more!”  
The captain to the helmsman cries.  
Ringing above the furnace roar,  
“I’ll try, sir!” simply John replies.  
Around him fall the glowing brands,  
The red heat blistering face and hands.  
Lifting a prayer to GOD on high,  
As one who prays when doom’d to die,  
He bends him down, and firmly grasps  
The tiller as with iron hasps.

Thrice-bless’d be GOD! the shore is reach’d,  
Far on the sand the ship is beach’d;

All leap ashore, and wild delight  
Chases away their wilder fright.  
But where is he who held his post  
Serene above the trembling host?  
Where is the pilot? 'Neath the deep  
John Maynard sleeps the martyr's sleep.

Some die in quiet on their bed,  
With gentle arms beneath the head,  
While prayer and promise in the ear  
Disperse the final doubt and fear.  
Some nobly fall in battle's strife,  
For home and freedom giving life:  
In the heroic front they die  
Mid ringing shouts of victory!  
To few 'tis given to stand alone  
And die as our dear LORD hath done,  
Content to perish so they save  
Their brothers from a fiery grave.  
The victim of that day of dread,  
The pilot died as martyrs die,—  
The crown of flame around his head  
His crown of glory in the sky.  
As long as stars their radiance give  
His memory on earth shall live;  
And tender eyes shall dim with tears  
For him who perish'd in the flame,  
And heroes born in coming years  
Shall emulate John Maynard's fame.



## A PEEP INTO THE PARLOUR.

LOVE, where's the poker? I would stir the fire;  
'Tis getting low: the wind is "getting high."  
Come, draw your sewing chair and footstool nigh;  
The glowing coals will cheerfulness inspire,  
And while you ply the needle, I will write  
The gentle words the muse may speak to-night.  
Ah! what is that? "You wish I'd talk," you say.  
Just as you like; but let me end my strain,  
Or I shall tangle all my fancy's skein,  
And lose the thread-end of my pretty lay.  
"You wish I'd crack some nuts and eat a pippin!"  
You know my hobby, dear! You bring me low,  
And conquer with a single loving blow;  
The nuts and apples cheerfully I'll dip in.

You want to know "What nonsense I am writing!"  
Ah, now, methinks you're somewhat too severe:  
The Muse, you know, is but my second dear,  
And she, like you, impels me to inditing  
The rhymes you say are sometimes so inviting.  
But we'll not quarrel for such little things;  
Peace in our dwelling folds her downy wings,  
And generals and roughs may do the fighting.—  
Hist! how the wind is howling round the roof!  
The tempest-king is riding on the air,  
And we've a turkey on a nail up there,  
Of Christmas nigh at hand a pleasant proof.  
Then listen, love!—(be off, you frisky kitten,  
And let my foot alone!)—I'll read you what I've writ-  
ten:—



The wind is out in his strength to-night,  
And the frost is under his wings;  
Downward to earth he bendeth his flight,  
And wild is the song he sings;  
Wo, wo to the wretch whose hapless head  
Hath shelter none, nor fire, nor bed!

The wind is putting the trees to rout;  
He rends them in his wrath:  
At his will he scatters the leaves about,  
And litters the forest path;  
He splinters the den of the sleeping bear,  
And the torpid brute is cast from his lair.

The wolves are howling the forest through,  
And the savage panthers growl;  
The echoing woods the noises renew,  
Like the screechings of the owl.  
The men are in peril, who, far from home,  
On such a night in the wild woods roam.

The wind on the sea is blowing a gale;  
He rolls the waves on high;  
And the quivering ships, without a sail,  
O'er the face of the ocean fly.  
A tear and a prayer for the sailor be given  
Whose vessel is on a lee-shore driven!

He pierces the hut of the shivering poor;  
No sigh of pity has he!  
What mortal can tell the pangs they endure  
Whose portion is poverty?  
Rich stewards of Heaven, to want unknown,  
GOD'S creatures starve for lack of a bone!

“Enough,” you say; and so say I. It pains  
My inmost soul while I depict the woes  
That many a poor, unmurmuring man sustains  
As mournfully along life’s way he goes.  
The poor are with us alway. Let us give  
To them a share of what to us good Heaven  
In brimming cups of happiness has given;  
And they may learn how good it is to live.  
Good-night! The Sabbath hour is drawing nigh;  
We’ll lay aside our labours, love! and rest:  
Our Father sends His blessing to our breast  
While humbly we for His sweet favour cry.  
We fear no evil when we sink to sleep;  
For He who loveth all His loving ones will keep.

### OUR SON.

A LITTLE son—an only son—have we;  
(God bless the lad, and keep him night and day,  
And lead him softly o’er this stony way!)  
He is blue-eyed, and flaxen hair has he,  
(Such, long ago, mine own was wont to be;  
And people say he much resembles me.)  
I’ve never heard a bird or runlet sing  
So sweetly as he talks. His words are small  
Sweet words—oh! how deliciously they fall!  
Much like the sound of silver bells they ring,  
And fill the house with music. Beauty lies  
As naturally upon his cheek as bloom  
Upon a peach. Like morning vapour, flies  
Before his smile my mind’s infrequent gloom.

A jocund child is he, and full of fun :  
He laughs with happy heartiness, and he  
His half-closed eyelids twinkles roguishly,  
Till from their lashes tears start up and run.  
The drops are bright as diamonds. When they roll  
Adown his cheek, they seem to be the o'erflowing  
Of the deep well of love within his soul,  
The human tendernesses of his nature showing.  
Tis pleasant to look on him while he sleeps:  
His plump and chubby arms, and delicate fingers,  
The half-form'd smile that round his red lips creeps ;  
The intellectual glow that faintly lingers  
Upon his countenance, as if he talks  
With some bright angel on his nightly walks.

We tremble when we think that many a storm  
May beat upon him in the time to come,—  
That his now beautiful and fragile form  
May bear a burden sore and wearisome.  
Yet, so the stain of guiltiness and shame  
Be never placed upon his soul and name,  
So he preserve his virtue though he die,  
And to his GOD, his race, his country prove  
A faithful man, whom praise nor gold can buy,  
Nor threats of vile, designing men can move,—  
We ask no more. We trust that He who leads  
The footsteps of the feeble lamb, will hold  
This lamb of ours in mercy's pasture-fold,  
Where every inmate near the loving Shepherd feeds.



## THE NEWLY-COME.

THE morning of the day that bears the name  
Of Erin's famous spiritual daddy,  
(Call'd variously St. Patrick, Pat, or Paddy,) .  
A tiny stranger to our dwelling came.  
Unknown, unnamed, without a mark or label,  
Save those which Adam's offspring ever wore,  
She came to us as five had come before,  
To make another sitter at our table.  
She waited not the word of invitation,  
But crept into our hearts at once, and took  
A life-possession of a little nook  
Erst fitted up for her inhabitation ;  
And there will she forevermore abide,  
Let joy or sorrow, life or death betide.

'Twas on this wise. From certain premonitions,  
There seem'd to me that, hid some otherwhere,  
There was a cherub, tiny, young, and fair :  
And every day gave strength to my suspicions.  
And therefore kept I watch till past night's mid,  
When suddenly I fell into a doze.  
My heavy eyelids scarce had time to close,  
Before I heard a voice—I surely did!  
And lo! behold, in the adjoining room—  
In life and tears—a bud just come in bloom!  
Love's gentle dews long, long on her descend,  
The youngest, tenderest prattler of our hearth ;  
In every hour, the Highest be her friend,  
And life immortal spring from mortal birth.

## THE SLEEPING WIFE.

MY wife! how calmly sleepest thou!  
A perfect peace is on thy brow:  
Thine eyes beneath their fringed lid,  
Like stars behind a cloud, are hid;  
Thy voice is mute, and not a sound  
Disturbs the tranquil air around:  
I'll watch, and mark each line of grace  
That GOD has drawn upon thy face.

My wife! thy breath is low and soft;  
To catch its sound I listen oft;  
The lightest leaf of Persian rose  
Upon thy lips might find repose.  
So deep thy slumber, that I press'd  
My trembling hand upon thy breast,  
In sudden fear that envious death  
Had robb'd thee, sleeping, of thy breath.

My wife! my wife! thy face now seems  
To show the tenor of thy dreams:  
Methinks thy gentle spirit plays  
Amid the scenes of earlier days;  
Thy thoughts, perchance, now dwell on him  
Whom most thou lov'st; or in the dim  
And shadowy future strive to pry,  
With woman's curious, earnest eye.

Sleep on! sleep on! my dreaming wife!  
Thou livest now another life,  
With beings fill'd, of fancy's birth;  
I will not call thee back to earth:

Sleep on until the car of morn  
Above the eastern hills is borne;  
Then thou wilt wake again, and bless  
My sight with living loveliness.

### OUR BOY FOR EVERMORE.

NOW lay your head close to my breast,  
My wife Elizabeth!  
Our Tommy is no more distress:—  
The neighbours say, 'Tis death:  
We know the child has gone to rest,—  
A word that comforteth.

How often, wife, we deem'd the boy  
Too early wise for earth!  
We felt he was no idle toy,  
To wake a transient mirth:  
Our LORD had lent him as a joy  
To sanctify our hearth.

He never pain'd our hearts, you know,  
Save in this bitter grief:  
'Tis well the tears a while should flow  
To give the breast relief;  
But, lest we sin in doing so,  
Let sorrow's time be brief.

Why question aught the LORD's decree?  
'Twere wiser to adore  
The grace hid in grief's mystery  
We knew not of before,  
That Tommy in our minds shall be  
Our boy for evermore.

Let not our faith grow faint nor cold;  
God's goodness claims our praise,  
That makes the cup of sorrow hold  
The joy of many days,—  
For Tommy, never growing old,  
The same shall be always.

The child of scarce five summers, we  
Shall see him every day:  
Now skipping in his sinless glee  
Out on the lawn at play;  
Now meekly bending at your knee,  
His evening prayer to pray.

He stands on tiptoe at the gate  
Before the sun goes down,  
In glad expectance wont to wait  
Our coming from the town;  
He runs with eager haste elate  
To catch you by the gown.

At table, on his 'customed chair,  
The while the grace is said,  
He shuts his eyes with reverent air,  
And gently bows his head:  
His knife, his fork, his napkin there,—  
Our Tommy is not dead!

We see the cherub in the skies  
Among the children stand  
Near to the LORD whose gracious eyes  
Smile on the loving band:  
His sisters dear, with glad surprise,  
Clasping his tiny hand.

Ere yet nineteen, our firstling died  
In bloom of maiden grace :  
Her brother now is by her side,  
Who never saw her face  
Till she became his gentle guide  
Around the heavenly place.

When on their children honours fall,  
Men give it proud report :  
What glory that the King should call  
Our children to his court,  
To stand before him in his hall,  
Where heavenly ones resort !

How gently with us GOD has dealt !  
So deals He with us still ;  
The double sorrow we have felt  
He never meant for ill :  
The Finer lights the fire to melt  
The metal to his will.

'TIS FIVE-AND-TWENTY YEARS.

SITTING upon our cottage stoop,  
By autumn maples shaded,  
I call the gentle visions up  
That time had nearly faded.  
The evening light comes from the west,  
In streams of golden glory ;  
So fold your head, love, on my breast,  
And hear my olden story.



'Tis five-and-twenty years, my dear,  
Since, hearts and hands together,  
We launch'd our bark, the ocean clear  
And all serene the weather.  
With simple trust in Providence,  
We set the sails upon her;  
My fortune, hope and common sense,  
Your dowry, love and honour.

For five-and-twenty years, my dear,  
The billows lightly skimming,  
One day the skies grew murk and drear,  
Our eyes and spirits dimming.  
How dark that night frown'd overhead,  
When hope foresaw no morrow,  
And we beside our firstling dead  
Drank our first cup of sorrow.

'Tis five-and-twenty years, my dear,  
Yet music's in our dwelling,  
The children's prattle that we hear  
About our hearthstone swelling.  
GOD bless them all, the loving band  
So glad to call you mother;  
With heart to heart and hand to hand  
Clinging to one another.

Through five-and-twenty years, my dear,  
Whene'er my arm was weary,  
And scarce I knew the way to steer,  
Your words were ever cheery.  
When mid the tempest and the night,  
With courage sorely shrinking,  
Then on our way GOD gave us light  
That kept our faith from sinking.

'Tis five-and-twenty years, my dear,  
Slight change in you revealing;  
But o'er my brow—you see them here—  
The silver hairs are stealing.  
Yet let them come, while still thy breast  
Retains the fond emotion  
That nerved my arm when first we prest  
Our way out on life's ocean.

### THE DEAD WIFE.

THERE is no room for sorrow here:  
I tell my heart so every day:  
Mine eyes betray no open tear,  
And yet the lesson will not stay.

My heart still goes its daily round,  
Seeking for one it misses sore;  
It gives new sharpness to the wound,  
That she will come to me no more.

The 'custom'd social table-chat  
Palls on my apathetic ear:  
I see the chair whereon she sat,  
But her sweet voice I cannot hear.

The wonted pillow where she lay  
Is now unpress'd throughout the night;  
In wakeful longings for the day  
I watch and wait the morning light.

The motherless stand by my side,  
With many a kiss and fond caress;  
And more I reach for her who died  
And left my children motherless.

Like children on their schoolward way,  
Close side by side we went along,—  
I helping in her trying day,  
She helping me when she was strong.

No weakling creature of romance,  
Sighing and fainting all the day,  
Wasting in sentimental trance  
The sacred trust of time away:

Her life was work in love and grace,  
Doing her Master's will in deeds,—  
Good deeds of service to her race,  
Kind thoughts for others in their needs.

I hear the sobbing of the poor,  
The sisterhood of toil and care,  
Who never left her honest door  
With poverty's mere stinted share:

I hear the sighs that from afar  
Come from the wanderers whom she sought:  
How vain their sighs and sobbings are  
To move again her careful thought!

For her dear sake I planted flowers,  
And April brought the early bloom;  
But the wise GOD had mark'd her hours,  
And weeping flowers besprent her tomb.

I pluck'd the choicest buds that grew,  
And held them to her fading eyes:  
She saw them not; her soul, I knew,  
Was looking into Paradise.

I sat beside her weary bed,  
And hymns of heaven with her I sung,  
Sweet words of Holy Writ I read,  
And stammering prayer dropt from my tongue.

I tried to say, Thy will be done!  
'Twas only words; the heart cried Nay!—  
Father! forgive the erring son,  
So blinded that he could not pray.

She drew my face to her dear face,  
And folded me to her dear breast  
In one last, loving, long embrace,—  
My lips are dumb to tell the rest!

The martyr stoned to bitter death  
Saw CHRIST in glory on His throne;  
And so, before her parting breath,  
His glory in her bosom shone.

I know that all is well with her,  
That she is near the Master's side;  
That neither care nor pain can stir  
The loved for whom the Loving died.

So, though my heart cries out anon  
A yearning, lonely, human cry,  
I bid my selfishness begone,  
And meet the world with tearless eye.

## ANNA MARIA ROSS.

WHAT is death to one that liveth  
In the love of our dear LORD,  
When its summons only giveth  
Rest, and peace, and large reward?

Toiling, watching, waiting, serving,  
Blessing sad and suffering ones,—  
Loving, and with faith unswerving,  
Seeking, soothing misery's sons :

Beautiful in woman's graces,  
Cheerful as the springtime birds,  
Joy lit up their pallid faces  
At the music of her words.

Wheresoe'er her footsteps tended,  
Earth put on a heav'nly look :—  
Weep, that here her course is ended,  
Ye that of her care partook.

Weep, ye wounded of the nation,  
Ye who bled at duty's post,—  
She has fallen at her station,  
She who led sweet mercy's host.

When GOD taketh whom He loveth  
From the striving to the crown,  
Love His action wisely moveth,—  
Why then let our courage down?

Death is naught to one that dieth  
When her work and watch are o'er :  
In her LORD's dear arms she lieth,  
Who His cross so bravely bore.

Glory to the LORD of glory  
For the bright example shown !  
While we tell it o'er in story,  
Help us make it, CHRIST ! our own.

#### THE SOLDIER TO HIS MOTHER.

ON the field of battle, mother,  
All the night alone I lay,  
Angels watching o'er me, mother,  
Till the breaking of the day.  
I lay thinking of you, mother,  
And the loving ones at home,  
Till to our dear cottage, mother,  
Boy again I seem'd to come.

He to whom you taught me, mother,  
On my infant knee to pray,  
Kept my heart from fainting, mother,  
When the vision pass'd away.  
In the gray of morning, mother,  
Comrades bore me to the town :  
From my bosom tender fingers  
Wash'd the blood that trickled down.

I must soon be going, mother,  
Going to the home of rest :  
Kiss me as of old, my mother,  
Press me nearer to your breast.

Would I could repay you, mother,  
For your faithful love and care :  
God uphold and bless you, mother,  
In this bitter wo you bear.

Kiss for me my little brother,  
Kiss my sisters, loved so well :  
When you sit together, mother,  
Tell them how their brother fell.  
Tell to them the story, mother,  
When I sleep beneath the sod,  
That I died to save my country  
All from love to her and God.

Leaning on the merit, mother,  
Of the One who died for all,  
Peace is in my bosom, mother,—  
Hark ! I hear the angels call !  
Don't you hear them singing, mother ?  
Listen to the music's swell !  
Now I leave you, loving mother :  
God be with you—fare you well.

AN EVENING STORM AT THE SEASIDE.

THE heat is on the land and sea,  
And every breast is panting ;  
Still from the westward, burningly,  
The fervid rays are slanting ;  
When lo ! a long-drawn line of cloud,  
Far in the north-east quarter,  
Sends mutterings ominous and loud  
Over the land and water.

See night-black clouds, uptonpling fast,  
To heights of heaven soaring,  
Whose heralds sound a startling blast  
As troops of lions roaring.  
The hurrying winds rush to and fro  
Like armies struck with panic,  
While streams of liquid lightning flow  
From cloudy mounts volcanic.

Over the land and over the sea  
The thunder-peals are crashing,  
And merrily—oh, how merrily—  
The countless drops are plashing !  
Down pours the wild fantastic rain  
On maple and the willow,  
And roof and wall and window-pane,  
And meadow, beach, and billow.

The curtain rises : far away  
The cohorts stern are flitting ;  
The sun comes forth in grand array  
On a throne of glory sitting.  
The clouds that shroud the flying storm  
With bows of promise lighting,  
Majestic beauty wreathes the form  
Whose mission seem'd so blighting.

Oh, glorious is the sight to see !  
And gentle bosoms, burning  
With pure and holy ecstasy,—  
Their vision upward turning,—  
Bless GOD for storm as well as calm,  
Alike the theme of wonder,  
And reverent voices swell the psalm  
To Him who wields the thunder.



Ho, brothers! this of mortal life  
Most truly is the limning:  
What joy, what wo, what peace, what strife,  
The burden of our hymning!  
Though dark the clouds within the breast,  
Though horrors round us gather,  
Our LORD will give His perfect rest  
To all who love the FATHER.

LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER.

LET me kiss him for his mother!  
Ere ye lay him with the dead:  
Far away from home, another  
Sure may kiss him in her stead.  
How that mother's lip would kiss him  
Till her heart should nearly break!  
How in days to come she'll miss him!  
Let me kiss him for her sake.

Let me kiss him for his mother!  
Let me kiss the wandering boy:  
It may be there is no other  
Left behind to give her joy.  
When the news of wo the morrow  
Burns her bosom like a coal,  
She may feel this kiss of sorrow  
Fall as balm upon her soul.

Let me kiss him for his mother!  
Heroes ye, who by his side  
Waited on him as a brother  
Till the Northern stranger died;

Heeding not the foul infection,  
Breathing in the fever-breath:—  
Let me, of my own election,  
Give the mother's kiss in death.

“Let me kiss him for his mother!”  
Loving thought and loving deed!  
Seek nor tear nor sigh to smother,  
Gentle matrons, while ye read.  
Thank the GOD who made you human,  
Gave ye pitying tears to shed;  
Honour ye the Christian woman  
Bending o'er another's dead.

#### A MORNING STORM IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

THE multitude of mountains rest below  
The overlying heavens, serene, sublime,—  
Heaved from the depths in nature's earliest throe,  
Before the annals of recorded time.  
Like sleeping mammoths on this cloudy morn,  
No sign give they save in the steamy breath  
That, issuing from their nostrils, is upborne  
To regions where the storm-king thundereth.  
His tones how angry when he deigns to speak!  
How thick the darkness looming o'er his path,  
Save when his lightnings play around each peak!  
Yet reck not they the muttering of his wrath;  
For this shall harmless fall, while they shall stand  
Unmoved until the great prophetic day  
When He shall speak who form'd them by His hand;  
And then the olden things shall pass away,  
And a new earth, more glorious, pure, and bright,  
Shall dawn on man's regenerated sight!

## THE TAKING OF THE CHILD.

WE heard no knocking at the door,  
There was no stealthy tread  
Of vagrant feet upon the floor,  
To fill our souls with dread.

We heard no voice within the room,  
Nor saw a stranger's face,  
And yet a trembling and a gloom  
Crept over us apace.

Without the night was wild and drear,  
Within was woful care:  
And silence magnified our fear  
Till broken by a prayer.

The dying boy wist what I said,  
For simple words were they:  
He clasp'd his hands and bent his head,  
OUR FATHER heard him pray.

As on his mother's breast reclined,  
Nestling his flaxen head—  
His little hands in hers entwined—  
In quick surprise he said,

“Say, mother! what is that I see?”  
He pointed to the dim:  
Sure something in the vacancy  
Was beckoning to him.

Between the going-out of night  
And coming-in of day  
His spirit, like a meteor light,  
Stole suddenly away.

A tearful company, we drew  
Around the mother's chair,  
And knelt in reverence, for we knew  
The LORD himself was there.

ELISHA KENT KANE.

TOLL—toll—toll!  
Let the great bells knoll  
For the parting soul,  
Envoicing a nation's wo:  
Let the funeral chime  
As a plaining rhyme  
Ring mournfully and slow:  
In the isle where the lime and the orange trees grow  
A good man—a true man—in death lieth low.

Toll—toll—toll!  
Let the great bells knoll  
For the parted soul,  
The hero wise and brave:  
O'er the frozen sea  
Wounded conqueror, he  
Has found an early grave  
In the home where he play'd ere he ventured the wave,  
In the freest of lands that the wild waters lave.

Toll—toll—toll!  
Let the great bells knoll  
For the parted soul,  
The young and daring chief:  
Solemnly resound  
Christendom around  
The ponderous tones of grief;  
For the fame of his name, though his years were so brief,  
Is like the halo'd glory of old heroes of belief.

Toll—toll—toll!  
Let the great bells knoll  
For the parted soul,  
The honour'd of the age:  
Years but of a youth—  
Heart of gentle ruth—  
With calmness of the sage:  
To the giant of the North he threw a daring gage,  
And won immortal name on the world's historic page.

Toll—toll—toll!  
Let the great bells knoll  
For the parted soul,  
Upcallèd to its GOD:  
With a hopeful face  
Looking for His grace—  
The path of peril trod—  
Now with the sandals of the better country shod,  
How gratefully he rests 'neath his loved natal sod.



OLD PINE STREET CHURCH,  
PHILADELPHIA.

A HUNDRED years ago  
The mason laid the stone;  
Yet stately is the temple now,  
And comelier has it grown.  
The people gather'd round  
With meek, uncover'd head;  
They felt the spot was holy ground,  
And trod with reverent tread.

A hundred years ago  
Our fathers, moved by grace,  
Toil'd long with heart and hand, and so  
They built the holy place:  
Confiding in His word,  
The sturdy walls were rear'd,  
And then the glory of the LORD  
Within the courts appear'd.

A hundred years ago  
The patriot Duffield came,  
His soul with zeal and love aglow,  
His tongue a warming flame.  
Smith, versed in holy lore—  
Milledoler, wisdom-fraught—  
And Alexander, man of power—  
Ely, of crystal thought.

A hundred years ago—  
Ah, men of might were then;

Yet good Old Pine Street Church, I trow,  
 Hath since its mighty men.  
 How late our cheeks were wet  
 O'er honour'd Brainerd's pall!  
 Now Allen worthily is set  
 The watchman on her wall.

A hundred years ago—  
 How oft the Holy One  
 Here led the sinner's heart to bow  
 Before the ETERNAL SON!  
 Here souls have pour'd their plaints  
 And graciously were shriven;  
 Ay! multitudes of chosen saints  
 Have here been school'd for heaven.

A hundred years ago  
 There pillow'd not a head  
 Where lie in many a grassy row  
 Her hosts of holy dead.  
 The spirits of her blest  
 Must surely hover round  
 These courts, where peaceful, loving rest  
 At JESUS' feet they found.

A hundred years ago  
 Her songs of praise began;  
 Oh! let the joyful anthems flow  
 To latest times of man!  
 Strong may her walls abide,  
 A shelter and a tower,  
 Until her LORD, the Crucified,  
 Shall come in pomp and power.

## MATRIMONY.

I HOLD that every one is bound to carry  
In full effect the duties of this life ;  
That is, that man in proper time should marry  
And live in love and harmony with a wife.  
If now and then a woman prove a shrew,  
'Tis an exception to the general rule :  
And I would deem him either knave or fool  
Who says that woman is not kind and true.  
There may be men who ne'er should marry,—such  
As have a heart affection cannot touch ;  
But he who bears the impress of a man,  
And has a bosom fill'd with yearnings human,  
Should win the love of some pure-hearted woman,  
And pop the question to her bravely as he can.

An angel always dwells beneath the roof  
Where, in her virtue, a sweet wife fulfils  
Her gentle duties ; and unnumber'd ills  
From that love-guarded precinct keep aloof.  
And “he who finds a wife,” ’twas said of old,  
“ Finds something good,” and so I always hold.  
The bachelor is a nondescript—(I beg  
His pardon, but it's true;)—quite out of place,  
He seems to me, among our loving race ;  
Unfinish'd, like a chair that lacks a leg,—  
A knife without a fork—a book unbound,—  
A lonely traveller on a lonesome way,  
Who, faint and sad, looks wistfully around,  
But from the sun of love receives no cheering ray.



If this be so, why don't he go and marry?  
 'Tis autumn now; the birds long since have pair'd;  
 And e'en the flowers their nuptial time have shared;  
 Then why should he still solitary tarry?  
 Were I a bachelor, I'm sure I'd fall  
 A captive to some maiden of our land;  
 I'd scarce know how to choose among them all:  
 Yet in our day a single heart and hand  
 Are all the law allows; and this is well.  
 The love of one sweet heart on one bestow'd  
 Is full enough to make his bosom swell,  
 And teach his feet to leap along life's road.—  
 Ye bachelors, go—a loving helpmeet take,  
 And send around your compliments and cake.

FROM MY PILLOW TO THE EDITOR OF  
THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.

**D**EAR MR. NEAL:—Say, did you ever rise  
 When morning came, and feel as if you'd slept  
 Scarce half enough; but still your habit kept  
 Of early rising? Heavy were your eyes?  
 Your head as light as though the brains were gone?  
 Your trembling legs too weak to rest upon?  
 With fever'd skin, and tongue encrusted white?  
 Your neck and face besieged by tender lumps?  
 If so, you can appreciate the plight  
 Of your afflicted friend—he's got the mumps!  
 The doctor tells him they are much about,  
 And gives him medicine and the grease of goose  
 To make the malady its grip unloose;  
 And soon he hopes to turn the enemy out.

Bear with him, then, if in his hour of pain  
He drops his lighter rhyme, and in his breast  
He makes a deeper, purer, holier quest,  
And brings therefrom a tenderer, gentler strain.  
He is, in truth, a sober-thoughted one,  
And pensive in his ways, as other folks,  
Although at times he loves a little fun,  
When pure and harmless wit the jest provokes.  
Awhile in tears we see an April day,  
Till laughing sunshine dries its tears away.  
When clouds of sorrow overspread our sky  
We may be sure there still is light behind;  
The heavenly gales shall sweep the vapours by,  
And purer bliss descend upon the mind.

List, gentle sir! and let my pillow rhymes  
Fall on the ear like Sabbath morning chimes:

“Ah, aching head!—ah, feeble, fever'd frame!—  
Come, downy pillow, yield me kind relief!—  
Sweet wife!—thy love's more dear to me than fame—  
Come, sing a hymn to soothe my heavy grief.  
Oh, fan my brow—and lay thy cooling hand  
Upon my forehead:—how it throbs with pain!—  
How anguish wellnigh has my soul unmann'd!—  
Ah, love! how kind and gentle!—press that vein  
With thy soft finger:—there!—now wipe the sweat  
That gathers on my face. Water, sweet wife!  
Another cup of cooling water yet!  
Then softly place my head again. Now kneel,  
And let us pray; for in His hand is life;  
And in our time of woe His grace will He reveal.”

## AFTER TEA.

THE tastes of men are various as their faces;  
Some toast their friends, and some their bread  
and cheese;

I like to toast my toes, and sit at ease  
Beside my wife, in our accustom'd places.

Day and its busier duties ended, we  
Pursue the promptings of our inclination,—

I with a pen or book in hand, and she  
Intent on some maternal avocation.

Our little ones, entranced in dreamless slumber,  
Lie snugly nestled in their downy beds,

With not a care their simple hearts to cumber,  
With not a grief to bow their gentle heads,—

Save when, in waking hour, some disappointment  
Afflicts them so, they seek affection's ointment.

Our puss betimes sits cosily a purring,

As if to imitate her musing master;

At other whiles she's all alive and stirring,

And runs and springs, and springs and runs the faster.

No common cat is she; nor will she stand

A rude, presuming trick, but shows her claws,  
And leaves her mark upon the heedless hand

That dares infringe her feline rights or laws.

She's commonly quite neat in her apparel,

Save when she falls into the charcoal barrel:

And then, poor tabby! mousingly she goes  
For many days, from kitchen to the attic,

Robed in a garb of pepper-colour'd clothes,  
And mews in tones pathetic and emphatic.

The north wind howls; but, shelter'd, safe, and warm,  
Howl as it may, we feel secure from danger:  
The fire burns blue, "betokening a storm"—  
A brand falls down, "precursor of a stranger."  
My thoughtful mind runs o'er the track of years,  
When, tongs in hand, at our old hearth I sat,  
And poked the embers, till my mother's fears  
Broke in upon the usual social chat:  
"You'll fire the chimney, son!" The sparks would fly  
Like imps of living lightning up the flue,  
And snap and crackle as they soar'd on high,  
As if they felt some pleasure in it too!  
That fire is out—that hearth is cold—and they  
Who felt its pleasant warmth have mostly pass'd away.

### A DAY WITH THE INFLUENZA.

**I**F one should ask, "What have you done to-day?"  
As brief as Cæsar, I'd reply, "I've sneezed."  
Ne'er loving swain his damsel's fingers squeezed  
(To tell the tale his lips refused to say)  
More tenderly than I my stricken nose.  
'Twere vain to attempt to stand upon decorum,  
I had to sneeze behind folks and before 'em.  
At every sneeze, it seem'd that ringing blows  
Fell on my head, that throb'd and ached to frenzy;  
From weeping eyes my strength appear'd to ooze,  
And all my body was a general bruise:  
I yielded captive to the influenza,  
And I went home at dinner-time, and there  
Sought help in medicine and my rocking-chair.

Much like the custom of the ancient cities,  
My nasal gateways closed at dusk of day,  
And scarce a breath, for love's sake or for pity's,  
Got in or out by the accustom'd way;  
So on my couch I lay with open lips,  
To let the air into the cells of life.  
Instead of sleep, a dreamy-like eclipse  
Came over me; and vagaries were rife  
Within my mind. The thread of dreaming broke.  
At intervals, and startled I awoke;  
I turn'd the pillow 'neath my fever'd head,  
And gazed awhile upon the taper's smoke;  
And when a sigh of suffering softly sped,  
A tender voice to me in tones of pity spoke.

A day thus pass'd is not a day misspent,  
If it but teach a lesson—as it may—  
That man is tenant of a house of clay,  
Which he must leave whenever word is sent.  
There's nothing here to grumble at, if we  
The why and wherefore of our pains could see.  
As our good pastor said, in all the year  
There are more days of sunshine than of gloom.  
More joys than griefs to virtuous men appear;  
And round the path of every mortal bloom  
Sweet flowers of love, and he may multiply  
The generous plant by gracious words and deeds.  
He reads amiss who never wisely reads  
What heavenly mercies in our sorrows lie.



## LILLY.

ROBE the beautiful for the tomb :  
We may no longer stay her ;  
She has pass'd away in virgin bloom,  
In vestal white array her.  
A single dark-brown tress we crave  
Before her face ye cover :  
Why should the cold and grasping grave  
Take all from those who love her ?

Bear the beautiful to the tomb  
While yet the sun is shining,  
Ere the shadows and evening gloom  
Denote the day's declining.  
Bear her softly and slowly on,  
Disturb no placid feature ;  
Deep the sleep she's fallen upon,  
The last of a mortal creature.

Bear the beautiful to the tomb :  
A voice of rarer sweetness  
Shall ne'er, till earth shall come to doom,  
Be heard in more completeness.  
What liquid notes flow'd from the tips  
Of her enchanted fingers !  
And the holy music of her lips  
Still in our memory lingers.

Bear the beautiful to the tomb :  
'Twas heavenly the calling  
Her LORD's sweet love bade her assume  
To help the weak and falling :

Tenderly as her tender LORD  
She wrought her loving labour,  
And ever had she a hopeful word  
For erring friend or neighbour.

Bear the beautiful to the tomb:  
Mark ye the smile of heaven,  
Holier than the rays that illumine  
The western skies at even,—  
The smile that lit her lovely face  
When her footstep cross'd life's portal,  
As though her Saviour, in his grace,  
Crown'd her with bliss immortal?

Give the beautiful to the tomb,  
The unselfish, guileless maiden:  
Weep, children of unhappy doom!  
Her hands for you were laden  
With love's rich benisons of good:  
She was so gently human,  
Ye know her name most rightly stood  
For all that honours woman.

Lay the beautiful in the tomb;  
Beneath the drooping willow  
Let the maiden have sleeping room,  
And softly spread her pillow.  
Angels hasten from realms of bliss,  
Their watch above her keeping:  
Dear to the heart of the holy is  
The place where she is sleeping.

Lay the beautiful in the tomb,  
The daughter of Heaven's sending,  
To comfort, in its time of gloom,  
My heart with sweet befriending.

A shade is lying upon my way  
That earth can no more brighten;  
A burden of woe is mine to-day  
That only CHRIST can lighten.

Leave the beautiful in the tomb;  
There may be others fairer;  
A haughtier head may wave a plume  
With glory to the wearer;  
But so beautiful and so good  
—Think we who dearly held her—  
Earth in its rarest sisterhood  
May never have excell'd her.

#### THE HYMNS MY MOTHER SANG.

THERE are to me no hymns more sweet  
Than those my mother sung  
When joyously around her feet  
Her little children clung.

The baby in its cradle slept,  
My mother sang the while:  
What wonder if there softly crept  
Across his lips a smile?

And once a silent, suffering boy,  
Bow'd with unwonted pain,  
I felt my bosom thrill with joy  
To hear her soothing strain.

The stealing tear my eye bedims,  
My heart is running o'er:—  
The music of a mother's hymns  
Shall comfort me no more.



## THE REAPER'S RETURN.

ALONG the meadows,  
After the day  
Has pass'd away,  
The twilight shadows  
Of trees and posts,  
Like gauzy ghosts,  
Are falling faintly:  
The early moon,  
Uprising soon,  
With aspect saintly,  
Shines on the edge  
Of the rocky ledge,  
And glances and dallies  
In shimmering beams  
Upon the streams;  
While deep in the valleys  
The darkness lies,  
And clouds the eyes  
Of the sickly sleeper.  
His labour done  
At set of sun,  
The wearied reaper,  
Stalwart and strong,  
Hastens along  
To his peaceful dwelling,  
While thoughts of home  
In his bosom come,  
Like a fountain welling.  
He treads the ground  
Where once, to the sound

Of the trumpet's braying,  
Armies of men  
On hill and glen  
Were wounding and slaying;  
Where the brave and good  
Unflinching stood  
In the hour of danger,  
When 'gainst the cause  
Of their land and laws  
Came Hessian and stranger.

Now peacefully sleeping  
The sod below,  
Their mortal wo  
And time of weeping  
Have pass'd away  
This many a day.  
The life-blood creeping  
Through gaping wound  
Over the ground—  
The verdure steeping  
In pools of gore—  
Is seen no more.  
There winds are sweeping  
As sweet and low  
As when they blow  
Where flowers are peeping  
On meadow-side  
At evening-tide,  
When June is keeping  
A festival  
That blesses all,  
And men are reaping  
A harvest-yield  
From nature's field,

And hearts are leaping  
With present pleasure  
Surpassing measure.

The field of battle,  
Where men have died  
On freedom's side  
Amid the rattle  
And roar of shot,  
Is sure the spot  
Where love will linger:  
There maids will stand  
With lifted hand,  
And point the finger  
In heartiest mood  
Of gratitude  
To the place where brother  
And father fell;  
And they will tell  
To one another  
The bitter wrong  
That, suffer'd long,  
Led wife and mother  
To buckle on  
The sire and son  
The sword long rusted,  
And bid them go  
And meet the foe,  
That proudly trusted  
To smite the land  
With blade and brand.

To GOD be glory!  
They hush'd the boast  
Of the hireling host:

And song and story  
In future age  
Shall fill the page  
Till earth is hoary;  
And in the breast  
Of men oppress'd—  
For freedom yearning—  
Our name and fame  
Shall light a flame  
That, fierce and burning,  
Shall snap the cords  
Of priests and lords:  
Then, meekly learning  
In Bethl'em's school  
The golden rule,  
And wisely spurning  
The bigot's control  
Over the soul,  
Men, Christward turning,  
Shall seek and find  
Their Maker's mind;  
Then scenes of gladness,  
And love, and mirth,  
From heart and hearth  
Shall banish sadness,  
And earth shall see  
A jubilee.

The ravage and riot  
And wrath of war  
Were seen no more;  
And comfort and quiet  
In heart and home  
Of man had come:—  
The elders older

And feebler grew,  
Till 'neath the yew  
They lay to moulder:—  
The children, then,  
Were grown to men,  
And on their shoulder  
The locks of white  
Fell thin and light:—  
The share of the plower  
Upturn'd the stones  
Mingled with bones;  
And fruit and flower  
Fertilely rose  
Where mortal foes  
Together were buried:—  
The sun at morn  
Shone on the corn  
All tassel'd and serried:—  
The tops of the trees  
In the evening breeze  
Were waving lightly:—  
The mocking-bird  
The silence stirr'd  
Sportively, sprightly:—  
When, after threescore  
Of years, or more,  
Light-hearted and cheery,  
The reaper trod  
Over the sod  
Where groanings dreary  
And cries of fear  
Once met the ear  
From the wounded and weary.  
He lifts his eyes  
To the moonlit skies,

And thoughtfully ponders  
On sacred things  
The stillness brings  
To him as he wanders.  
To the land above  
Friends of his love  
Long have departed,  
But faithful he bears  
His daily cares,  
Strong and stout-hearted.  
A man is he,  
Though lowly be  
His human condition:  
Nor will he bow  
With servile brow  
In humble petition  
To scornful pride  
That turns aside  
From those who are lowly;  
Yet meekly he  
Doth bend the knee  
To his Maker holy.

His children wait  
At the garden-gate,  
Till the skies darken;  
And far in the dim  
They look for him,  
And earnestly hearken.  
In a glad shout  
Their lips break out;  
They cry to their mother,  
"See! father's here!"  
And run like deer  
One after the other:

They round him stand,  
And grasp his hand,  
And sister and brother  
Mid general din  
Usher him in.

A REVERY IN AN ANCIENT  
POTTER'S-FIELD.

THE sultry summer-day was past,  
I sat me down beneath  
A sycamore, the cooling winds  
Of eventide to breathe.

I sat me down in silentness,  
Half-hidden in the shade:  
My thoughts on wondrous mysteries ran,  
The birth and life and death of man,  
And fancy freely play'd.

The lovely and the young were there,  
And voices sweet and clear  
As sound of bells o'er waters heard,  
The air of early evening stirr'd,  
And pleased the listening ear.

I heeded not the pleasant tones,  
My spirit turn'd away  
From present scenes to scenes of old,  
When 'neath this very clay,  
The poor and friendless sons of men  
In strange confusion lay.

Methought the graves again appear'd,  
Neglected, as of old;  
The bones protruding here and there,  
A broken tooth, a lock of hair,  
The pauper's portion told.

"This dust shall live again," I said,  
"Though 'tis but pauper flesh;  
These bleaching bones the Word of GOD  
Shall clothe with life afresh."

Methought, ere to this gospel truth  
My lips bare utterance gave,  
Lo! slowly every corpse arose  
And sat upon its grave.

My hair stood up in utter dread,  
And horror fill'd my breast;  
I closed mine eyes, but still the sight  
Was clear to me as noonday light,  
And to my side there press'd  
A meek-eyed being, pure and bright,  
Who thus mine ear address'd:—

"Fear not, O lover of the poor;  
Mine errand is to thee:  
Arise and walk, and wisely mark  
This wondrous mystery."

I gazed within his eye of peace:  
I loved him, and my fears  
Departed like the morning mist  
When, by the morning sunbeam kiss'd,  
Unseen it disappears.



We walk'd together, he and I,  
Among that silent throng:  
The corpses lifted up their eyes,  
And gazed on us without surprise,  
While slow we paced along.

Each corpse upon its forehead bore  
The method of its death;  
A few had died in peaceful hour,  
When nature, failing in her power,  
Gave mildly up her breath.

The pestilence had garner'd here  
A multitude of slain,  
When winds of doom pass'd o'er the land,  
And men, like drops of rain,  
Fell in the swollen stream of death  
That swept the human plain.

The hand of hate had hurried some  
To judgment and the dust;  
And some had perish'd 'neath the smart  
Of cruel words, that eat the heart  
Like canker and the rust.

The meek-eyed angel still my guide,  
We wander'd round and round,  
And ever and anon we stood  
Before a broken mound  
Whereon a corpse was sitting, who  
Had risen through the ground.

Among the congregated throng  
Nor voice nor sound was heard;  
What things the angel said to me

I understood, yet audibly  
He never spake a word.

We halted at an humble spot  
Where sat a wasted form;  
Her eyes were like the evening light  
Of Venus after storm.

“A daughter of the King is she;  
Unknown she lived on earth:  
Of lowly name and low degree,  
She had a royal birth.

“They laid her in the potter’s-field:  
But little boots it where  
The loving and the loved of CHRIST  
Their dying portion share;  
They safely rest in earth or sea,  
If He be with them there.”

Three children sported on a grave,  
Two sisters and a brother;  
An old man and his daughter sat  
Together on another;  
A little child lay also on  
The bosom of its mother.

The suicide was there: he bore  
Upon his forehead plain  
A deeper furrow, dug by guilt,  
Than mark’d the brow of Cain:  
The harden’d gore was still unwash’d  
That issued from the vein  
His hand had sever’d; and his breast  
Was crimson with the stain.

The drunkard trembled on his grave,  
The travesty of man:  
Two of his sons had drunkards died;  
Another for his life was tried—  
A halter was its span.

The wife and mother meekly sat,  
Her eye undimm'd by tear,  
Though bitter was the weary life  
That found its quiet here,—  
A-resting till the day of days  
Shall welcomely appear,  
And bliss shall quench the memories  
Of early woe and fear.

A rover of the deep was there,  
His comrades by his side:  
They'd sped their way to India's shore,  
And gladly homeward hied:  
They saw again their native land  
With arms outstretching wide,  
When fiercely tempest-winds did sweep  
Across their path, and in the deep  
A score of sailors died;  
And in this field were laid the few  
Relinquish'd by the tide.

The living dead!—the living dead!—  
I shut my tearful eyes,  
And seekingly I turn'd my face  
Unto the placid skies.

The midnight hour toll'd solemnly,  
And lo! I wept alone;

The moonlight crept along the ground,  
And katydids were chirping round  
    With shrill and lively tone;  
And o'er my head the sweet, cool breeze  
Stole in and out among the trees,  
    As if some sprites had come  
Upon the boughs, and lightly swung,  
And holy hymns together sung  
    Of their immortal home.

#### THE DESECRATED CHURCHYARD.

DOWN among the dead men's bones  
    Lay the deep foundation-stones:  
Mingle with the sand and lime  
Dust of folk of bygone time:  
    Set the brick in order fair;  
Be the timber sound and tough;  
Make the plaster strong enough—  
    Intermix'd with human hair.  
Let the rafters crown the walls,  
    Let the parapets be set;  
Now the useless scaffold falls,  
    But the toiling ends not yet.  
Crowd in many a rough-hewn box  
    All the surplus bones ye may;  
Shake them down with sudden shocks,  
    They are but insensate clay.  
Still the sleepers shall remain  
    Mid the haunts so long their own,  
Shelter'd from the snow and rain,  
    Hedgèd in with beam and stone.

In the shops of gainful wares,  
Ghosts among the buyers stray:  
Viewless up and down the stairs  
They shall glide by night and day.  
When the songs of maidens gush,  
Spectral hands the time shall beat:  
In the mazy waltzing rush  
There shall whirl the silent feet:  
When the lovers whisper low,  
Dreamless of a listener near,  
Shadowy ears shall eager bow  
Pretty words of love to hear:  
When the babe first wakes a cry,  
Spirit-fingers press its hand;  
When the aged fail and die,  
Sprites beside the pillow stand.  
Never till the judgment-day  
May ye drive the sprites away.

Man in olden day this spot  
Set apart as sacred ground,  
Where, in his appointed lot,  
He should wait the trumpet's sound:  
He was comforted and blest,  
Toiling till the day was done,  
So he'd have a place of rest  
At the setting of the sun,  
Wife and children spreading flowers  
Over him in summer hours.  
Tiny breathers of a day,  
Falling in the skirmish strife—  
Youth cut down in morning gray—  
Matrons ripe for heavenly life—  
Here were laid, in hopeful trust,  
Till the rising of the just.

Much I wonder if the bones  
 Rattled underneath the stones,  
 When the mattock, pick, and spade  
 Horrid noises o'er them made;  
 Ribald jests and wrangling riot  
 Breaking on the spirits' quiet!  
 As a swarm of angry bees  
     Sting the robbers of their hoard,  
 When the woodmen fell the trees  
     Where the hivèd honey's stored,  
 Did the uneasy ghosts arise,  
     Clustering round the diggers there—  
 Spirit tear-drops in their eyes,  
     Terror bristling up their hair—  
 Striking with their hidden hands  
 At the rough-shod working bands  
 Who so rudely rent away  
 Shelter from their coffin'd clay?

'Twas an ancient phrase,—to make  
     Honest hearts the wretch despise,—  
*Curst the caitiff who would take*  
     *Pennies from a corpse's eyes:*  
 'Twas for man of modern day,  
     Slave of gold, to do the sin,  
 And invade the house of clay  
     That the dead were sleeping in.  
 O ye living, lay your dead  
     Far beyond the haunts of men;  
 Sink them in the ocean's bed,  
     Hide them in the desert fen:  
 Bury them, like Moses, where—  
     By the covetous unknown—  
 They may rest till in the air  
     CHRIST shall sit on doomday throne.

## OUR AUTUMN WEATHER.

THE peerless bird is yet unfledged whose quill  
Shall form a pen to write in numbers fit  
Of our sweet Indian summer. He is still  
Unborn who has been gifted with the wit  
To sing its glory, loveliness, and worth.  
Our land becomes the paradise of earth,  
And angels cannot then be far away.  
The wind like love's low breathing moves along,  
And sighs in tones surpassing mortal song.  
Such spiritualness gets in our heavy clay,  
Our earth-born souls uplift themselves : we see,  
We hear, we feel, we breathe the beauty in ;  
A holier sense comes o'er the breast of sin,  
And man in humbleness adores the Deity.

Autumn is life in sober quietness ;  
'Tis manhood full of strength slow growing old ;  
'Tis womanhood mature, within whose fold  
Are gather'd stores that man and nature bless.  
The autumn 'minds me of a sire whose hair  
Is beautifully silvering o'er—whose eye  
Is mild with love : there stand around his chair  
Right noble sons and daughters fair ; and by  
His side the wife—the mother—sits, beloved  
And loving all. By lapse of time well proved,  
Their virtues bide rock-founded. Holy sight !  
The Indian summer-time of human life,—  
The resting-hour from turmoil and from strife,  
Before the spirit takes its heaven-directed flight.

## WHERE IS THE APPLE-MAN?

THE whereabouts—the present whereabouts—  
Of that old man, can any person tell?

The tall, spare, gray old man, who used to sell  
Nuts, cakes, and apples near the park?—Some doubts  
Have I if he be still alive; but if he be,  
His kindly face I'm fain again to see.

A pleasant thing to me it was to meet,  
As day by day I pass'd, his smiling look:  
(The human face is my delightful book,  
Wherein I read while walking in the street.)

Some kindliness, methought, was garner'd up  
Within his heart: though he was poor and old,  
Yet sure am I his hand would ne'er withhold  
From misery's lip love's rich, refreshing cup.

There patiently he stood, from early morn  
Till watchman's call at night, beside the corner  
Of Sixth and Walnut—(keep your little scorn  
And pitying laugh within your bosom, scorner—  
I write of things beyond your heart and head:)  
There, doling out for pence his sugar'd ware,  
His little gains from children in the Square  
Sufficed to find him in his daily bread.

I never learn'd the old man's history,  
Nor whence he came, nor whither he has gone:

'Tis my belief no living kin had he,  
But lonely in this world he plodded on.

Well! if from earth he in GOD's time has pass'd,  
This stone on his memorial heap I cast.



## THE DEAF.

THE deaf do live alone. In all the earth  
There is no helpmeet found for them ; within  
One circle is their empire bound. No din  
Invades the temple of their mind : the mirth  
And sighs of men are sounds to them unknown,  
Though well they know the spirit's inward groan ;  
And mortal agonies belong to them  
As well as to their fellow men ; for death  
Hath pass'd on all who draw the vital breath,  
And where sin is, there doth the law condemn.  
Ah, hapless men ! relentless silence keeps  
Her watchpost at the portals of the ear ;  
No heavenly word or sound approacheth near,  
And music's magic harmony in lasting stillness sleeps.

To them, the tongue of Nature speaketh not  
When on the earth her holy voice is heard ;  
The sighing winds that haunt the shady grot,  
The murmuring brook, the merry singing-bird,  
Are mute to them. They have not learn'd how sweet  
Are human tones when kindness tunes the voice,  
Nor how a word may make the heart rejoice,  
And change its sadness into bliss complete.  
From all things audible debarr'd, they live  
In lonely isolation, each apart :  
Yet not for ever ! CHRIST in heaven shall give  
The hearing ear to *all* the pure in heart.  
With what delight the music of the spheres  
Shall fill their rapt and newly-gifted ears !

## THE DINNER HOUR.

AT one o'clock I set aside my work,  
And go to dinner. One whole hour is mine  
To frolic with the children and to dine.  
I walk the pave as gravely as a Turk,  
And muse in quietness along the way.  
My dwelling is, perhaps, about a mile,  
And yet, so busy is my mind the while,  
The road seems short, e'en on a summer-day.  
My children oft are peeping out the door  
To see me turn the corner of the street,  
And their bright eyes with joy are brimming o'er.—  
As my good father did, before we eat  
We seek the grace of Heaven, and then partake  
The food that GOD provides for our Redeemer's sake.

“ Did ” is a word of past signification,  
A sad and touching word when used to tell  
Of those who've pass'd through toil and tribulation  
To reach the land where saints and angels dwell.  
A score of years have nearly pass'd away  
Since I was seated at my father's table,—  
Since, pallid, cold, and still, that father lay,  
And our sad hearts were robed in funeral sable.  
The shaft of sorrow pierced our mother's bosom.  
She pined and sigh'd. The summer's fragrant blossom  
Soon also bloom'd upon the mother's grave;  
And forth into the world the children went,  
And GOD watch'd o'er those little ones, and sent  
An angel with them charged to guide and save.

(How strangely memory leads me from my theme !  
Thus frequently my retrospective mind  
Doth cast a fond and "lingering look behind,"  
Till rude reality disturbs the dream.  
But life is strange, and often wide extremes  
Are nearer kin than many a witling deems.)  
The school-bell rings. The children rise to go ;  
They say " Good by !" and gayly trip along.  
My hour is past ; (oh, Time ! why not more slow ?)  
The risen tide of sonnet and of song  
Begins to ebb, and all is calm again.  
I haste once more to business and to care,  
And my accustom'd countenance I wear,  
And I become a man like most of other men.

## HENRY REED.

FOR many days our eyes have seaward wander'd,  
As if to search the Ocean o'er and o'er,  
And tender hearts have sorrowfully ponder'd.  
" Shall we behold his gentle face no more ?"  
The silent sea no glad response returning,  
We cry, " O sun ! that lightest nature's face,  
Dost thou not shine upon some favour'd place  
Where he is cast for whom our souls are yearning ?"  
No answering voice allays our trembling fears,  
And long anxiety gives way to tears.  
Beneath the waves o'er which great ships go flitting,  
He waits the day when Ocean yields her dead ;  
And sighs are breathed and bitter tears are shed  
By desolate ones around his hearthstone sitting ;  
And, while they mourn the gifted and the good,  
The general grief shows holy brotherhood.

## TO THE COMET.

WHENCE thou, and whither bound, celestial  
ranger?

And what's thy mission in these lower skies?

Com'st thou from spheres beyond our mortal eyes,  
Prognosticating some impending danger?

Or art thou on a tour of observation,

Before thou tak'st a permanent location?

In olden time, the world had gone demented

To see thy tail long trailing 'neath the stars,

The sign of woes, of famines, and of jars

Among the nations, not to be prevented.

To them thou wert a spectacle of doom,

They fear'd thy train the earth would overwhelm;

To us it seemeth merely as a broom,

Wherewith the angels sweep their starry realm.

But why so hasty in thy northern flight?

And where's thy head? why hide it, like a maiden,  
Behind a veil knit of fine threads of light

Abstracted from the sun, and richly laden

With gems and dyes of a celestial hue?

Say, art thou journeying to the far-off place

Where Uranus runs his chilly, lonely race,

To learn how all thy brother comets do?

Ethereal stranger! when wilt thou return

In silvery splendour in our skies to burn?

Methinks the light of many eyes shall pale,

And sorrowing spirits find a welcome rest,

Ere thou again thy glittering form shall trail

Athwart the heavens, fleet Meteor of the West!

## TO A TROUBLESOME FLY.

WHAT! here again, indomitable pest!  
Thou plagu'st me like a pepper-temper'd sprite;  
Thou makest me the butt of all thy spite,  
And bitest me, and buzzest as in jest.  
Ten times I've closed my heavy lids in vain  
This early morn to court an hour of sleep;  
For thou—tormentor!—constantly dost keep  
Thy whizzing tones resounding through my brain,  
Or lightest on my sensitive nose, and there  
Thou trimm'st thy wings and shak'st thy legs of hair:  
Ten times I've raised my hand in haste to smite,  
But thou art off; and ere I lay my head  
And fold mine arms in quiet on my bed,  
Thou com'st again—and tak'st another bite.

As Uncle Toby says, "The world is wide  
Enough for thee and me." Then go, I pray,  
And through this world do take some other way,  
And let us travel no more side by side.  
Go, live among the flowers; go anywhere;  
Or to the empty sugar-hogshead go,  
That standeth at the grocer's store below;  
Go suit thy taste with any thing that's there.  
There's his molasses-measure; there's his cheese,  
And ham and herring:—What! will nothing please?  
Presumptuous imp! then die!—But no! I'll smite  
Thee not; for thou, perchance, art young in days,  
And rather green as yet in this world's ways;  
So live and suffer—age may set thee right.

## A COLLOQUY WITH MY PEN.

O SILENT solace of my lonely time,  
Beloved pen ! why so reserved of late ?  
Hast thou renounced all fellowship with rhyme,  
And grown at once both rusty and sedate ?  
Art thou a-weary with thy journeyings o'er  
The paper plain, and wilt thou go no more ?  
Or is thy jetty fluid all expended ;  
The standish dry ?—or hast thou lost the art  
Of limning well the passions of the heart ?  
Or art thou, like a touchy thing, offended  
Because thou hast so long time been untended ?  
Do tell what is the matter ; let me know  
Why is't, my friend, that thou behavest so,  
And all thy grievances shall soon be ended.

Stoutly the pen replied : " Good master mine !  
Thy willing servant 'tis my pride to be :  
Why chide me when the blame is only thine ?  
But seldom lately dost thou fondle me ;  
Seldom dost thou, with mild and musing air,  
Doze dreamingly on thy accustom'd chair ;  
To spread the sheet but seldom dost thou come,  
And in thy former firm, affectionate way,  
Embrace me 'tween thy finger and thy thumb,  
To note thy flitting thought. Wo worth the day  
When I no more may share thy fond regard !  
Who'd wish to live when he no more is prized ?  
My throat is dry—my frame is oxidized ;  
Indeed, good sir, you use me very hard !"

Nay, faithful pen! somewhat have I to say  
In my behalf. Mine is a busy life;  
And man, remember, is a pipe of clay,  
And often breaks while hardening in the strife  
And fiery fury of this world's red oven,  
And needs a time for soldering and cooling—  
An idling-time, though he be not a sloven,  
To mend his ways, and cease from self-befooling.  
Then too remember, pen! the summer weather,  
When every thing seem'd doom'd to melt together.  
The mind, besides, may have its wintry season,  
When feeling flags, and all the mental sap  
Runs down into the root, and rhyme and reason  
And thought and fancy take a quiet nap.

Remember further, pen! I'm growing older,  
And lazier too, perchance, in my estate;  
Or it may be, too much is on my shoulder,  
And I bow down a little 'neath the weight;  
Or I may think my wit has lost its salt,  
If ever truly thus 'twas impregnate;  
Or I may murmur at the poet's fate,  
E'en though he be the sinner chief in fault.  
Be what the cause, say not I love thee less,  
Nor chide me that I love thee not the more;  
Some days like early ones may be in store,  
When I again thy polish'd form shall press,  
And I create, and thou daguerreotype  
The thinkings of my mind in every shade and stripe.



## LINES TO MY SPECS.

MÆONIDES rehearsed a tale of arms,  
And NASO told of curious metamorphoses;  
Unnumber'd pens have pictured woman's charms,  
While crazy LEE made poetry on porpoises:  
But mine the glory to recount thy worth,  
O crystal SPECS! that stand'st invisibly  
Before mine eyes, and giv'st them power to see  
What else they had not seen in heaven or earth.  
Thou second-sight that sham'st old Scotia's seers!  
Thou vision-giver of the scenes that lie  
Beyond the reach of unanointed eye,  
Far, far away in sight-confounding spheres!  
Thou scal'st the very fortress of the stars,  
And climb'st its gate for me, and lettest down the bars.

Without thee, what were life? A misty vision,  
A murky morn, ne'er breaking from its gloom;  
A barren world, without a field elysian;  
A weary waste, with not a flower in bloom.  
When, in time past, thou gottest first a-straddle  
This nose of mine, a sort of nasal saddle,  
Mine optics caper'd in the field of sight,  
Like a young horse let loose among the clover,  
That kicks his heels, and flies the meadow over,  
And loudly whinnies in his fond delight:  
Now, soberer grown, I sit like reverend sage  
Beside the hearthstone while old Winter blows;  
I place thee on my patriarchal nose,  
And ponder gravely Wisdom's pregnant page.



Art's wondrous world thou layest bare to me ;  
The painter's skill, the sculptor's graceful line :  
Thou openest the entrance to the mine  
Of hidden treasures of philosophy ;  
Or, by thy magic power, I plume the wing,  
And fly to realms where deathless poets dwell :  
I hear the lays their lips immortal sing,  
And list the tales their tongues were wont to tell.  
By thee I scan the "human face divine,"  
The pleasing study loved so long and well ;  
I mark the graces that within it shine  
When in the breast the deep emotions swell,  
Till mine own heart impulsively gives vent  
To streams of gladness and affection blent.

## THE OX AND THE GNAT.

A PEACEFUL ox, in ruminating mood,  
Beneath a tree one summer evening stood.  
A hungry gnat, emerged from stagnant pool,  
Cried angrily, "I'll kill that plodding fool!"  
Its ire grew hot against the useful beast,  
And straight got ready for a fight and feast.  
"My blade I've drawn to take away thy life:  
Thou booby brute, prepare thee for the strife!"  
The ox disdain'd to give the gnat reply,  
Nor turn'd his head, nor even wink'd his eye.  
"Have at thee, then!" the fiery insect said ;  
The ox but whisk'd his tail—the gnat was dead.

## VISITERS' WELCOME.

RIGHT welcome, good friends! but madam  
would know  
Do ye come as the rain or come as the snow?  
If ye come as the rain, it passeth away :  
If ye come as the snow, it maketh a stay.  
So come ye as rain or come ye as snow,  
Ye're welcome to stay and ye're welcome to go.

## WINTER'S PHASES.

ALL day long the clouds have hover'd,  
Drizzling on the earth below :  
Tree and shrub with ice are cover'd,  
And like gems the branches glow,  
And twisted twig and slender stem  
Outglory any diadem.  
Were the dull clouds to break away,  
Were the mid-heaven sun to shine,  
The jewell'd world would flash to-day  
As if it were a diamond mine :  
The dwellers on the orbs afar  
Might gaze in rapturous surprise,  
And shout "A new-created star  
Is rising in the distant skies!"  
But drearily the day runs down,  
And night comes with a sullen frown.

Gather near the crackling embers,  
Toast the slipper'd nether members,

While the wind among the willows  
Sweeps with deep re-echoing roar,  
Till we seem to hear the billows  
Breaking on the sandy shore.

What rattles so against the pane,  
Unlike the pattering of the rain?  
'Tis hail! 'tis hail! The rushing blast  
Impels it furiously and fast:  
Like pebbles pelted at a pillory,  
Cracks the storm-cloud's small artillery.

It ceases now;  
The noiseless snow  
Coquettishly comes sidling down,  
And here and there  
And everywhere  
It lies all o'er the dingy town,  
Like a pure mantle thrown above  
A sinful soul by pitying love.

The wind exults in sportive power;  
Look out, and mark the frosty shower  
It whirls from housetop and from tree  
Till they are bare as poverty,  
And many a heap,  
Half fathom deep,  
Is piled away in quiet nooks;  
And the plastic  
Snow, fantastic,  
Whirls and twirls in curious crooks,  
Until we gaze,  
In feign'd amaze,  
As if it were the work of spooks.

How beautiful the morning scene!  
A single peep

Reveals what pranks the wind has been  
About throughout  
The hours when we were sound asleep.  
And it has blown against the door  
A heap so high 'twill make us sore  
To bear it hence away;  
And, buried inches deep below  
The surface of the untrodden snow,  
The spade is gone astray!

Who needs must work, and cannot play,  
Alone go forth this snowy day  
Till the path-finders clear the way;  
And then hurrah for the gliding sleigh!  
Cheerily, cheerily now they go,  
Skipingly, trippingly over the snow;  
Ears a-tingling,  
Bells a-jingling,  
And every belle beside a beau,  
With eyes a-light and cheeks a-glow.  
Skip it and trip it while ye may,  
For a melting change is coming to-day.  
There's a gentle breeze—it comes from the South—  
As sweet as breath from the milch-kine's mouth;  
And the rays of the sun bend down to kiss  
The ice and the snow,  
And away they go  
As if they perish'd beneath the bliss,  
Like simple souls in human clay  
Whose love has stolen their life away.

The cold, hard coat earth lately wore  
Grows soft and sleek as muddy ooze;  
And happy they who have good store  
Of patience and impervious shoes.

It drips from the cornice,  
It drips from the eaves,  
It drips from the boughs  
That are barren of leaves.  
It thaws in the garden,  
It thaws in the street;  
Alas for the bonnet  
And slight-cover'd feet!

The smoke from our chimney's too lazy to rise,  
And like a sad story brings tears in our eyes;  
While, aching and sneezing  
And shaking and wheezing,  
For weather that's freezing the invalid sighs.

Lo! the king of the North  
Again rushes forth,  
A ravenous beast from his lair,  
And, howling and growling,  
Around he goes prowling,  
As fierce as his own polar bear.  
He touches the brooks, and the frighten'd elves  
'Neath roofs of crystal conceal themselves;  
And the earth grows hard as a selfish heart  
That lives from its human-kind apart.

The frosty king has ceased his din,  
And cold and quiet night sets in;  
The stars, incomparably bright,  
Swing near the earth their lamps of light,  
As if to cast a cheering glow  
O'er the dark and frozen world below.  
There is a hearth—I know it well—  
Where love and peace and plenty dwell;

And thankful hearts are bidding there,  
 Who praise the Giver in their prayer:  
 And many such are in our land  
 Where love and hope link hand in hand;  
 Yet are there not GOD'S poor who shrink,  
 On night like this, from every chink,  
 And crouch like beasts that have no soul  
 Before a dim and dying coal?  
 Oh, *Thou* whose pity, love, and power  
 Around us hover every hour,  
 Awaken in our breasts the zeal  
 To toil for man as well as feel,  
 And for the love we bear to Thee  
 To comfort poor humanity.

## E L L E N .

## I.

NEAR where the crested billows kiss  
 The Hudson's crystal water,  
 In years ago<sup>n</sup>e there lived in love  
 A widow and her daughter.

Dear Ellen was a gentle girl,  
 With sister none, nor brother:  
 Her sire had perish'd in the sea,  
 And other kindred none had she,  
 None but her GOD and mother.

I've wander'd in a summer wood  
 When all around was stilly,  
 And in a wayside nook I've seen  
 A solitary lily.

Like such a lily, Ellen bloom'd  
In modesty and sweetness,  
And, nurtured by a heavenly care,  
She grew in heavenly meetness.

I've wandered on the mountain side  
With gladness reigning o'er me,  
And suddenly a wily snake  
Uncoil'd its form before me.

So in her peaceful path there came  
A man with aspect smiling;  
He came as Satan came to Eve,  
In look and word beguiling.

"Beware of him whose speech is smooth,"  
The mother spake her daughter;  
"The deepest depths are ever found  
Where flows the smoothest water."

"His heart is like an angel's heart,"  
The daughter spake her mother;  
"He seeks to be to thee and me  
A loving son and brother."

For Robin laid his cunning game  
With art so deep and skilful,  
That gentle Ellen's mind was turn'd  
To disobedience wilful.

And secretly at eventide  
She left her home and mother:  
The reverence to her parent due  
She gave unto another.

They stood before the man of GOD,  
Without a mother's blessing;

Then came again, and knelt to her,  
The hasty act confessing.

## II.

The days of honeymoon were few—  
The days of joy were fewer;  
For ere had pass'd the pleasant moon  
That shineth in the month of June,  
The bride began to rue her.

Her sun of hope had set ere noon:  
Ah me! how sad the story,  
That sudden night should follow morn  
Which woke in peace and glory.

The evening meal was set: the wife  
Was sitting by her mother:  
The cloth was spread for three,—but where  
Was lingering now the other?

They sat in troubled silence there;  
The mother sadly eyeing  
The speechless wife, whose eyes betray'd  
Her secret tears and sighing.

When secret tears are shed, the heart  
Has cause to be a weeper:  
For hidden grief is mortal grief,  
And surely slays its keeper.

The evening time wore slowly on—  
The clock did chime eleven,  
And Ellen and her mother bow'd  
And sought the grace of Heaven.



Another hour has pass'd, and, lo!  
The mid of night is over;  
And where is Robin loitering still?  
Why cometh not the rover?

The dog is barking down the lane,  
A traveller's foot is coming:  
And Ellen lifts her swollen eyes,  
And staggering Robin she descries,  
A drinking-carol humming.

He falls upon the floor, and sleeps—  
More brutal he than human;  
Oh cruel thought, that wretch so great  
Should e'er become the bosom-mate  
Of meek and gentle woman!

The hours of early day approach;  
And as the morn is breaking,  
Sad Ellen at the cooling spring  
Her fever'd heat is slaking,  
And fearfully she waits the hour  
Of wretched Robin's waking.

Farewell to hope—the seed she cast  
Had blossom'd to be blighted!  
Farewell to love—its purest gifts  
Were offer'd and were slighted!

## III.

A piteous thing it is to see  
A child who has no mother,  
Her father dead, her sisters dead,  
And dead her only brother.

That child is still a happy child,  
If only rest upon her  
The memory of a father's name  
Crown'd with the humblest honour.

More touching is the sight to see—  
And to be pitied rather—  
A hapless child whose portion is  
A drunkard for a father.

Four summers pass'd o'er Robin's son;  
His cheek was fair and glowing;  
Behold him to the infant-school  
With eager footsteps going.

He walks alone; and when the school  
Is o'er, behind he lingers:  
The merry children stand aside,  
And point at him their fingers.

"His father is a drunkard!" cry  
The heedless infant voices;  
And Robin's boy sits down and weeps,  
While every child rejoices.

He hasten'd to his home—his cheek  
Without a smile or dimple:  
"Father! am I a drunkard's child?"  
He said in accents simple.

Then Robin smote him; and he fell,  
His forehead sorely bruising,  
And from his mouth a little stream  
Of blood came darkly oozing.

The boy awoke to pain and life,  
And Ellen sought to still him:  
Yet reck'd he not the hand that nursed,  
Or his that fail'd to kill him.

Through many days, unmeaning words  
The hapless martyr mutter'd;  
Then holy things of heaven and earth,  
By angels taught, he utter'd.

And GOD had mercy; and again  
He gave the child his reason:  
And strange and wondrous things he said,—  
Man's thoughts came from an infant's head,  
Like fruits before their season.

He never play'd again; but on  
Sad Ellen's bosom lying,  
“Dear mother, sing!” to her he'd say,  
And he would fold his hands and pray,  
And talk of heaven and dying.

'Twas on the holy morn that tells  
The resurrection-story,  
He kissed her lips, and in her arms  
He pass'd to heavenly glory.

## IV.

'Tis night. The spirit of the frost  
Upon the tempest rideth;  
And wilder'd travellers o'er the waste  
A doom of death betideth.

Yet madden'd Robin wanders forth,  
Unearthly noises ringing  
Within his ears, and in his breast  
Remorse, the scorpion, stinging.

The evil demon of the still  
A war with him is waging,  
And reason topples from her throne,  
And Robin's wild and raging.

He wanders to the mountain's brink,  
Nor knows his fatal error;  
He falls upon the jagged rocks,  
And cries in pain and terror.

The winds shriek hoarsely round his head,  
Like hungry tigers growling;  
And through the night the tempest's voice  
Makes mockery of his howling.

No human ear is nigh to hear,  
And in his woe he dieth;  
Upon the rocks at morning dawn  
A mangled body lieth.

## v.

'Twas autumn eve. The tender flowers  
On every side were blighted;  
The setting sun upon the hills  
The crimson maples lighted.

A breeze as soft as angel's breath  
Round Ellen's couch was stealing,  
Where, praying fervently in faith,  
A man of GOD was kneeling.

The neighbours stood within the room  
In silence all unbroken:  
"The peace of GOD!" These only words  
Were by the dying spoken.

The quietness of death was there  
When her true soul departed;  
For grace and mercy crown'd her end  
Who lived the broken-hearted.

*MY FATHER BLESSED ME.*

MY father raised his trembling hand,  
And placed it on my head:  
"GOD's blessing be on thee, my son!"  
Most tenderly he said.

He died, and left no gems nor gold,  
But still was I his heir,  
For that rich blessing which he gave  
Became a fortune rare.

And in my day of weary toil  
To earn my daily bread,  
It gladdens me in thought to feel  
His hand upon my head.

Though infant tongues to me have said  
"Dear father!" oft since then,  
Yet when I bring that scene to mind,  
I'm as a child again.

## WHISTLING.

NEGROES and boys may whistle in the street,—  
The boys because they're void of better sense,  
And Afric's sons because kind Providence  
Has gifted them with whistling pipes complete,  
For oft they make a music rather sweet.  
Indeed, I listen with a sort of pleasure  
When they perform in harmony and measure,  
And beat the time with swiftly-moving feet.  
And even men may whistle when they hear  
A tale that's somewhat marvellous and tough:  
In case like this it may be well enough  
To make their incredulity appear;  
Yet still I think most sensible men with me  
That whistling is a bore will heartily agree.

At times when I have languidly reclined  
In musing silence, waiting for the birds  
Of fancy to descend upon the mind,  
And sing to me the sweet poetic words  
That people love,—when all the town was still  
Save the low, murmuring, human hum that rose  
Like mutter'd moanings from the lips of those  
Who form the grist of death's e'er-going mill,—  
Some glib performer with his music shrill  
Has made my fancies take a hasty flight,  
And, like the north wind of a winter night,  
Has through my bosom sent a sudden chill.  
Despairingly, I've put my pen aside,  
And to my pillow pensively have hied.

SEPTEMBER RAIN.

PATTER! patter!  
 Listen how the rain-drops clatter,  
 Falling on the shingle roof;  
 How they rattle,  
 Like the rifle's click in battle,  
 Or the charger's iron hoof!

Cool and pleasant  
 Is the evening air at present,  
 Gathering freshness from the rain;  
 Languor chasing,  
 Muscle, thew, and sinew bracing,  
 And enlivening the brain.

Close together  
 Draw the bands of love in weather  
 When the sky is overcast;  
 Eyes all glisten,  
 Thankfully we sit and listen  
 To the rain that's coming fast.

Dropping—dropping  
 Like dissolving diamonds,—popping  
 'Gainst the crystal window-pane,  
 As if seeking  
 Entrance-welcome, and bespeaking  
 Our affection for the rain.

Quick, and quicker  
 Come the droppings,—thick, and thicker  
 Pour the hasty torrents down:

Rushing—rushing—  
From the leaden spouts a-gushing,  
Cleansing all the streets in town.

Darkness utter  
Gathers round: we close the shutter;  
Snugly shelter'd let us keep.  
Still unceasing  
Falls the rain; but oh! 'tis pleasing  
'Neath such lullaby to sleep.

How I love it!  
Let the miser money covet,  
Let the soldier seek the fight;  
Give me only,  
When I lie awake and lonely,  
Music made by rain at night.

#### LOST AND SAVED.

**I**T was a gallant ship  
And a goodly company  
That left a peaceful port, and went  
A voyage o'er the sea.

The winds blew soft and fair,  
And sweet as a holy hymn  
When chanted by the tuneful tongues  
Of heavenly cherubim.

The mariner's hearts were glad,  
And they slept without a fear;  
And day and night the ship sped on,  
Till the wish'd-for land was near.



A little cloud arose,  
And a fire-ball suddenly came  
With a thunder-clap from the little cloud,  
And set the ship on flame.

A circle was round the moon,  
And the North-Star hid his light;  
And sorrow and fear fell on the hearts  
Of the mariners that night.

The burning ship appear'd  
Like a torch in a world of gloom;  
And they knelt and pray'd to CHRIST to save  
Their souls from a fiery doom.

They launch'd their boats, and lay  
In silence on the sea;  
And there they seem'd alone with GOD  
In his infinity.

With a hiss and a sudden plunge,  
The ship sunk in the wave,  
And their fragile boats alone were 'tween  
The voyagers and the grave.

The morning slowly broke,  
"Ho, a sail! ho, a sail!" they cried,  
And a lofty vessel, sent of Heaven,  
Came dashing o'er the tide.

Soon safe upon her deck,  
Their terrors were allay'd,  
The mother was not left childless, nor  
The wife a widow made.

In many an after year,  
His children round his knee,  
The father at his hearthstone told  
The dangers of the sea.

### THE TWO PROCESSIONS.

ALONG the city's proudest street  
I heard the tread of many feet:  
'Neath velvet pall and waving plume,  
They bore a mortal to the tomb.

Ay, 'twas a grand and proud array,  
And haughty mourners led the way:  
Their scarfs in fashion's style were trimm'd,  
Their eyes with sorrow all undimm'd.

I sigh'd, and o'er my bosom came  
An utter sickening pang of shame;  
And I had wept, had not mine eye  
Found cause for worthier sympathy.

For as I turn'd my feet aside,  
And through a nameless alley hied,  
Slow issuing from an humble shed,  
I saw the poor bring forth their dead.

The widow and her orphans twain  
Outpour'd a sad and piteous strain:  
Of husband and of father 'reft,  
What had such hapless mourners left?

A moment, and the hearse was gone,  
They feebly, faintly following on;

With silent tears and aching breast,  
They bore him to his place of rest.

There in the potter's-field he lay  
As soft as if in holier clay:  
It matters little where they sleep  
Whom CHRIST hath promised he will keep.

The harder toil, the sweeter rest;  
More deeply cross'd, more richly blest;  
And heaven a welcome boon must be  
To such a weary man as he.

No holy man of GOD was there  
To utter slow and solemn prayer,  
Or bid them lift their weeping eyes  
To homes and hopes beyond the skies.

But GOD was there; with healing balm,  
He made the mourners' hearts grow calm:  
They knelt and pray'd, and wondrous grace  
Abounded in that lonely place.

#### THE BELL IN THE STEEPLE.

THE bell is hung  
In the new church steeple;  
Let it be rung  
In the ears of the people;  
Ding-dong! ding-dong!  
Is the pleasant song,  
Sonorous and strong,  
It rolleth along

Over the ancient borough;  
For the founder's art  
Hath wrought its part  
In a manner cunning and thorough;  
And over the rills,  
And up the hills,  
And down in the verdant hollows,  
Note after note  
From its silver throat  
In gambolling cadences follows.  
While the quick ear  
Of the kine and steer  
Prick up in a sudden wonder,  
And skittish lambs  
Beside their dams  
Frisk on the hillside yonder.  
When the birds shall come  
To their summer home,  
To prey on the insect and berry  
Its musical ring  
Will charm them to sing  
In choruses lively and merry.

O comforting bell,  
Of ravishing swell,  
That steals like a spell  
Over the soul of the sighing;  
And chases the gloom  
From the dim-lighted room  
Where, boding his doom,  
A dim-eyed mortal is lying.  
The night creepeth on:  
"Will it ever be gone?"  
The watchers inaudibly mutter.

The bell tolleth one—  
The morn is begun;  
And, mid a silence most utter,  
The eyelids close  
In a deep repose,  
And, pain the breast forsaking,  
GOD maketh whole  
The smitten soul,  
And joy salutes its waking.

O warning bell!  
Its morning knell  
Calleth to prayer and duty;  
For the early hour,  
Strengthens the power  
Of outer and inner beauty.  
O sleeper! rise,  
And lift thine eyes  
To Heaven as dawn is breaking,  
And GOD shall bless  
With good success  
Thy righteous undertaking.

O honour'd bell!  
Hung high to tell  
The day of consecration—  
The week's best prime,  
The holy time  
Of Sabbath and salvation.  
A silent psalm,  
Devout and calm,  
Is felt within the spirit;  
Though all unsung  
By audible tongue,  
Yet GOD's redeem'd may hear it;

And Peace comes down  
And drops a crown  
Of blessing on His people,  
Who seek the place  
Of promised grace,  
When, from the sunlit steeple,  
The musical din  
That filleth the air  
Shall welcome them in  
To worship and prayer.  
Let the bell still ring  
To the glory of GOD,  
When they who now sing  
Sleep low in the sod:  
When the high and the lowly  
Born in all time  
Shall bless the Most Holy  
In chantings sublime.

## INDIAN SUMMER.

THESE days of balmy breathings say  
The spirit of the south  
Is lingering on her homeward way,  
Sweets dropping from her mouth:  
Her presence field and forest fills,  
And tunes to music all the rills.

The brilliant leaves adorn the trees,  
Within whose cooling shade  
The aged men inhaled the breeze,  
And many an urchin play'd;  
The trees whose dying loveliness  
Is brighter than their summer dress.

The boughs are tenantless of birds ;  
The squirrel's chirp is heard  
Where concerts of melodious words  
The woods and orchards stirr'd :  
Light-hearted warblers ! wise betimes,  
They've hied away to sunnier climes.

The sun, emitting modest rays,  
Hastes early to the west,  
And bursts into a golden blaze  
Just as he dips his crest,  
And bids our land a long good-bye  
And speeds to light the western sky.

As one beloved expiring lies,  
And lifts her eye awhile  
To give love's token ere she dies,  
And smiles a last sweet smile,  
That e'er shall bide within the cell  
Where memory's holiest treasures dwell,—

Thus Summer, as she dies away,  
Looks on the earth again,  
And bids her shadows softly stray  
Amid the homes of men—  
To bless them with her parting breath,  
And reconcile them to her death.



## THE GIRL AND WOMAN.

A CHEERY-MINDED maiden,  
Just stepping o'er the line  
Where womanhood and girlhood  
Their boundaries combine ;

The joyousness of girlhood,  
The woman's conscious pride,  
Commingled like the sunlight  
In dalliance with the tide.

Her lips emitted music  
That thrills my bosom yet;  
Her eyes were bright as dew-drops  
Upon a violet.

I say not she was handsome—  
That may or may not be;  
But she, in every feature,  
Was beautiful to me.

I saw her, and I loved her—  
I sought her, and I won ;  
A dozen pleasant summers,  
And more, since then have run ;

And half as many voices,  
Now prattling by her side,  
Remind me of the autumn  
When she became my bride.



**I'VE NOT THE HEART TO CUT THEM DOWN!**

**I'**VE not the heart to cut them down!  
These dry and dusty flowers,  
That spring and summer smiled upon,  
And fed with dews and showers:  
I know they're dead; their leaves have flown,  
Their stalks are crisp and brown;  
Yet they may stand till winter's gone—  
I cannot cut them down.

I've not the heart to cut them down!  
For during summer's heat,  
While pent within the sultry town,  
They sprang up round my feet:  
They look'd up in my face and smiled,  
And comforted my soul,  
So that I, like a chasten'd child,  
Endured my daily dole.

I've not the heart to cut them down!  
They were my garden's pride,  
And when the buds were fully blown  
Their fragrance wander'd wide,  
And freely enter'd at my door  
Below, around, above,  
Till from the ceiling to the floor  
The house was sweet with love.

I've not the heart to cut them down!  
It may be they will fall  
When Winter casts his heavy crown  
Of snow upon them all:

Yet if they stand till Spring shall lay  
Her blessing on the earth,  
I'll gently bear the dead away,  
While kindred flowers have birth.

## GENTLE HUMANITIES.

SHOE the horse and shoe the mare;  
Never let the hoof go bare:  
Trotting over flinty stones  
Wears away the hardest bones.

Life has many a stony street  
Even to the toughest feet:  
Men the sturdiest find it so  
Ere through half of life they go.

Streaks of blood are in the way  
Trode by humans every day,  
Seen by love's anointed eye  
While the blinded world goes by.

Yea, if all the sighs were caught  
Wherewithal the air is fraught,  
What a gale would sweep the skies  
Laden with man's miseries.

Gently, then, O brother man!  
Do the utmost good you can:  
GOD approveth e'en the least  
Deed of ruth to man or beast.

## TO MY BOOT.

MINE ancient pedal friend, a last farewell!

So many days we've footed it together  
The lane of life, in fair and stormy weather,  
Mine eyes wellnigh their lid-dikes overswell.

I well remember when thou didst encase  
My nether limbs with pressure warm and tight;  
And many a corny twinge from morn till night  
Evinced the ardency of thine embrace.

Soon, like the love of some long-married wife,  
Thy grasp, if not so strong, was still as true,  
And pleasanter; and as we grew in life,

Thou wert as gentle as a pliant shoe;  
And while on thee I trampled every day,  
To shield me thou didst wear thy very sole away.

Though I despise the scandal-monger's art,

And scorn the wretch who blackens the fair fame  
Of one whose richest fortune is his name,

(The wretch whose steel goes deeper than the  
heart,)

Yet it has been my daily wont, I own,  
To black thy face until its skin has shone

With ebon glow, as lustrous as the hue  
That forms the charm of Guinea's native breed.  
But 'twas not that I hated thee: indeed,

I prized thee so, that when thy sole broke through  
And let in water, 'twas my special heed

A man of awls thy gaping wounds should sew;  
And sundry pangs athwart my pocket shoot  
To part with thee at last, O worn and faithful boot!

## THE PRESENCE IN THE DWELLING.

AN awful Presence fills the silent dwelling—  
The dread Unseen unwelcomely is there;  
And stricken bosoms piteously are swelling,  
And pallid lips are quivering in prayer.

The household band, from the young, timid lisper  
To hoary grandam, sit in sad dismay:  
Their words are few, and spoken in a whisper,  
While wofully they wait the coming day.

Meek as a lamb, a victim there is lying,  
A deathly paleness covering all his face:  
His mortal frame is slowly, surely dying—  
His soul is strong, and comforted by grace.

So loving is he in his last behaviour,  
His heart is touch'd by sorrowing friends' distress:  
"Be thou this widow's GOD, O LORD my Saviour,  
And Father be to these my fatherless."

Before the Presence, mute is the physician;  
No drug can heal the fatal wound of Death;  
And deaf alike to threatening or petition,  
He seals his victory with the parting breath.

The shadowy night, while all the earth is sleeping,  
Moves slowly on, and morning brings its cares;  
The dead is here, but in the world unweeping  
Another brow a crown of glory wears.

## TO BOB.

I BEAR you malice, Bob?—not I, indeed.  
I can't afford it, Bob. It costs too dear  
To hate a human soul. I'd rather bleed  
Than thrust the point of hate's envenom'd spear  
In any mortal's breast. No, no! I say.  
How could I seek a pardon at His hand  
Who in The Book has left His stern command  
That we must pardon others ere we pray?  
There's far too much of selfishness in me  
To sell my comfort for hate's paltry pay:  
Of other's love I've grown too miserly  
To cast it rashly, wickedly away.  
Love is the all we have of heaven here;  
If that were gone, this life were desolate and drear.

There is a bias, Bob, in every man  
To go astray. So was I taught in youth,  
And later years have shown to me its truth.  
Has there been one who without halting ran  
The course of life? If any such there be,  
He's clad in more than our humanity:  
And I am not the man, for I am frail,  
As all earth's children are. One—only One—  
Once lived on earth by whom no wrong was done.  
Though through infirmity I oft may fail,  
Yet if, friend Bob! when suddenly assail'd,  
I answer'd sharply when I should have smiled  
And own'd that you had but jocosely rail'd,  
Think not my mind by malice was beguiled.

## THE STING OF THE TONGUE.

THE slanderer mingles falsehood with the truth,  
And serves the devil in his viler work.  
Within his lips there may be found to lurk  
A fang more deadly than the cobra's tooth.  
With keen, insane, insatiable delight,  
He marks the accents of a victim's tongue;  
On idle words he sates his appetite,  
And forth he goes, disgorging them among  
A world of slander-lovers. Magnifying  
The more they're spread, they tingle on the ear:  
And those who tell the tale, and those who hear,  
Are apt confederates in the work of lying:  
Thus a fair fame among the slanderers thrown  
Is gnaw'd as hungry dogs delight to gnaw a bone.

More cruel is the slanderer than the snake;  
He spits his venom on a man's good name,  
Until the guiltless bows his head in shame,  
And the fine fibres of his spirit break.  
The world avers, because his countenance changes  
When some vile charge is made, that "'Tis a sign  
The man is guilty;" "That it very strange is;"  
"And he deserves a punishment condign."  
But innocence is like the sensitive leaf;  
Whene'er 'tis touch'd by breathings of suspicion,  
It trembles in an agony of grief,  
And men misjudge its sorrowful condition:  
While brazen guilt confronts a righteous charge,  
And blustering like a braggart, walks the earth at  
large.

## PITY, GOOD GENTLEFOLKS.

HAVE pity on the poor, good gentlefolks;  
For they are cold and hungry. Starving pain  
Is hard to bear, and oftentimes provokes  
The deed of infamy and crime, t'obtain  
The bread that honest labour fails to earn.  
Have pity on the poor; nor coldly turn  
The ear away from their distressful sighs.  
Spurn not too rudely e'en the beggar: he  
Has fallen far, yet let his misery  
Plead with your heart and dew your tender eyes.  
Oh pity him! Perchance 'twas strong temptation  
That drew him to this fate: perchance 'twas grief  
For loss of all. Deep is the desolation  
Of an unfriended heart. Vouchsafe him some relief.

Have pity on the poor—the hidden ones,  
Who shut their sorrows in their hearts,—the worn  
And weary man,—the widow, and her sons  
And daughters fatherless,—the overborne.  
Have pity on the hapless slave of toil,  
The patient, gentle, fragile sewing-girl,  
Whose thin and sunken cheek is pale as pearl,  
Whose slender fingers constantly must moil,  
To wring from masters the small weekly dole  
That barely binds the body and the soul.  
And ye fine ladies, beautiful and proud,  
Whose delicate forms are clad in rich array,  
Remember those whose sister-heads are bow'd  
With toil for you, endured by night and day.

Ye strutters in the gilded halls of fashion,  
Who idly brush the humble man aside,—  
Ye exquisites, too dainty for compassion,—  
Ye pinching, hard, unfeeling sons of pride,—  
Ye who increase upon the poor man's labour—  
Who reap the harvest ye have never sown—  
Who eat the fruit that other men have grown,—  
The LORD has said: "The wretched is your neighbour."  
Your brother too. And in the Father's heart  
(Who holds the world within His love, and gives  
Its daily food to every thing that lives)  
Perchance he has a large and loving part.  
Be kind and pitiful while yet ye may,  
And sweep somewhat of human wo away.

The world is dark; and who for JESUS' sake  
Do good to man, are like the wayside lamps:  
Their genial rays through yielding darkness break,  
And cheer the wanderer in the midnight damps.  
They pale at breaking of the morn; but soon  
The sun majestic shall arise, and pour  
A flood of radiance from the skies' mid-noon:  
Their little lamps are needed then no more,  
But all enwrapt in heaven's own light and glory,  
These sons of mercy hear the Saviour say,  
"Ye did it to the suffering sons of clay,  
And so 'twas done to Me." The immortal story  
O'er the wide plains of Paradise shall fly,  
And crowds descend to welcome them on high.





## THE DEAR ONE AT HOME.

OFt as I wander in fashion's crowded way,  
Multitudes I see of the beautiful and gay:  
With gold and with diamonds resplendent though  
they be,  
There's a dear one at home more beautiful to me.

Graceful as antelopes, and rouged with cunning skill,  
A glance from their eyelids has potency to kill;  
Their tones are as soft as the buzzing of a bee,  
Yet a dear one at home is more beautiful to me.

Proudly their carriages roll along the street,  
With coachman and footman and livery complete;  
The fair ones within them may frown disdainfully,  
The dear one at home is more beautiful to me.

They dwell in palaces, and mine's a lowlier lot;  
But grandeur and palaces my soul will covet not,  
If only at eventide I hear the melody  
Of the dear one at home, so beautiful to me.

Our fireside has prattlers, whose laughing eyes are set  
As brightly as diamonds within a violet;  
And when, light as fairies, they spring upon my knee,  
I love more the dear one so beautiful to me.

When I am weary and faint and overfraught,  
I think of my home, and am happy in my thought;  
The weight of my burden reminds me lovingly,  
There's a dear one at home to lighten it to me.

## WHY DELAY THE VIOLETS?

O WHY delay the violets?  
'Tis time they were  
Again astir,  
My pretty, modest, blue-eyed pets!

I look'd for them but yestermorn—  
For every day  
I pass that way—  
To see if they had yet been born.

I'll seek again to-morrow noon:  
The ice and snow  
Went long ago,  
So I expect my darlings soon.

Then I will take my children there,  
And bid them see  
How modesty  
May make the lowliest more than fair.

## THE CITY-BOUND.

WHAT a pity—  
Biding in the parchèd city  
All the fiery summer through!  
Dry and dusty,  
Soul and body getting rusty,  
Lacking will to think or do.

Ever growing  
Hot and hotter—fiercely glowing  
From the morning till the noon;  
Hot and hotter,  
Like the furnace of the potter  
When it sings its 'custom'd tune.

Not a pitcher  
Full of water, to make rich, or  
Mollify the baked ground,  
Falls from heaven  
From the sunrise till the even;  
All is dustiness profound.

Of the ices,  
Hundred hundred-weight suffices  
Not to cool the city's heat;  
Drinking, drinking  
Is in vogue instead of thinking;  
Frozen water is our meat.

Oh for fountains  
Running down from icy mountains!  
Oh for palaces of cream!  
Oh for shadows  
Cast by trees o'er pleasant meadows  
Dreamt of in a poet's dream!

Oh to wander  
Where the tinkling rills meander  
Down the hill-side to the strand;  
Often stooping,  
Draughts of cooling water scooping  
With the hollow of my hand.

Oh what pity  
In the hot and parchèd city  
To abide the summer through!  
Dry and dusty,  
Soul and body growing musty,  
Lacking strength to will or do.

### THE ANGEL IN A MAIDEN'S EYES.

ONCE methought I saw an angel  
Peeping from a maiden's eyes,  
And my heart was captive taken,  
Like a city by surprise.

Then it seem'd another angel,  
Springing upward from my heart,  
From mine eyes look'd on the other,  
And beheld its counterpart.

At the moment of the greeting,  
From her lips no whisper fell;  
And before her I was silent,  
Rapt in a delicious spell.

Love, awaking in my bosom—  
Love of pure impulses born—  
Lighted up my happy pathway,  
Like a sun of summer morn.

Mark'd for mine the gentle maiden  
With the angel in her eyes,  
Years ago we link'd our fortunes  
By indissoluble ties.

"HE WILL NOT AGAIN FORGET US."

THAT phrase I cannot help but feel,  
Unless my heart be made of steel:  
Forget mine ancient friend—my Neal!

"Nevermore!"

As said the raven  
To the trembling, timid craven  
Lover of the maid Lenore,—

"Nevermore!"

How many pleasant memories—  
And mournful ones as well—  
(These to sadden—those to please)—  
Are treasured in the cell  
Within my mind wherein I store  
Memorials of the days of yore,—  
How many such  
But need a touch  
To break their gentle slumber;  
And up they start  
Around the heart  
A host without a number.

Forget! forget!  
Nay, never yet  
Have Lethe's waves my memory met;  
And far away  
May be the day  
When, to "forgetfulness a prey,"  
My mental ear  
No more shall hear  
Dead voices speak that once were dear.

Some days of darkness have been mine,  
When hope had nearly ceased to shine;  
And I have lain  
In utter pain  
Amid the blackness round me.

Yet even then  
Light came again,  
And GOD's own mercy found me.  
No! I would not  
Consent to blot

Such times from recollection,  
For now they bring  
No barbèd sting,  
But quicken my affection;  
And they fill up  
Anew the cup  
That cures the soul's dejection.

Nor is it needful to forget  
The sins and follies we regret:  
They well may stand,  
And mark the shoal  
Where once the soul  
Was like to strand.

The memory of our errors past  
A shade upon our path may cast;  
But if it lead us to abhor  
The thing that grimed our soul before,—  
And turn our face  
To Heaven for grace  
To do the evil deed no more,—  
Then it were fitting that the sprite  
Anon should dimly meet our sight;  
And wiser, better beings we  
Perchance were for his company.

Forget a friend whose hand I've held,  
 Who sleepeth still and low,  
 The tumult of life's battle quell'd?—  
 No! never—never! no!

OBESSE HUMANITY.

'TIS a distressing sight to see  
 A man of vast obesity,  
 Who needs but handle and a spout  
 To seem a pitcher out and out;  
 Whose dumpling cheek and double chin  
 Show clearly how he does within;  
 Whose waddling walk and portly paunch,  
 And shoulder-width, and breadth of haunch,  
 Are proof he knows the worth of steak,  
 And that he eats for eating's sake.

His running days are overpast:  
 No fear can make him hurry fast;  
 If bull or dog be at his heel,  
 The teeth or horns he's like to feel;  
 If sudden showers arise and fall,  
 He patiently must bide them all;  
 While others "trip it as they go  
 On the light fantastic toe,"  
 By law of gravity he's bound  
 To slip along the solid ground;  
 When Summer dons her melting guise,  
 And fills with heat the earth and skies,  
 The hapless victim fain would be  
 Diminishing diurnally;

And yet but little less he grows  
From crown of head to tip of toes,—  
And Winter comes, soon filling him  
With spermaceti to the brim.

Good-humour, cheerfulness and fun  
In oily channels love to run ;  
And all along the way he goes  
The milk of human-kindness flows ;  
And in the corner of his eye  
A nest of smiles a child might spy,  
And when he gives them wings to fly,  
They flit to every bosom nigh.

I'd not be fat—I'd not be lean,  
But in the middle state between.  
'Tis very troublesome, no doubt,  
To bear a load of flesh about ;  
And yet 'twere better so to do  
Than be as crooked as a screw,  
And lean as Cassius was, who drew  
A dagger—lean and hungry too—  
And with a mean and traitorous crew  
The unsuspecting Cæsar slew.

But be a person fat or lean,  
If he but have the grace within  
To be at peace with Heaven and man,  
And does his duty as he can,  
With hearty will his hand I'll take,  
And love him for his goodness' sake.





## AUTUMN RHYMES.

I'VE several times in vain essay'd to sing  
A simple song of Autumn. Other fingers  
Have oft and sweetly touch'd the tuneful string,  
And waked the pensiveness that lifelong lingers  
In hearts of men, like some long-hallow'd story.  
I've seen the tender flowers grow pale and die,—  
The dry and wither'd leaves around me lie,—  
The sun go down in his peculiar glory,—  
The thrice-expanded moon come slowly up,  
And break a passage through the eastern vapours,—  
The clear-eyed stars light up their little tapers  
And swing them out, each in a crystal cup,  
As if to lure the feet of mortals thither,  
The land of love, where hopes nor flowers wither.

And I have had within some partial movings  
Of spiritualness; some quickening of the feelings;  
Yet careless heed I've given to the reprovings  
Of nature in her many-voiced revealings.  
The Autumn is a solemn missioner;  
A preacher to the sons of men is she:  
And happy he who learns betimes of her  
The wholesome truth of his mortality,  
And ponders well the fleetness of his days,  
And meekly walks in heavenly wisdom's ways.  
The fading leaf's an eloquent text to man:  
"We all do fade, and wither as a leaf;"  
And he who reaches life's extremest span  
Exclaims in sadness, "Ah! my days are brief!"

## THE DECAYING HOMESTEAD.

A PENSIVENESS of feeling  
Unbidden comes a-stealing  
Over me  
When I see  
An old house going  
To decay,—  
The wild grass growing  
In the way—  
The window-shutters hanging  
Half awry,  
Now creaking and now banging  
When the gale sweeps by,—  
The shatter'd panes  
Bespatter'd by the rains—  
The empty rooms  
As silent as the tombs—  
The dusty floor—  
The spider weaving in the door—  
The awfulness of desolation  
Pervading the habitation,  
While all things wear  
A comfortless, unwelcome air.

The family gathering no more is there,  
Cheerful and calm;  
No morning prayer  
Nor evening psalm:  
No joyous maiden's voice is heard  
Outcarolling the mocking-bird;  
No children's laugh;  
No old man leaning on his staff,

Nor matron there is seen  
Before the door at eventide serene.  
No neighbours come to chat  
Of this and that,  
And for old friendship's sake,  
The Souchong cup partake;  
But silence and desolation  
Pervade the habitation,  
And all things wear  
A comfortless, unfriendly air.

Where is the human band  
That here abode?  
Have all departed to the land  
Whose only road  
Is through death's dim domain?  
Vain the inquiry—vain!  
There is not one to tell  
How the old family fell:  
Pass'd out of mind,  
Forgotten quite,  
The record left behind  
Is blank as night.  
Gone to a world afar,  
Perchance on high  
From some resplendent star  
They turn a wondering eye  
To their old home below,  
And love Him with intenser love  
Who beckon'd them from wo  
To an immortal home above,  
Where holy exultation  
Pervades their habitation,  
And all things wear  
A heavenly and glorious air.

## THE BEAUTIFUL DAYS OF SPRING.

THE cold and rugged weather stripp'd the trees,  
And made them very desolate. 'Twas not  
A single frosty, biting autumn-breeze  
That tore the leaves from their first nestling-spot.  
The winds unkindly came day after day,  
And smote the gentle things. They bore the blast  
Awhile, and then began to shrivel fast,  
And wild December swept them all away.  
The rage of winter having pass'd, the year  
Put on a milder face. The sun broke forth  
And dallied with the balmy atmosphere,  
And shone so smilingly, the frigid north  
Call'd back its murky clouds, and all around  
The timorous plants came peeping through the ground.

The melancholy trees revived again ;  
On every bough the budding leaves appear'd ;  
And earth grew lovelier in the sight of men,  
And many a heart with hopeful thought was cheer'd :  
For sadness with the winter pass'd away,  
And spring gave promise of a better day.  
The birds came trustingly and lived among us,  
And sweet-lipp'd flowers on morning breezes flung us  
A perfume delicate ; and every field,  
Though simply clad in garniture of green,  
The beauteous handiwork of GOD reveal'd.  
How great the lesson taught by such a scene,—  
That sunny looks and kindly actions e'er  
Cause flowers of love to flourish fragrantly and fair.

## THE HOME OF THE HAPLESS.

**H**UMANITY in its despised conditions,  
Ye tender ones whose hands are soft as down,  
Is oft too touching in its exhibitions  
To wake a dainty or unpitying frown.

For here, apart from all the self-relying,  
The spirit-broken desolate abide :  
Dead souls, ambitionless and unreplying,  
Their hopes long buried in the grave with pride.

And here are those by food and shelter cherish'd,  
And clad in clothing that is not their own,  
Who on life's highway else outright had perish'd,  
Or stagger'd on with many an inward groan.

Here, too, are those whose minds are gone demented,  
Served tenderly and nursed with healing care ;  
Their shrewdest cunning wisely circumvented  
Till reason sits in her accustom'd chair.

Small children, on the shore of life's deep ocean,  
Like waifs pick'd up by charitable hands,  
Are nurtured here with woman's own devotion,  
And bound in virtue's time-enduring bands.

A refuge-place for Penury's sons and daughters,  
Where they may ease its bitterness and smart ;  
Bethesda's pool, where angels stir the waters,  
And proffer healing for the bleeding heart.

Thanks be to GOD, the wretched may be tended,  
Although his kinsmen all be far away :  
Thanks to His name, the orphan is befriended  
When father, mother sleep beneath the clay.

Thanks be to GOD, that Christian love prevaieth  
Against the sin and selfishness of earth :  
Thanks to His name that charity ne'er faileth,  
But now, as ever, shows its heavenly birth.

### A COUNTRY SABBATH.

#### MORNING SCENE.

THE frost in its beauty lies over the meadows,  
Like down newly shaken from winter's young  
wing ;  
The sun is ascending, and skeleton shadows  
The trees in their nakedness pensively fling.

The morning is silent, save when the brook's flowing  
Awakens a music like silvery bells,  
Or where the cock's crowing, or gentle kine's lowing,  
Of home and its treasures of charity tells.

The smoke from the homestead, one wreath on  
another,  
Like incense arises from piety's hearth,  
Where father and mother, and sister and brother  
In harmony worship the LORD of the earth.

The sun lights the vane of a far-away steeple,  
The sound of a bell is borne faintly along,  
And staidly and peacefully gather the people,  
To join in the prayer and awaken the song.

The calm of devotion refreshes the spirit,  
The soul is set down to a banquet of bliss;  
The ministering angel must surely be near it,  
For earth can provide no enjoyment like this.

## EVENING SCENE.

THE day is departing—the shadows are denser;  
The shrilly-voiced cock and the cattle are still;  
The cold of the north becomes keen and intenser,  
And freezes to silence the tongue of the rill.

The arch of the heavens is glowing with glory,  
For diamond-lit lanterns, by angels outhung,  
Swing over the earth, and a marvellous story,  
While man is unconscious, by seraphs is sung.

The darkness of night like a mantle is lying  
On the children of joy and the children of sorrow,  
Who, while the still moments unheeded are flying,  
Lie down in the hope of a better to-morrow.

When the locks of old age shall fall down on my  
shoulder,  
If the wisdom of Heaven so lengthen my time,  
Oh may I present to the youthful beholder  
A vision as peaceful—an end as sublime!

## ASCENT OF ST. ANTHONY'S NOSE.

WE climb'd St. Anthony's Nose;  
Its sides were powder'd with snows,  
Yet up to the summit we rose  
By favour of fingers and toes.

The labour was toilsome and long,  
Our wills were sturdy and strong,  
Each sinew was tough as a thong,  
And our spirits were light as a song.

The track of the rabbit was there,  
And the path of the fox to his lair;  
And prints—perhaps of a bear—  
Admonish'd us "Boys, have a care!"

The partridges rose with a whirr,  
And many a quail did we stir;  
We harmless and weaponless were,  
And harm'd not their feathers and fur.

As cliff after cliff we attain'd,  
A cliff still higher remain'd;  
Our strength more sternly we strain'd,  
For a failure we proudly disdain'd.

So upward and onward we went,  
And—ere we were totally spent—  
Accomplish'd our purposed intent,  
And stood on the topmost ascent.



We witness'd the Hudson below  
Roll on with its glorious flow,  
While Lilliput vessels did go  
With Lilliput men to and fro.

To see what more we might spy,  
We climb'd an oaken tree nigh;  
But mountains and river and sky  
Outran the reach of the eye.

We roll'd some rocks down the hill  
Along the bed of a rill;  
They went with a rush and a will—  
I hear them, I fancy me, still.

Majestic each awful rebound,  
As the rocks whirl'd madly around,  
And frequent their clattering sound  
Came up from the solemn profound.

The days of boyhood and youth—  
Ere we'd an aching eye-tooth,  
When fun was mingled with ruth—  
Seem'd present in primitive truth.

So much delight did we sip,  
Our joy ran over the lip,  
As drops from a bucket will drip  
That late in the well had a dip.

But feeding on ideal food  
Can do the stomach no good;  
We soon got over that mood,  
And a course descending pursued.

A bright lookout did we keep  
As we slid each threatening steep;  
And now did we warily creep,  
And then took a slide and a leap.

We'd done all we had design'd  
The day before in our mind,  
And now, as our hunger inclined,  
We went to the village and dined.

If, at some notable time,  
The Swiss Jungfrau we should climb,  
I'll tell it in verse more sublime,  
Though not in a livelier rhyme.

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN A FOG ON THE  
HUDSON.

WE pass'd the night at Yonkers;  
The fog above, the fog below  
Had made it quite unsafe to go  
A-steaming down the river.  
The captain wouldn't—  
Couldn't—shouldn't  
Peril lives  
Of maidens, wives  
And husbands, brothers,  
Fathers, mothers—  
No wonder he did shiver.  
So there we lay  
Half on our way,  
Yet not a soul was fain to stay.

The darkness horrid  
Deeply loom'd;  
And aft and for'ard  
Were entomb'd.  
The drizzly drops around us fell,  
The essence of the fog distill'd;  
Our bosom's anguish who can tell,  
With hope of home so rudely chill'd?  
And there we sate  
In silent state,  
And like the kine did ruminare.  
Without debate  
The joy was great—  
When tea-time came—to masticate.  
It hath been never  
That a man could eat forever;  
And soon the tea  
Was no more 'mong the things that be.  
Some did this, and some did that;  
Some were silent, some did chat;  
Some frown'd, and others loudly laugh'd  
As if a cup of fun they'd quaff'd;  
When, lo! a silent gathering—  
A preacher rose to pray:  
And when he'd said his solemn say,  
Then we began to sing,  
To "Auld Lang Syne,"  
"When I can read my title clear."  
And oh! it made this heart of mine  
Dance lightly as a mountain deer  
When summer mornings shine.  
Though we were met as strangers there,  
We own'd our brotherhood;  
And joining in the social prayer,  
Before our Father stood.

I felt assured the Father's eye  
Look'd kindly on that company.

The Old Year now was wellnigh gone;  
The remnant sands were falling,  
When suddenly there broke upon  
Our ears the din of brawling.  
Some rowdies bound for Gotham city,  
Thus prison'd on their route,  
Obtuse to gentleness or pity,  
Got huge horse-fiddles out:  
They rang a bell,  
And sprang a rattle  
With many a yell  
As if of battle:  
And though no human lost his life,  
Yet "sleep was murder'd" in the strife.  
Quietly, quietly,  
Snug in a corner,  
Sat a small company,  
Fearing no evil and heeding no scorner.  
Tired of singing,  
Sleep her sweet poppies upon them was flinging;  
But scarce had an eyelid  
Reposed on its fellow,  
Ere sleep ran off frighten'd  
As the wild bellow  
And shout of the b'hoys  
Astounded the Highlands with thundering noise.  
No rest was there to be found  
For the drowsy head;  
The noise of the riotous drown'd  
(It truly was said)  
The snore of the sleeper, and woke him outright,  
As mad as a bull and ready for fight.

So, groaning, aching,  
Chilly, shaking,  
Stretching, yawning,  
We awaited morning's dawning.  
Wo-begone and vigil-worn,  
Every human  
Man and woman  
Grew dishearten'd and forlorn.  
Oh, how dreary,  
Sad, and weary  
Was that night at Yonkers!

## CELESTIAL FROLICS.

THE sun had put his night-cap on,  
And cover'd o'er his head,  
When troops of stars appear'd amid  
The curtains round his bed.

The moon arose, most motherly,  
To take a quiet peep  
How all the stars behaved while he  
Her sovereign was asleep.

She saw them wink their silvery eyes,  
As if in roguish play;  
Though silent all, to her they seem'd  
As if they'd much to say.

So, lest their winking should disturb  
The sleeping king of light,

She rose so high that her mild eye  
Could keep them all in sight.

The stars, abash'd, stole softly back,  
And look'd demure and prim;  
Until the moon began to nod,  
Her eyes becoming dim.

Then sleepily she sought her home,  
That's somewhere in the west;  
And as she went, the playful stars  
Wink'd at the dame in jest.

And when the moon was fairly gone,  
The imps with silvery eyes  
Had so much fun it woke the sun,  
And he began to rise!

He rose in glory!—from his eyes  
Sprang forth a new-born day,  
Before whose brightness all the stars  
Ran hastily away.

#### THE HOUSE LOVE-HAUNTED.

GIVE me a house that's haunted,  
With Love the only sprite;  
I'll dwell in it undaunted,  
Nor fear its utmost spite.

Though witching tones are swelling  
Above me and beside,  
Where Love is in the dwelling  
I am content to bide.

If every beam and rafter  
And every stone and tile  
Re-echo with its laughter,  
My heart shall laugh the while.

The favour'd room or chamber  
Frequented by the ghost,  
I'll gladliest remember,  
And I will prize it most.

When in the midnight lonely  
Day's brighter scenes are hid,  
I'll sweetly sleep if only  
Love stirs the coverlid.

When morn is stilly breaking,  
And earth is growing light,  
I'll tremble not if, waking,  
Mine eyes behold the sprite.

If, as the day grows older,  
The heavenly-temper'd thing  
Taps tenderly my shoulder,  
Rejoicingly I'll sing.

I'd ever be enchanted  
By Love's bewitching spell,  
And in a house love-haunted  
I would my lifelong dwell.

And when my time is ending,  
And heaven is coming nigh,  
Let Love, my soul attending,  
Go with me to the sky.

## THE PEOPLE'S PRAYER.

HOW long, O LORD, shall this dear land be rent?  
How long must she the cup of anguish drink?  
How long her children's souls, unshriven, be sent  
To nameless graves of horror-clouded brink?  
Trembling with woe, she like a mother stands,  
The tears thick dripping from her cheek of clay,  
Her garments stain'd with blood that brothers' hands  
Have spill'd from brothers' hearts in mortal fray.  
Her sons in thousands, fever'd, maim'd, and pale,  
The wreck of men, are moaning at her feet,  
While widow'd and fatherless lift up the wail  
O'er sires and husbands in their winding-sheet.  
O holy GOD! let thy sweet mercy shine  
To thy great glory on this land of Thine.

Let not ambition and the thirst for power  
Still rule the spirits of rebellious men:  
Not lust for gold put off the lingering hour  
When CHRIST-like peace shall bless our homes again.  
Purge us of sin, and let thy wrath go by,  
Lest all the people perish from the land.  
For His dear sake whom Thou didst give to die  
For all the world, O turn away thy hand.  
May holy men on holy days recount  
The words of peace of JESUS on the mount,  
Till love shall conquer hate, and kindred foes,  
Forgiving as they hope for grace from Thee,  
And turning from the sins that brought our woes,  
Shall evermore abide in strengthful unity.



## FANCIES BY THE SEA.

LONELY by the sea,  
On the reaches  
Of the beaches  
Wandering dreamily,  
Gazing o'er its dim expanse into infinity:  
Listing to the moaning of the multitude of sprites  
That skim along the waters in the dark of moonless  
nights:  
Listing to the groaning as of voices of the lost,  
The spectral forms invisible on restless billows tost:  
The tumbling and the rumbling  
Of the sea, of the sea,  
The shrieking and the howling and the grumbling  
Of the sea,  
As it rushes to the shore  
With a wild and hungry roar,  
While the whirling and the twirling and the curling  
Of the breakers on the sand  
Foreshow the wilful madness  
Of passion in its badness  
Dashing into ruin on vice's fatal strand.  
Oh, the moaning and the groaning,  
The monotonous intoning  
Of the sea,  
The moaning sea,  
The groaning sea,  
So like to humankind, so like perchance to me.  
Yet the bland old sea,  
The giver of our health;  
The grand old sea,  
The bringer of our wealth,

Creator of the clouds of blessing over all the land,  
Replenishing the rills  
That, sliding down the hills,  
Fructify the valleys where the growing harvests stand;  
The great wide sea,  
The sea whose majesty  
Proclaims the love as well as might  
Of our most holy LORD,  
Who call'd the sea and land out of realms of chaos-  
night  
At His word.

## DAVID MYERLE.

WE lay him here. 'Tis but the dust  
We hide beneath the sod;  
The soul is dwelling with the just,  
The saint is with his GOD:  
And while our eyes bedew the clay,  
From his all tears are wiped away.

Not many lines by him were writ  
In life's unfading scroll;  
But they were beautiful, and fit  
For such a saintly soul,  
And they will stand in living light  
Before his heaven-anointed sight.

Life's more than years. He who begins  
His work at early day  
The crown of glory often wins  
Ere morn has pass'd away;  
And enters in his budding prime  
The rest of an eternal time.

## GOD'S ADOPTED.

THE sun may wrap his face in cloud,  
The midnight winds may scream aloud,  
The snow may sweep o'er hill and plain,  
Or vales be flooded by the rain ;  
The thunder follow lightning's flash  
Till earth shall tremble at the crash,  
And waves may leap aloft in foam,  
Yet God provides a sheltering home  
Where his adopted ones may rest  
Like birds safe-hidden in their nest,  
Where, in the dim and silent night,  
When every shadow seems a sprite,  
The lambs of Jesus sweetly sleep,  
While watch and ward his angels keep,  
Bend gently o'er the unconscious heads  
And hover round about their beds :  
And in the day, when evil men  
Would lure the hapless to their den,  
And many a trap is laid to snare  
The young and friendless unaware,  
Then angel footsteps with them go  
In pleasant rambles to and fro,  
Their wants supply, and lessons give  
How the good Lord would have them live,  
And teach them in the heavenly lore  
That makes them wise forevermore.  
The angel-hands the child caress,  
The child whose name is fatherless,  
The angel kisses warm the brow  
That shares no mother's kisses now.  
No wings have they, these angels fair,  
To soar afar in upper air ;

No strange, fantastic robes have they ;  
No bands across their brows they lay ;  
A holier garb they wear instead,—  
A spirit meek and quieted.  
The mothers of the motherless  
And fatherless, they pass along ;  
So God their loving work shall bless,—  
They seek no plaudits from the throng.  
This busy world is vast and wide,  
With want and woe on every side ;  
And they work well who take some part  
Of sorrow from a single heart ;  
And they work best whose work in love  
Shall meet the Master's praise above.

## HUNGARY.

1848.

IF tears were medicine for wo,  
Then were it well to weep ;  
For Hungary has fallen—fallen low  
Before her foe,  
And slavery's legions sweep  
Across the plains where Liberty descended.  
The unequal strife is ended ;  
And man, oppress'd and foil'd, sinks down  
Beneath the frown  
Of proud and cruel lords.  
The patriot swords,  
Drawn in defence of liberty and right,  
And gory with the blood of valorous fight,  
Lie in the dust,  
Discolour'd with the rust ;

The tyrant's steel  
Has touch'd a vital part;  
His heel  
Is set on Hungary's quivering heart.

Oh! hapless land,  
Bestead by fire and brand!  
Her mothers and her maidens refuge seeking,  
Their garments reeking  
With blood from the accursed rod,  
That tears their flesh while they are shrieking  
In agony to GOD.  
The homes where hope had lighted  
Her promise-fires are desolate and blighted:  
The winds, melodious once with freedom's song,  
Groan with the piteous plaint of causeless wrong:  
The sunlight falls on blasted fields,  
Whose soil no recompense to reaper yields:  
The stars look tearfully on hopeless men  
Who have no heart to look on high again;  
But stricken, humbled, broken, crush'd—  
The nobler voices of their being hush'd—  
They bear the heavy chain,  
Or gnaw in silence at its links in vain.

Shall it be ever so?  
Heaven and earth together answer No!  
But, sure as the eternal heaven stands,  
The LORD will break the bands  
Wherewith the tyrants fetter Freedom's hands.  
Freedom is but a little child of days,  
And yet a child immortal as the truth;  
When tyranny shall totter in its ways,  
That child shall show the lusty strength of youth;  
The rusty shackles from its limbs shall fall,  
And down to ocean's deepest depths shall go;

The oppress'd in all the earth shall heed the call,  
And join the strife against the common foe.  
O day of glory and of triumph too!  
O wretched foes, accursed of GOD and man!  
Where will ye hide when heaven and earth pursue,  
And Truth and Freedom lead the battle-van?

### THE FALLING HOUSE.

WHO dwells within this mansion hoary,  
Crumbling, tottering, soon to fall;  
The tokens of whose former glory  
Linger faintly on the wall?

The windows, dark and stain'd and dusty,  
Dimly light the inner room;  
The hinges of thy limbs are rusty,  
Lonely sitter in the gloom!

Is there no voice in thee abiding,  
Accent tremulous or strong,  
To tell the passer-by some tidings  
As he wanders here along?

The watcher at thy gate of hearing,  
Dull and drowsy, heeds no sound,  
The outer world to him appearing  
Silent as a burial-ground.

Oh! why art thou so unreplying,  
Inmate of this ruin gray?  
Alas! I speak but to the dying;  
Lo! the soul has pass'd away!

Deserted, dark, disfurnish'd dwelling,  
Empty utterly and riven,  
Thy lifelong tenant now is swelling  
Psalms and hymns and songs in heaven.

And thou, in beautiful expansion  
Built again, no more to fall,  
Shalt be the soul's immortal mansion  
Who here tenanted thy hall.

## LINCOLN.

SO deep our grief, it may be silence is  
The meetest tribute to the father's name :  
A secret shrine in every breast is his  
Whom death hath girt with an immortal fame ;  
And in this dim recess our thoughts abide,  
Clad in the garment of unspoken grief,  
As fain the sorrow of the heart to hide  
That yields no tears to give our woe relief.  
But death is not to such as he, we cry :  
His tongue is mute ; his heart may pulse no more :  
Yet men so good and loved do never die ;  
But while the tide shall flow upon the shore  
Of time to come, a presence to the eye  
Of nations shall he be, and evermore  
Shall freemen treasure in historic page  
This martyr-hero of earth's noblest age.

## REMEMBER THE POOR !

REMEMBER the poor !  
It fearfully snoweth,  
And bitterly bloweth ;  
Thou couldst not endure  
The tempest's wild power  
Through night's dreary hour,  
Then pity the poor !

Remember the poor !  
The father is lying  
In that hovel, dying  
With sickness of heart.  
No voice cheers his dwelling,  
Of JESUS' love telling,  
Ere life shall depart.

Remember the poor !  
The widow is sighing,  
The orphans are crying,  
Half starving for bread ;  
In mercy be speedy  
To succour the needy,—  
Their helper is dead !

Remember the poor !  
The baby is sleeping,  
Its mother is weeping,  
For woe's in her breast ;



Her cheek, wan and hollow,  
Betokens she'll follow  
Her husband to rest.

Remember the poor!  
To him who aid lendeth,  
Whatever he spendeth  
The LORD will repay;  
And sweet thoughts shall cheer him,  
And GOD's love be near him,  
In his dying day.

THE EDITOR SAT IN HIS SANCTUM.

THE editor sat in his sanctum,  
In a hapless plight was he;  
Fain would he fall in a thinking fit,  
For he was at the end of his wit  
As to what his leader should be.

He had reap'd his brain so often,  
The soil seem'd barren grown;  
The forest of wit was fell'd to the stump,  
The flowers of fancy were gone, save a clump  
Where the seed had lately been sown.

He fish'd in the river of knowledge,  
But his angling-line was short:  
"Surely there's plenty of fish in the sea,  
But 'tis as plain as a herring," quoth he,  
"In deeper waters they're caught."

He dived to the bed of his ocean,  
Where the pearls did erst abound;  
He raked and sifted the briny mud  
That lies below the emerald flood,  
But not an oyster he found.

"Ah, what shall I do!" he murmur'd:  
That imp will rap at the door:  
Methinks his tones on my ear-drum stir,—  
'The men are all waiting for copy, sir,  
And they are growling for more.' "

"It hath been quoted often,  
With a full meed of credit,  
The maxim Witherspoon spake in his day,  
'Never to speak till you've something to say,  
And stop when you have said it.'

"Ah, good advice to a parson,"  
He sadly went on to say;  
"But I would ask, who ever said it, or  
Hinted such thing to a brain-worn editor,  
From his birth to his dying-day?"

He rose in his mental anguish,  
And turn'd the key in his door;  
The messenger came, and loudly did knock,  
But the editor sat as still as a stock,  
And the imp then knock'd the more.

The editor lean'd on his patience  
As on a cushion'd chair;  
And he sat him down, and he rock'd away,  
While fancies began in his mind to play,  
And thoughts to nestle there.

He neither swore nor curséd,  
He hated a word profane ;  
(Ah, verily, he who curses and swears  
But adds to his sins and adds to his cares—  
And the vice is mean and vain.)

The editor and the devil  
Maintain'd the skirmish-strife ;  
For the inky imp kept sturdily knocking,  
While the editor was incessantly rocking  
And thinking as for his life.

His fancies came like a morning  
In the beautiful time of May ;  
And thoughts, like the rays of light, shot out,  
And tremblingly glimmer'd and twinkled about,  
Till his mind was as clear as day.

The imp was drumming and drumming  
A rat-a-tat on the door ;  
The editor cared not a whit for his thumps,  
But quietly finger'd his ideal bumps,  
Till the flood began to pour

Down to the tip of his fingers,  
When he caught the paper and pen,  
And beautiful things from the bodiless air  
Were call'd into being, and written down there,  
A blessing to true-hearted men.

Truth shone on the face of the paper,  
And the editor's heart was light :  
For noble the man among noble men  
Who fears not to ply a truth-telling pen  
For GOD and for human right.

He sprang to the door of his sanctum  
As swift as a Grecian winner  
When reaching the goal in Olympian race,  
And the copy he push'd in the messenger's face,  
And thankfully went to his dinner.

## LIFE ERAS.

A FOUR-YEAR, prankish and dumpy,  
In time long, long ago,  
Like Cupid, fat and stumpy,  
With a skin as pure as snow;  
And a cheek that round its dimples very  
Much resembled a honey-cherry  
That had blush'd through all the month of June  
'Neath the kisses of sun and stars and moon;  
With hair that straggled everywhither,—  
So light that a puff  
Of wind was enough  
To waft it freely hither and thither.  
His eyes were blue,  
And sparkled like drops of tremulous dew,  
And winks of love and flashes of fun  
Flew from the lids like shot from a gun.  
Yet oftentimes a serious shade  
Of thought across his forehead stray'd,  
And so he said to himself one day,  
“ Shall I be happy as I am now,  
When one-and-twenty summers shall lay  
Their sign upon my brow ? ”

I think he was a curious child  
To deal in queries so odd and wild.  
He may have had presentiment  
Of times of sighs and sorrow :  
Forewarnings may to-day be sent  
To arm us for to-morrow.

Anticipation's hot desire  
Urges Time to speed his race ;  
But he, as if in sullen ire,  
Steals along with lazy pace.  
So, like a colt that prances round  
The prairies' endless pasture-ground,  
The frisky boy danced wild and free  
In fancy o'er the life to be.  
He took to his book,  
And laid up of lore  
By hook and crook  
A plentiful store.  
The sea of knowledge open'd wide  
On every side.  
He launch'd his ship  
And made a trip  
Upon that quiet sea,  
Till on a far isle  
He fell by the wile  
Of the siren Poesy.  
Now gracious, now coy  
Was she to the boy :  
She taught him that ever-  
Continued endeavour  
Alone could obtain  
A place in her palace :  
That draughts from the chalice  
Of piety, patience, and pain

Must purge from his spirit  
Its earthlier dross;  
And he must inherit  
The crown through the cross.

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The man of five-and-forty see,  
The father of a family  
And husband of a wife;  
With lacs of love at interest,  
But little of (what's more in quest)  
The golden gear of life;  
A little house, and comfort in it;  
A little library, all too small;  
Of idle time he's scarce a minute,  
Thought and labour filling all.  
A little garden, where the sun  
Lingers lovingly and long,  
Where his children lightly run,  
Full of mischief, play, and song.  
A little silver in his hair;  
A sacred sorrow in his heart;  
A corner with a vacant chair;  
Some little trinkets set apart;  
A little mound  
In holy ground,  
That he tends with loving care.  
Work by day and rest by night  
Interweaving warp and woof  
Of his life, now dark, now bright,  
Love is queen beneath his roof.  
As the stone rolls down the hill  
With an ever-growing force,  
Running faster, faster still  
Near the ending of its course:

So his life hastes on apace,  
Fleeter-footed day by day:  
Give him, JESUS, helpful grace  
To live for GOD and man alway.

## THE WAR-FIEND.

A SHADOWY spectral shape:  
The form of a man,  
But haggard and wan  
And hideous as an ape.  
His substance was thin  
As clouds that crawl  
Up the side of a mountain wall  
By forests hedgèd in.  
And airier wings the dragon-fly  
Never display'd against the sky.  
His eyes were set as if carved in stone,  
And, never winking, gazed right on,  
With a stolid stare, leaden and drear,  
That struck onlookers with ghastly fear.  
His cavernous jaws wide open stood,  
And his lips were all a-drip with blood,  
And yet seem'd parch'd by hunger's rage  
That mountains of victual could not assuage.

He spread his pinions, and quick as light  
Over the land he sped his flight,  
Over the length and breadth of the land  
From Maine away to the Rio Grande,  
Halting a while o'er hillocks green  
That show'd where the din of battle had been.  
He stopp'd and scented the hospital air  
As an odorous dainty rich and rare;

The sighs of the dying tickled his ear,  
 And he flapp'd his pinions to show his cheer:  
 He grimly chuckled in wild delight  
 Where brothers fell in the mortal fight:  
 He laugh'd while widows and orphans wept  
 And flames around the homestead swept.

“Ho! ho!” quoth he, “never in hell  
 Have I feasted so lusciously and so well!”  
 And, folding his wings, he sat him down  
 Beside the ruins of a town  
 Where Death stood waiting by Despair,  
 And pestilence defiled the air.

Yet glowing bulletins over the land,  
 From fields of slaughter gory,  
 Made shouts arise on every hand  
 Of “*Victory and glory!*”

#### TO A FRIEND.

NO news to tell. The lightning's fire  
 Flashes it all along the wire,  
 And every wonder now grows old  
 Before 'tis fully heard or told;  
 Indeed, some folk know what is done  
 Before the hour the thing's begun.  
 And every day we're growing wiser;  
 And sure a keener man than I, sir,  
 'Twill take to tell where we shall stop  
 In our immense progressive hop.  
 Ere many years—quite likely soon—  
 We'll find the way to reach the moon,  
 Or take a summer-jaunt upon  
 The locomotives of the sun.



It may be, Sam, the child is born  
That shall behold a flaming morn  
Whose splendor shall eclipse our light  
As mid-day sun the stars of night.  
—Tut! what's my trickish muse about,  
To caper so when she's let out?  
But give my muse a slacken'd rein,  
She scampers wildly o'er the plain,  
When in a most familiar way  
I seek to troll a simple lay.  
Nay, say not, Sam! "'Twill be, perchance  
Like sprites of transcendental trance,  
So dim, impalpable, and thin—  
The shadow of a spectre's skin—  
That when a critic seeks to find  
Some real creature of the mind,  
A dubious mist he faintly spies,  
Which like a morning vapour dies  
Ere he can wink his wondering eyes  
Or mark its texture, shape, or size."  
Though poets, in these loose-shod times,  
Sow seeds of brain-confounding rhymes,  
And raise a crop of wordy stuff  
Luxuriant as a fungous puff,—  
A thunder-clap of sense will come  
And strike each jargon-grinder dumb;  
Then men shall say he was an ass  
Who, by hydrogenated gas,  
Got in the clouds above the steeple,  
Dumbfounding for a while the people,  
Till, tumbling from that giddy pitch,  
He fell in vile Lethean ditch.  
But lest you set me down a bore,  
I'll hie to bed and write no more,  
And dream of Sam and schoolboy days,  
The days of fun, and tricks, and plays.

## THE LATEST BORN.

A MERRY babe and beautiful is this our latest born !  
Her cheek is soft as silky threads that overlay  
the corn ;  
Her eye is like a tiny spot of heaven's serenest blue  
Imbedded in the fleecy clouds, with starlight flashing  
through.

Her voice is but a little voice, and yet it enters in  
My bosom with a welcome that a monarch could not  
win :  
I love the rill that down the hill comes dancing with  
a song,  
But more I love her liquid notes that trickle all day  
long.

Her hair is not a silver white, nor yet of golden hue,  
But of a colour cunningly compounded of the two :  
'Tis not a flimsy gossamer that glistens in the sun,  
But like the richer fabric from the multicaulis spun.

With mother-love and patient skill, there's one who  
strives to teach  
Her guileless tongue the simple sounds that form our  
human speech :  
She looks up in her mother's face, as if in wonder why  
Her lip should speak the tender things once spoken  
by the eye.

'Tis but a year and seven months she's dwelt among  
us here,  
And yet has she become to us an object passing dear ;

'Tis wondrous that a love so young should twine its  
tendrils so,  
As make us fear our hearts would tear before they'd  
let it go.

She enters on the race of life with tottering steps and  
slow,  
And often trips upon the floor from overhaste to go:  
Thus infancy has ups and downs as well as graver  
years,  
But bears them with a lighter heart, if not with fewer  
tears.

A thousand mothers in our land may fold within their  
arms  
A babe as beautiful as this, or sweeter in its charms:  
The blessing of our loving LORD be on these bosom-  
flowers;  
And may their bliss in them be such as we have found  
in ours!

LET'S SIT DOWN AND TALK  
TOGETHER.

LET'S sit down and talk together  
Of the things of olden day,  
When we, like lambkins loosed from tether,  
Gayly tripp'd along the way.  
Time has touch'd us both with lightness,  
Leaving furrows here and there,  
And tinging with peculiar brightness  
Silvery threads among our hair.

Let's sit down and talk together ;  
Many years away have past,  
And fair and foul has been the weather  
Since we saw each other last.  
Many whom we loved are living  
In a better world than this ;  
And some among us still are giving  
Toil and thought for present bliss.

Let's sit down and talk together ;  
Though the flowers of youth are dead,  
The ferns still grow among the heather,  
And for us their fragrance shed.  
Life has thousand blessings in it  
Even for the aged man ;  
And GOD has hid in every minute  
Something we may wisely scan.

Let's sit down and talk together ;  
Boys we were,—we now are men ;  
We meet awhile, but know not whether  
We shall meet to talk again.  
Parting time has come : how fleetly  
Speed the moments when their wings  
Are fann'd by breathings issuing sweetly  
From a tongue that never stings !



THE HOWLING STORM AND THE  
WONDROUS CALM.

WHILE sailing on the sea of life,  
I saw a storm arise;  
The troubled waters met in strife,  
And lightnings rent the skies.

My fleet and fragile bark above  
The tossing billows roll'd;  
My utmost store of hope and love  
All garner'd in its hold.

The winds blew mightily, and swept  
My fearless vessel on,  
While murky clouds the sky o'ercrept  
Till sun and stars were gone.

My heart upheld its steadfastness,  
As if 'twere stone or steel:  
The deeper horrors of distress  
'Twas needful I should feel.

The darkness of the night came down  
And on my soul it lay,  
As if my righteous Maker's frown  
Were gathering round my way.

The darkness cover'd all the sky,  
And cover'd all the sea:  
I madly cast the compass by,  
And steer'd uncertainly.

My bark was rack'd, its sails were rent,  
I heard the rudder break;  
The hungry ocean seem'd intent  
My very life to take.

I said, "Why should I longer strive?"  
I lay me down to sleep,  
And let my bark at random drive  
Along the fearful deep.

High on the utmost billow's top  
'Twas for a moment seen,  
But more impetuously to drop  
Deep in the gulf between.

As lonely as if I alone  
In all the earth were left,—  
As helpless as an infant-one  
Of mother's care bereft,—

How swift and sure had been my doom  
Had CHRIST forgotten me!  
A voice arose amid the gloom,  
"Thy Saviour loveth thee!"

Immediately there was a calm,  
A calm without, within;  
For JESUS wrote upon my palm  
Full pardon of my sin.

The inward tempests rage no more,  
The spirit's sorrows cease,  
When JESUS stands upon the shore,  
And gently whispers, "Peace!"



## SONNET RHYMES.

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### RAINY APRIL.

THE wind still blows from the north-eastern  
quarter,

Full charged with chills, and coughs, and sniffing  
sneezes!

Let poets sing of April's balmy breezes,  
'Tis my belief that Spring's a wayward daughter,  
Whose parentage is found in clouds and water;  
Or she is Nature's washerwoman, splashing  
The earth's old clothing—suds around her dashing.  
At all events, I wish her reign was shorter.

The weathercock awhile turns to the north,  
The long-imprison'd sun comes weeping forth,  
His eyelids fringed with diamond drops; when, lo!  
The wind returns to its accustom'd place,  
And blows the clouds directly in his face,  
And turns their watering-pot on man below.

## NOON IN THE COUNTRY.

'TWAS Sabbath noon. I sat me down upon  
A fallen tree, beside a little rill  
That ran along the bottom of the hill  
And sang upon its way. The summer sun  
Beam'd hotly down; but 'neath the shadowing trees  
My bosom felt the coolness of the breeze.  
A noise and silence seem'd by turns to reign;  
The squirrels nimbly pranced along the fence;  
I harm'd them not, nor feign'd to scare them  
thence,  
For who could put such merry things to pain?  
Upon the ground came lightly down a bird;  
A frog was gravely sitting by the rill;  
But far from me was thought to affright or kill,  
And quietly I sat and saw, and quietly I heard.

## HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

THE birthright of a child is love; and be  
The portion his, without a stinted measure:  
O may his bosom be brimful of pleasure  
Aflowing from affection's treasury.  
A happy child is beautiful to me:  
Let others praise the picture-limner's art,  
Mine eye prefers the quick reality,  
Whose living beauty thrills upon my heart.  
Then let him taste a little while that earth  
Hath yet a cup of blessedness and mirth.  
Soon will he learn the falseness of the world,—  
The selfishness of man,—the hateful strife  
Of brothers, and the tyrannies of life—  
And see his childhood's castles into ruins hurl'd.



## THE COMING OF SPRING.

THE gentle Spring comes knocking at the door;  
And surly Winter gruffly bids her wait;  
Her timorous foot she places on the floor,  
But Winter growls and shows his wrinkled pate,  
And she, affrighted, swiftly flees away.  
The southern winds invite her steps to stay,  
And she returns and softly knocks again,  
And nature smiles and beckons her to enter.  
Around her pathway flowering beauties centre  
And pleasure overfills the hearts of men.  
The Spring arrives at Summerhood in June.  
When flowers are young and beautiful and bright,  
And brooks and birds trol out their sweetest tune,  
And longest is the day, and balmiest is the night.

## EARTH'S NOBLEST MEN.

SOME men are born t'endure the toil and strife  
And heavy burdens of the earth. They are  
The pillars in the temple of this life,  
Its strength and ornament; or, hidden far  
Beneath, they form its firm foundation-stone.  
In nobleness they stand distinct and lone,  
Yet other men upon them lean, and fain  
(Such selfishness in human bosoms swells)  
Would lay on them the weight of their own pain.  
Where greatness is, a patient spirit dwells;  
They least repine who bear and suffer most:  
In calm and stern endurance they sustain  
The ills whereof ignoble minds complain;  
And in their lot they stand, nor weakly sigh nor boast.

## "THIRTY."

"**A**T thirty wise, or never!" So 'tis said;  
 How wisely said, the poet sayeth not:  
 I'm thirty now, yet scarce am I a jot  
 More grave than when less years sat on my head.  
 But life is not so beautiful as then;  
 Its opening scene was lovely to my view:  
 Then earth was heavenly, and the race of men  
 I deem'd its angels while the scene was new.  
 I'm wiser now, or better taught. I've found  
 The world to be a sin-polluted ground.  
 Man crushes man; GOD's image lies in chains;  
 And Pride looks down from her unstable throne:  
 Unpitied Misery weeps amid her pains,  
 While few indeed are they who live like CHRIST alone.

## "MAY I COME UP?"

"**M**AY I come up?" the waking germ inquires;  
 "All winter long, the fearful frost has bound  
 Above my head a mass of icy ground.  
 I've slept in silence, till the solar fires  
 Have driven away the frost; the soften'd earth  
 Invites me now to claim the right of birth.  
 Oh may I come, and see day's sunny smile?"  
 "Not yet, not yet. 'Tis past the time of snow,  
 But frosts may come, and nipping winds may blow.  
 'Tis safe for thee to bide a little while  
 Within thy cell: ere long shalt thou arise,  
 And GOD thy life wilt keep." The April hours  
 Soon weeping come, with warm and genial skies;  
 The germ springs up, and bears a crown of buds and  
 flowers.

## THE BABE ASLEEP.

THE babe is sleeping. Hist ! no footfall here  
To jar the placid air. Cease, singing-bird,  
Thy melody ; and, puss ! no mewling word  
To grate upon the little sleeper's ear.

How still she lies ! and see that dimpled curl  
About her lip, as if some pleasant thought  
Were in her heart, from heavenly angels caught.

GOD'S blessing rest upon my baby-girl !  
Were I to give my frolic fancy play,  
I'd sing of her as some angelic sprite,  
Who, wandering from her native home of light,  
Fatigued, had fallen asleep upon the way ;  
I'd fear to wake her, lest she'd plume her wings  
And soar away from me and all sublunar things.

## THE EARLY ICE.

THE ice has come ! The cold-lipp'd Frost has  
kiss'd

The waters while they slept at night ; his breath  
Has laid them in a torpor, as of death.  
Nor shrub nor flower the midnight ranger miss'd,  
But on them all he press'd his fatal fingers.  
He touch'd the trees ; and when the sun comes forth  
And warms the leaves, they fall in many a shower ;  
The midnoon-rays, like sudden joys, o'erpower  
The feeble health that in them faintly lingers.  
The blast is keen this morning from the north ;  
All tender things are dying day by day ;  
Soon, soon will they be gone, and seen no more,  
And we shall stand on nature's wintry shore,  
The gentle dreams of summer having pass'd away.

## TO JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, ESQ.

**G**RAVE potentate of scissors and the quill!  
 Few days ago I sent thee sundry rhymes,  
 Befitting well the temper of the times,  
 And wrought with all the printer-poet's skill.  
 Though daily since, I pored thy lucid sheet—  
 The inner columns and the outer side—  
 Nor line, nor word, nor syllable did greet  
 My eager gaze or gratify my pride.  
 My curious wits are at a loss to know  
 Why thou hast used thine humble servant so.  
 Deep in my heart a spring is bubbling up  
 Of thoughts most sweet and pleasant unto me;  
 And when I dip and proffer thee a cup,  
 Wilt thou, untasted, cast it far from thee?

## THE PUBLIC PARK.

**I** LOVE the spot where GOD's great trees have room  
 To spread their branches far on every side,  
 And lift their tops in pristine forest-pride  
 As in their own domain, and bud and bloom  
 In vast variety; while round their roots  
 The grassy spires the unctuous mould o'erspread  
 And fragrant clover shows its honied head,  
 Or buttercup or violet upward shoots.  
 Awake from slumber, drowsy dreamer! wake!  
 Inhale the healthful breathings of the sod;  
 Night's sickly bonds from thy dull being shake,  
 And while the birds are piping praise to GOD,  
 Lift up thy heart—in gladness lift thy voice:  
 When nature sings, let man with her rejoice.

## HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

WITHIN old Eden's walls methinks I stand,  
While sin is not, and innocence and love  
Make earth the counterpart of realms above,  
And streams of joy flow through the happy land.  
The blooming beauties of earth's varied climes  
Together here in sisterhood have met;  
Their Latin names would spoil my English rhymes,  
Else I might have them all in order set.  
These fruits and flowers of every shape and hue,  
And bees, and honey in its virgin comb,  
And peaches, pears, plums, grapes, and apples too,  
I fain could wish were in my larder home.  
Oh that an Eve would wander near my seat,  
And bid me rise, and freely pluck and eat!

## FATHER IS COMING.

"HURRAH! here father comes!" the children  
shout,  
While standing at the door at set of sun  
They see him in the distance. Down they run  
To meet him coming. Gathering round about  
His weary feet, they wildly romp and race.  
One hugs his knees, the others clasp his hands,  
While tottering Will, for want of better place,  
With glad and laughing look behind him stands  
And grasps his outer garment's pendent tail;  
And thus their weary parent they assail.  
He kneels, and Will climbs up his back, and throws  
His arms around his neck. With Ella, sweet,  
And Agnes, in his arms—the others round his feet—  
Beneath his lovely load the father gateward goes.

## THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

IF any man must fall for me to rise,  
Then seek I not to climb. Another's pain  
I choose not for my good. A golden chain,  
A robe of honour is too poor a prize  
To tempt my hasty hand to do a wrong  
Unto a fellow man. This life hath wo  
Sufficient, wrought by man's satanic foe;  
And who that hath a heart would dare prolong  
Or add a sorrow to a stricken soul  
That seeks some healing balm to make it whole?  
My bosom owns the brotherhood of man;  
From GOD and truth a renegade is he  
Who scorns a poor man in his poverty,  
Or on his fellow lays his supercilious ban.

## THE POET'S MISSION.

EACH mortal being hath a mission here:  
'Tis mine to travel soberly along  
The track of life, and sing, perchance, a song  
That ringeth sweetly on some listening ear.  
A fellow-traveller jostles me at times,  
And scorns the music of my simple rhymes;  
But still I sing; for soon will come the day  
When mental hunger will his breast annoy,  
And love of gold and sensual things will cloy,—  
And then he'll bow submissive to my sway.  
My life is not an idle one. I sing  
And work together. When my time is o'er  
My frame—like some old harp whose every string  
Is gone—will be worn-out, to labour here no more.

## ANOTHER GONE.

THE hasty mail hath brought me heavy news!  
A friend is dead. Of distant kin, yet very near  
To me in love was JOHN. The tribute-tear  
Mine eye, that seldom weeps, may not refuse;  
For I shall see him here no more, and we  
Perchance shall long be parted from each other.  
The love between us was the love of brother.  
He was alone; nor wife nor child had he,  
Yet all the world were of his family,  
For he had love for all, and love supreme  
To GOD his Maker, Saviour, Comforter.  
My brother-friend! his death oft seems to me  
The strong delusion of a morning dream,  
And makes the tenderest strings in my sad bosom stir.

## THE SICK BABE.

OUR child is very ill. She sigh'd and moan'd  
Through all the night. I press'd her to my breast  
And sang a hymn; but still she found no rest;  
And while she wept my spirit also groan'd.  
The house was still as when one lieth dead.  
All faint and sorrowful, the mother slept,  
Exhausted by the vigil she had kept.  
I held the babe, and paced the floor, my tread  
Re-echoing through the silent house. She threw  
Her trembling arms around my neck, and laid  
Her burning cheek on mine, and softly said,  
In broken speech, "Dear father, I love you."  
I pray'd a speechless prayer; and when the morning  
broke,  
She sank away in sleep. 'Twas long ere she awoke.

## THE PRINTER.

A MENTAL lamp hung out by life's wayside;  
Unnoticed; yet his unpretending ray  
Shines clearly on man's intellectual way,  
And proves to pilgrims an unfailing guide.  
He hath within a worthy sort of pride,  
And knows his worth, though some allow it not.  
A heart and thinking mind above his lot  
'Mong men are his. His coffers ill-supplied,  
Yet want and virtue seldom ask in vain.  
Nor is his life exempt from various pain;  
Few days are his: the rose that freshly bloom'd  
On boyhood's cheek assumes the hue of death;  
The oil of life within him soon consumed,  
In life's supremest prime he yields his vital breath.

THE THOUGHTS DWELL WHERE THE  
HEART IS.

M Y mind to-day is ever homeward turning;  
Amid the cares of business, every thought  
With an intense anxiety is fraught,  
And homeward, homeward still, my heart is yearning.  
There, wearily a loving daughter lies:  
By day the fever-heat prevents her rest;  
By night the cough doth rend her quivering breast;  
And meekly doth she bear it all. The sighs  
Of our sick hearts we hide from her; for she  
Appears endued with quiet constancy.  
I would not speed Time's swiftly-moving wings,  
Yet how impatiently the day's decline  
My soul doth long for, when I may entwine  
My arms around my child, and soothe her sufferings.



## FANNY FORESTER.

O FAIR and fanciful Fan Forester!  
 I wish I knew her—honestly I do!  
 A brotherly regard have I for her,  
 She is so natural, sisterly, and true.  
 There is no cant in her : her feelings rise  
 From Nature's fountain, like a crystal stream  
 Upspringing from the depths,—love's sunny beam  
 Reflected there,—and glistening in our eyes,  
 As if pure diamonds over beds of gold  
 In liquid torrents all around her roll'd.  
 Would it were mine to leave the world's confusion,  
 And live in love in some hill-hidden nook,  
 Like Fanny's green, romantic Alderbrook,  
 And sing, like her, lifelong in my seclusion.

## JUVENILE REMINISCENCE.

WHEN we were boys, my brother Will and I,  
 The night before, were wont to tie together  
 Our largest toes at two ends of a tether,  
 To wake us early on the Fourth o' July.  
 We loved the dawning light of Freedom's time ;  
 We loved to hear the bells at daybreak chime,—  
 Those hundred bells, that o'er Manhattan sent  
 Their wild and mingling clangour, till the air  
 Seem'd charged with music full as it could bear,  
 And joy's vibrations shook the firmament.  
 Through the warm night I guess we suffer'd some ;  
 If either moved, he pull'd the tether'd toe,  
 And many a sleepy, simultaneous " Oh !"  
 From our unquiet lips all night was heard to come.

## SEPTEMBER.

I BEAR a special love to sweet September:  
Though people say partialities are wrong,  
From youthful Janu'ry to old December  
No month I love with love so true and strong.  
The year hath got its richest ripeness then,  
Like womanhood when in its perfect prime  
And comeliness, before the hand of Time  
Hath lined the forehead with his telltale pen.  
September's lap is full, and plenty reigns  
To recompense the toiler for his pains  
And feed the poor. A pleasant look hath she,  
Such as the children love to see upon  
Their mother's face, when they her smile have won:  
Let others choose their love—September give to me.

## DRAWYERS CHURCH, DELAWARE.

A DOWN in brave old Delaware there stands  
An ancient church amid a field of dead;  
The trees implanted by its children's hands  
Now cast deep shadows o'er their peaceful bed.  
This church hath long borne witness for its GOD,  
And He hath had a people here, to praise  
His blessed name, for sevenscore years of days.  
Four generations here have risen, and trod  
Life's changeful path, since first the sod was broken  
To lay therein the corner-stone, and build  
This temple which His Presence oft hath fill'd,  
And where His grace hath set its sealing token.  
Here reign, our GOD! till time shall fade away  
Into eternity, like night in morning's ray.

## SNOW-STORM SONNET.

OLD father Winter's powdering o'er his hair:  
Grim Vanity! he's gray enough already;  
For one so old, he ought to be more steady,  
Yet he's as fickle as the springtime fair.  
But yesterday, his was a balmy breath;  
To-day he blusters, sending out his frost  
To nip the buds, and smite with sudden death  
The early flowers that ventured forth to peep  
If cruel Winter yet had fallen asleep:  
The daring act their gentle life hath cost.  
Thus died Louise, our tenderest summer flower,  
So meek, so mild, so beauteous in her bloom;  
The blast of winter howl'd around her bower,  
She shrank away, and hid within the tomb.

## THE WANE OF LIFE.

THE world around me groweth gray and old:  
My friends are dropping one by one away;  
Some live in distant lands—some in the clay  
Rest quietly, their mortal moments told.  
The lightness of my youth is gone; the veil  
That hid from me the selfishness of man  
Is lifted up, and I have learn'd to scan  
The world with wary look. My cheek is pale;  
A dimness often stealeth o'er mine eye,  
And many furrows on my forehead lie;  
And when my children gather at my knee  
To worship GOD and sing our morning psalm,  
Their rising stature whispers unto me  
My life is gently waning tow'rds its evening calm.

## OUR BABE.

WE have at home a cunning babe. Her eyes  
Are blue and beautiful, and flash out gleams  
Of changeful light, much like the trembling beams  
On frosty winter nights from starlit skies.  
Her cheeks are tinted with the blushing dyes  
Which Heaven, so wisely bountiful, bestows  
In virgin freshness on the mossy rose.  
When, worn and sad, I seek the spot where lies  
My lovely all—that infant's budding charms,  
As she disports within her mother's arms,  
Dispel my sadness, and her winning wiles  
And crowing shouts provoke unwitting smiles,  
Till every care is from my soul beguiled:—  
Blest is the man who loves a little child!

## HEART LONGINGS.

I LONG to be beloved. My bosom yearns  
Tow'rds all that's pure and beautiful; and fain  
Would find a recompense of love again.  
My pensive soul with ardent thirsting turns  
To heaven and earth to seek its fill of love.  
Beyond the sun's domain, in realms above,  
Abide full many whom I loved on earth;  
My father liveth there, and there my mother;  
My sister there, and there my elder brother;  
For coldness rests on our paternal hearth.  
Though kin and friends remain who love me well,  
I long to hear again my parents' voice,  
With early loved ones fain would I rejoice,  
And in GOD'S presence re-united dwell.

## THE COMET.

LOW in the west—the early night begun—  
A silvery streak appeareth in the air.

'Tis neither star nor planet; but some fair  
Attendant at the palace of the sun.

It shineth clearly when the deeper night  
Pervades the skies, and all the stars appear  
Upon the ramparts of the upper sphere,

Like heavenly watchmen, with a torch of light.  
Perchance it comes a messenger in haste,

On embassy from the extremest bound  
Of some immense, immeasurable waste;

Or it may be a chariot on its round,  
Wherein the angels fly with news of grace  
And loving-kindness to some distant race.

## LOVE FOR LITTLE THINGS.

I KNOW where bloom some violets in a bed  
Half hidden in the grass; and crowds go by  
And see them not, unless some curious eye  
Unto their hiding-place by chance is led.

I often pass that way, and look on them  
With loving, lingering gaze. I know not why  
My heart doth love such humble things; but I  
Esteem them more than robe or diadem  
Of priest or king. A babe, or bird, or flower  
Has o'er my soul a most despotic power.

The tearful eye of infancy oppress'd,  
A flower down-trodden by the foot of spite,  
Awaken sighs of sorrow in the breast,  
Or nerve the arm to vindicate their right.

## THE SICK MAN'S SONNET.

THROW wide the shutter! Let me see the light,  
And feel the cooling breeze upon my face.  
So long have I been hidden from my race,  
Sweet nature's aspect seemeth doubly bright.  
These many days I've lain upon this bed,  
And turn'd my weary frame and sought for rest;  
But strong disease hath gnaw'd within my breast,  
And throbbing pangs have rack'd my fever'd head.  
The long, still nights have brought to me no sleep;  
I've counted all the hours until the morn  
Hath broken in the east; and, weak and worn,  
I've pray'd my Maker for a heart to weep.  
The pitying Father hears the child's request:  
My sins rebuked, He gives me perfect rest.

## THE OLD BLIND VOTER OF PINE WARD.

MAKE way, ye generous freemen! let him come  
And cast his ballot into Freedom's urn!  
His arm, perchance, once aided to strike dumb  
His country's foes; and still his feelings burn  
With all their ancient warmth for liberty.  
Approach, old man! We honour thy thin locks—  
So white, so few—that tell thy lengthen'd age.  
The time thou liv'dst hath been a glorious page  
Of human history, and proudly mocks  
All former times. It hath been given to thee  
To see the virgin flag of Freedom flung  
Abroad to float in every breeze; while he  
Whose head in humble abjectness had hung,  
Did heavenward lift his eye, and strike—and dare be  
free!

## THE BUTTONWOOD STUMP.

WHENE'ER I walk in Third, near Willing's alley,  
I mark the spot where that old buttonwood  
Beyond the memory of man had stood  
As proudly as if in Missouri's valley.  
I mourn its fall, as of a pleasant friend  
Whose useful life hath met a hasty end.  
The ruthless axe that hew'd its silver'd trunk  
Struck at the ties that, tendril-like, had bound  
My love unto the tree; and when it sunk,  
My heart sunk with it, grieving, to the ground.  
Old men are doubtless living, who, with me,  
Bewail its doom; who, in its grateful shade,  
Some threescore years ago, in boyish glee  
With glad companions innocently play'd.

## THE PATH OF LIFE.

THERE is a pathway leading to the skies;  
'Tis strait and narrow, and the travellers climb  
With songs and sighings toward its height sublime,  
Where faith discerns a bright, immortal prize.  
The aged man uplifts his failing eyes,  
And presses on to reach his welcome rest;  
The man of sinew shouteth fearless cries  
To animate the youthful pilgrim's breast;  
And ever and anon the voice of song  
Or prayer uprises from the heavenward throng.  
Angelic watchers compass all the road,  
And aid the travellers when their spirit faints;  
Till Death comes near to bear to CHRIST'S abode  
The holy hosts of His elected saints.

## LONELINESS.

ALONE! My soul doth never feel alone!  
From tender childhood to this hurrying hour,  
GOD hath indued me with a potent power  
Of calling spirits from a realm unknown,  
With whom I hold communings sweet and free.  
This life hath never been a cumbrous chain  
For me to drag with heaviness and pain;  
But Time hath sped on feathery wings with me.  
My thoughts to me are sweeter than my bread;  
And while my lips have lack'd, my mind hath fed  
Luxuriously, as if it were a king.  
And when the LORD hath smiled upon my way,  
I've walk'd in heaven on many a glorious day  
While yet on earth my feet were wandering.

## THE GREAT DAY.

THE shiver'd skies flee fast away; and flame  
And smoke burst out, and horrid noises roar  
As if a burning sea surged on the shore,  
And rack'd old Nature's perishable frame.  
Creation shudders; and the trembling sun  
Turns red like blood, and casts a crimson glare  
Throughout the heaving billows of the air.  
The moon and stars, as if affrighted, run  
In wild confusion; while the trump of GOD  
Resounds, and all the dead are call'd to life,  
And—hush'd at once the elemental strife—  
In solemn stillness men await his nod.  
Ah, day of doom! Redeemer on thy throne!  
Oh let thy robe of grace be cast around thine own.



## THE MOTHER.

WHATEVER be the language of the skies,  
There is no fitting word that I can find  
To express the affection of a mother's mind  
When roguish smiles play in her infant's eyes.  
The cherub has a passport to her heart;  
A key that opens nature's fastest locks;  
A natural skill of witchery that mocks  
The wise professors of the mystic art.  
Thanks be to Heaven that man is once a child;  
That once our nature wears the guise of all  
That's truthful, loving, lovable, and mild;  
That tones of childhood to our thoughts recall  
The rapturous times when in a fond embrace  
We clasp'd our mother's neck, and kiss'd her cheerful  
face.

## PENITENTIAL PRAYER.

I DO acknowledge unto thee, O GOD!  
A child of wilful waywardness I've been;  
In crooked paths of selfishness and sin  
These many years my wandering feet have trod.  
But, oh! be merciful! The world I've loved  
Like Sodom's fruit of bitterness has proved;  
And I, repentant, bleeding at the heart,  
Would find a Helper in this time of wo;  
And, save to thee, I know not where to go  
To find a balsam for my bosom's smart.  
Be merciful, O GOD! Let Him atone  
Who died for wretched men like me: no plea  
My anguish knows but this last plea alone!  
For His dear sake, my GOD! oh spare and pity me!

## A SPRING SONNET.

THE maiden-hearted spring has come. The weeping  
And smiling skies alternate o'er us reign;  
The grass is springing verdant on the plain,  
And little germs that long time have been sleeping  
Beneath the sod are timidly up-peeping;  
Sweet buds and blossoms thick are putting forth,  
As if in confidence Heaven's sure keeping,  
And fearless of the threatenings of the north.  
The flowers will soon be here, and bees will come;  
The notes of spring and summer birds will ring,  
And winds, and brooks, and birds in concert sing,  
And make the human soul leap up in gladness,  
Save the sad hearts who, in their des'late home,  
Do weep the loved and lost, though not in hopeless  
sadness.

## HUMAN PORCUPINES.

SOME men are cruel in their nature—rough  
In mind and manner—burly sons of strife;  
So coarsely wrought of nature's coarsest stuff,  
With them there's nothing delicate in life.  
Were man a tree, they were the outer bark;  
Were man a wood, they were the brier-bush:  
But *now* they're snarling porcupines, that mark  
With scratches all who 'gainst their prickles push.  
They've little love for any living thing;  
Their hearts are barely big enough to hold  
Affection for themselves and for their gold;  
Perchance a little for their dog or mother,  
Which selfishness has not had time to smother;  
To all the world besides, they only live to sting.

## TO A FRIEND.

HAS death, my gentle brother, pluck'd a bud—  
An opening bud—from thy sweet tree of love?  
And did the depths of thy fond nature move,  
Until thine eye pour'd forth a scalding flood?  
If it were so, I could not blame thy grief;  
But I would sit beside thee in thy wo,  
And bid my tears to thine responsive flow,  
Till He who smote should bring thy soul relief:  
My tongue would words of consolation say,  
And lead thy thoughts from this sad world away;  
And tell thee of the land beyond the tomb,  
The gardens beautiful, where JESUS' hands  
Have planted thy sweet bud, to grow and bloom,  
And gladden thee and thine, while heaven eternal  
stands.

## A CHILD AT A WINDOW.

BUT yesternoon my curious eye espied  
A child out-looking through a window-pane:  
Urgent my haste, yet as I onward hied,  
I turn'd to gaze upon the child again.  
Her face was fair, her eyes were bright and blue,  
Her hair hung loosely with peculiar grace  
Of curl, and all uncertain was its hue;  
But whether more of mirth were in her face,  
Or innocence, or modesty, 'twere not  
An easy word to say. A sweet red spot  
And dimple beautified her cheek, and lent  
A comely aspect to the child. She wore  
No gaudy dress, nor golden ornament;  
In her own native self her chiefest charm she bore.

## THE TEA-TABLE.

HOW beautiful the sight!—the tidy table  
Set out for tea—the buckwheat cakes all smoking,  
The steaming urn, the watering mouth provoking;  
The girls and boys, with eating powers able,  
Awaiting father's grace ere they begin  
To lay a store of mother's good things in.  
The knife and spoon they ply with artless grace:  
To chide their eager haste, the mother cries  
In gentle tones, and warns them that "their eyes  
Are bigger than their stomachs." Every face  
Grows big with wonder as to what she means.—  
The tea-time o'er, the children say their prayers,  
And go to bed and sleep devoid of cares.  
Would that our land were studded with such scenes!

## JOSEPH C. NEAL.

HOW fast the living fade away around us!  
Some in the spring, and in the summer others:  
Autumn and winter smite our human brothers,  
And snap the tendrils that to them had bound us.  
It seems but yesterday I saw his face;  
And now I sit in silence and alone,  
And ask in doubt, "And is he surely gone,  
And pass'd to his eternal dwelling-place?"  
Fallen in his prime, like an unwither'd leaf,  
The pen is poor to phrase our speechless grief.  
Of gifted mind and gentle in his spirit,  
And kind and tender as a very dove,  
And fill'd with an exuberance of love,  
A long remembrance richly doth he merit.

## A POET AND HIS SONG.

HE was a man endow'd like other men  
With strange varieties of thought and feeling:  
His bread was earn'd by daily toil; yet when  
A pleasing fancy o'er his mind came stealing,  
He set a trap and snared it by his art,  
And hid it in the bosom of his heart.  
He nurtured it and loved it as his own,  
And it became obedient to his beck;  
He fix'd his name on its submissive neck,  
And graced it with all graces to him known,  
And then he bade it lift its wing and fly  
Over the earth, and sing in every ear  
Some soothing sound the sighful soul to cheer,  
Some lay of love to lure it to the sky.

## ON SEEING THE PICTURE OF A CHILD.

'T WAS but a little child; and yet I felt  
Unutterable thrills arise within:  
I thought on what my infant days had been,  
When I before my mother simply knelt,  
And clasp'd my hands and said our Saviour's prayer,  
A happy boy, with blue and playful eye,  
And flaxen hair, and cheek that might outvie  
The crimson of the rose. But toil and care  
Have done their wonted work. Ah me! how strange  
That years so few should bring such wondrous change!  
This pallid cheek—this calm and serious air—  
This quiet eye—this weary, weary frame—  
Can these be his whose promise was so fair?—  
With growing hope of heaven, the being is the same!

## THE SPIRIT'S AILMENT.

FOR many days I walk'd beneath a cloud  
Which no sun-ray found any passage through:  
The mid-noon like the depth of midnight grew,  
And my faint soul was in the darkness bow'd.  
Uncomforted, I wander'd mid the crowd,  
Where all were busy, eager, earnest, gay;  
Some idly chatting, others laughing loud,  
And friend saluting friend along his way.  
Amid them all, I was alone—alone;  
A yearning man, and with a human heart,  
From other men set seemingly apart;  
Mine ear receiving not a friendly tone,  
Mine eye perceiving not an answering gleam;  
And life was nigh become a dim and dreary dream.

## THE SPIRIT'S REMEDY.

WHEN overcome with darkness and dejection,  
And wintry clouds o'ercast the mental sky,  
'Tis good to stir the ashes of affection,  
And gather up love's embers ere they die,  
And breathe upon the coals, and add new fuel.  
The fire of love needs, frequently, renewal;  
Supplies of tenderness and deeds of kindness,  
And tones of sympathy and gentle meaning;  
A brother's faults benevolently screening,  
For love is nurtured by a purposed blindness.  
Thrice blessed he who finds it in his heart  
To follow CHRIST! Then sadness spreads her wings,  
And pleasantly the soul within him sings;  
And of the good he does, he shares a double part.

## POSTHUMOUS FAME.

DEATH sanctifies the poet. While he lives  
Men seem to think he is an idler here;  
And cold and heartless often is the cheer  
The world to him in wanton measure gives.  
Perhaps he asks too much when he has sung  
A lay that long shall humanize his race;  
For him—a mortal with an angel's tongue—  
Perchance the earth has no befitting place;  
Perchance too soon he lives—perchance too late;  
Or he is poor, or lacks a family name  
Renown'd for glory or renown'd for shame;  
Perchance—too great to murmur at his fate—  
He toils, and dies a toiler at the oar:  
Then men remember him, and his sad fate deplore.

## THE POOR BOY.

WHENE'ER I meet an orphan boy, I say  
Within my heart, "LORD! bless this desolate  
child,  
And be his guide in all his heavenward way:  
Oh, bid the winds to this lone one be mild,  
And burning suns to gently beam on him:  
Let lowering clouds make not his pathway dim;  
May stony ways be soft beneath his feet,  
And bitter waters to his taste be sweet!"  
A waif of heaven, cast upward by the sea  
On this drear shore, how pitiful his lot!  
Nay! heavenly watchers bear him company,  
And help and cheer him, though we see them not;  
For GOD a Father sits upon the throne,—  
The poor and fatherless are specially his own.

## MAN'S STEWARDSHIP.

ALL men are stewards of some gift or grace,  
And must account to Him who lent the boon;  
Some use it till old age—some, in the noon  
Of life are call'd to stand before His face,  
And give to Him their reckoning. None so poor  
But hath his work to do in peace and love,  
Which, rightly done, shall in the world above  
Place in his hand a palm that shall endure.  
The field is wide; each labourer hath full room  
To improve his talent, and secure the word  
Of glad approval from his gracious LORD;  
Some barren heart his love may bid to bloom,  
Some wretch may cease his weeping at his voice,  
And in hope's restful bosom gratefully rejoice.

## MY SABBATH SCHOLAR.

A CHILD came in our school on Sabbath-day,  
A little one, whose years were very few:  
I sat me down, as I am wont to do,  
Beside her, saying, as I'm wont to say,  
“And what's your name, my dear?” She look'd  
at me  
And meekly said, “My name is Mary, sir.”  
I felt a yearning of my heart to her:  
“How old are you, my child?”—Then answer'd she  
Her years were only four. She had no brother,  
But lived alone at home, she and her mother.  
“Tell me what is your father's name,” I said.  
“My father is in heaven,” was her reply,  
And silently she lifted up her head.—  
Ought I be deemèd weak if tears o'erfill'd mine eye?



## OCTOBER'S COMING.

THE prudish maid October's coming down  
 From her accustom'd visit to the north:  
 Of her approach the signs are putting forth:  
 I hear the rustling of her russet gown;  
 Her voice rings shrilly on the frosty air.  
 The forest leaves are blushing red and brown,  
 And Nature wears a dark, forbidding frown,  
 Intensely vex'd that she's no longer fair.  
 October comes! her nose is sharp and blue,  
 Her temper changeable: at morning cold,  
 At noon she tries to smile, then, like a shrew,  
 At night she's lowering, turbulent, and bold.  
 Ah! how unlike the pregnant months, that pour  
 In our rejoicing bosoms their abundant store!

## TO A RAT IN THE PRINTING OFFICE.

THOU long-tail'd, ebon-eyed, nocturnal ranger!  
 What led thee hither 'mong the types and cases?  
 Didst thou not know that running midnight races  
 O'er standing types is fraught with imm'nent danger?  
 Did hunger lead thee? didst thou think to find  
 Some rich old cheese to fill thy hungry maw?  
 Vain hope! none but a literary jaw  
 Can masticate our cookery for the mind.  
 Perchance thou hast a literary taste,  
 A love for letters, and that sort of thing;  
 But why, thou wire-tail'd imp—thou vermin-king!  
 Didst thou but yesternight devour our paste,  
 And throw our types in pyramids of *pi*?  
 Thy doom's decreed!—here, Towser! at him fly!

## THE POET'S VISITER.

I SING for mine own pleasure, more than name  
Or money's worth: and he who lists may read  
Or not, as pleases him: my gospel-creed  
Allows to all the equal rights I claim.

Within the inner chambers of my mind  
There cometh oftentimes a visiter,

Whose loveliness surpasseth human-kind:  
I sing the mysteries that I learn of her.

I'm captive to her beauteousness; her spell  
Is potent. Miserable man were I

To slight a being whom I love so well,  
Or pass her wooings unregarded by.

While my Great Maker sends me such a guest,  
I'll tell what pleasant thoughts she wakens in my  
breast.

## UNCEASING PRAYER.

THE voice of prayer upriseth constantly  
From mortal man to his Redeemer, God:

Where'er the sun, in shining sandals shod,  
Speeds o'er the busy land or lonely sea,

Some chosen ones, awaken'd by its light  
From soothing dreams and slumbers of the night,  
Leap from their couch, and bend to Him in prayer,  
Adore His mercy, and confess their sins.

The lip of one is scarcely silent, ere

Some brother-worshipper his plaint begins.

The slave looks up with mute prayer in his eye;

The worn and weary pray; yea, everywhere

The LORD inclines to man's imploring cry;

And earth is girdled alway with a zone of prayer.

## ON HEARING A SERMON.

AGAIN mine ears drink in the flowing tide  
Of tones more sweet than if an angel spoke:  
In days long gone, that voice my spirit woke  
From dreams of folly, vanity, and pride.  
The chain that bound me to earth's pleasures broke,  
Which once I loved as if there were none other,  
I learn'd that man to every man was brother,  
And on my neck CHRIST laid his easy yoke.  
New life was mine: a holier course begun,  
I loved—and love—my teacher as a son.  
Let coward Slander rear its venom'd crest,  
And seek to sting in some unguarded place,  
Still GOD's good hand shall shield him by his grace,  
And they shall love him most who've known him long  
and best.

## OH! HIDE THY FACE.

OH! hide thy face from all my sins, good LORD!  
I cannot answer for them, no not one,  
But mutely stand before thy righteous throne,  
And dare not ask thee justice to award.  
Grace—grace through CHRIST—unmerited by me,  
This, this I crave, most Merciful! from thee.  
These many years a fitful course I've trod,  
Running or halting, leaping or groping on;  
Yet all the hours, as they have come and gone,  
Have brought some blessing from thy hand, my GOD.  
But I have made such recompense of ill,  
Ashamed am I to look up to thy face;  
So weeping o'er my sins, yet hoping still,  
I hide my erring soul beneath thy robe of grace.





# TAM'S FORTNIGHT RAMBLE.





*TAM INTRODUCED TO THE READER.*

*Most gentle Reader ! Tam's a friend of mine—  
A bosom-friend : I long have known him well :—  
I pray thy grace and courtesy benign  
While he in words of verity shall tell  
The story of his travels. Sit with him;  
An evening hour ; and should his strain bedim  
Thy tender eye, or cause thy heart to swell,  
It may be, Reader ! also thou shalt find  
Refreshment in it for a thirsty mind,  
And joy with thee a welcome guest shall dwell.  
I stand aside, like one who bears the bowl  
Whereof his friends partake ; and if the draught  
Afford delight to those by whom 'tis quaff'd,  
A kindred pleasure shall pervade my soul.*

*T. McK.*





## RHYMES ATWEEN-TIMES.



### TAM'S FORTNIGHT RAMBLE.

#### CANTO I.

##### I.

'T WAS Christmas time. From over-toil and thought  
My spirits droop'd like wheat-ears in the rain,  
And moody whimseys brooded in my brain  
As evening fogs brood in low meadows fraught  
With dew. "I'll go," in suddenness I said,  
"And see again the place where I was born,  
And where I had my schooling; where I shed  
The early bitter tear of one forlorn,  
When Death appear'd before the accustom'd time,  
And smote my parents in their midlife prime.  
I'll stand again where once I stood of yore  
And gazed with wondering and asking eye  
Far out unto the dim, uncertain shore  
Of time to come, where boyhood's mysteries lie."

## II.

Still mine the memories of the boyish days  
When young delight went hand-in-hand with hope,  
And life to come was but a sunny slope,  
Where roses bloom'd and birds sang merry lays.  
What though the experience of my wiser years  
Has proved that heaven is not of earth, and he  
Who would inherit bliss that ever cheers  
Must work in love, and love unselfishly;  
Yet, pleasing still the fantasies remain  
Of careless times, when trustfully I dream'd  
Of years with naught but pleasure in their train,  
And paradise in coming manhood seem'd.  
Those hours illusive long have pass'd away,  
But, bright for aye, ye memories, with me stay.

## III.

I took the cars, and went to New York city :  
'Twas Sat'day night, and ere eleven o'clock  
The ferry-boat had brought us into dock  
Across the Hudson. ('Tis somewhat a pity  
The cars can't drop us in the town ; 'tis very  
Uncomfortable thus to cross the ferry  
On winter nights. It makes a mortal shiver  
To leave the cosey cars, and face the blast  
That whistles frozen notes in rushing past.  
Ugh ! how I hate that voyage o'er the river !)  
I went to bed, and got up rather late  
Next morn, for I had lain till nearly eight :  
I kiss'd my friends ; my lips with love did quiver ;  
And then I kept the Sabbath with becoming state.



## IV.

Were I to judge from every towering steeple  
That rises grandly o'er their city round,  
I'd say the Yorkers are as pious people  
As anywhere upon the earth are found.  
On Sabbath morn I went to Dr. Potts's,  
{He who had wordy jousts with Dr. Wainwright :  
Which one of these good men was in the main right,  
If I should say, I'd get as many shots as  
My literary vestment could contain :  
And so 'tis wise my dictum to refrain.)  
The doctor preach'd an apostolic sermon,  
As orthodox as plain folk wish to hear,  
Strong Scripture common sense ; and on mine ear  
It fell refreshingly as dews on Hermon.

## V.

The music witchingly my cares beguiled,  
Echoes of heaven amid a world of sin !  
Like mother's crooning to a sobbing child,  
It calm'd the tumult of my thoughts within.  
Nature ne'er meant that man should be a Quaker ;  
And though the Friends are students in her school,  
They follow not each clearly written rule,  
Nor in her full harmonic teachings take her.  
Life without music is night without a star,  
Day without sunshine, bud that never blows,  
Eye without lustre, cheek that never glows,  
Home without inmate with the door ajar.  
Music on earth for me, besides the promise given  
Of music and of hymns high in the courts of heaven !

## VI.

I walk'd alone upon the Battery,  
And look'd upon the waters as they roll'd—  
A crystal sheet, with many a crumpled fold—  
Up through the Narrows from the distant sea.  
Vessels in multitude lay safe in port;  
And some were outward bound with flowing sails,  
And others, stain'd and batter'd by the gales,  
Yet full of treasure, came to pay their court  
To the proud island city by the sea:  
While shell-like skiffs were skurrying everywhere,  
Skimming like sea-birds most capriciously,  
As if now on water,—then as if in air.  
The scene so varied, once so old to me,  
Like a rare master's picture, held me gazing there.

## VII.

Twice I received a wholesome castigation  
For stealing to the Battery to play  
Without parental leave and approbation;  
I'll not forget it to my latest day.  
I told a rather hesitating story,  
Not quite in keeping with my course in youth;  
It may have been a crooked allegory,  
And did not run in straight lines with the truth.  
I bless the rod, and bless the hand that wielded,  
Although it made my youthful shoulders tickle.  
'Twas thus I learn'd a rod was in the pickle  
For me when I to wilful follies yielded.  
This was the moral I shall long remember—  
Prune in the early year for fruitage in September.

## VIII.

Both long and brief beseem the varied years  
That have since then departed ; joy or sorrow  
Coming to-day and vanishing to-morrow :  
All fitfully as April, hopes and fears  
Bore changeful sway. Now heavy care depress'd  
My sinking soul ; anon a sudden flow  
Of wondrous pleasure overran my breast  
Like sunlight after storm, till in a glow  
Of ecstasy I gazed upon a stone  
And loved my Maker more because He made it.  
But there's no brook that has no tree to shade it,  
And dim the dancing diamonds that shone  
Upon its sunlit waters. So, I ween,  
The experience of the most of men has been.

## IX.

There was a period of my young existence  
(Far in the misty past, while yet the haven  
Of manhood glimmer'd in the uncertain distance,—  
My cheek still dimpled, and my chin unshaven)  
When o'er my mind unwittingly came stealing  
A tide of deep and melancholy feeling.  
Up-bubbling fancies sparkled, and then broke  
And sank away, and were forever gone.  
Softly I breathed the while the spell was on,  
Nor moved my lip, nor audibly I spoke.  
I strove to catch each evanescent thought  
That, like a meteor in the August sky,  
With sudden brilliancy oppress'd mine eye ;  
But long—oh ! long—my strivings were for naught.

## X.

Words may not tell how hopelessly I've lain  
Upon the floor, while seeking to give vent  
To fancies that, like molten lava pent,  
Surged madly in my wild, chaotic brain ;  
Till passionately I cast my pen from me,  
And, like an infant wearied with long weeping,  
Resign'd myself to thoughtless apathy,  
And lay supine as if in quiet sleeping.  
Then love stole slyly in ; and she was first  
To bid my fancy own a conqueror's sway :  
The barriers of the flood were swept away,  
And wild and rude the hurrying numbers burst.  
O'erwhelming and exuberant was the joy  
The rough-shod rhymes imparted to the boy.

## XI.

Nor may I paint the years that follow'd after,—  
The thoughtful hours—the hours of melancholy,  
Commingling with the days of joy and laughter,  
That led me oft to moralize on folly.  
From fame's illusion, in my sober view  
Unworth a struggle or a suffering pang,  
I turn'd aside, and, with earth's simple few,  
Life's simple themes in simple words I sang.  
Within my soul religion shed her grace,  
And cast her pure irradiance on the lyre ;  
The glow of peace illumed my pallid face,  
And kindled all my better passions' fire ;  
My haughty temper melted in the flame,  
And o'er my chasten'd breast a meeker influence came.

## XII.

Idle it were to pile a pyramid,  
Or seek a place among the sons of fame,—  
To grave on rock the letters of a name,  
And tell the world of what one said or did.  
In poet's lore, and sentimental story,  
It seems as 'twere this life's supremest aim  
For heroes to achieve what men call glory,  
And die intoxicate with earth's acclaim.  
Ah me! how little care the dead for breath  
Of vain applause that saved them not from death.  
Could fame immortalize the human frame,  
And fix undying bloom on beauty's cheek,  
And cancel guilt and memories of shame,  
Then were it well the precious boon to seek.

## XIII.

True fame and dignity are born of toil:  
'Tis so ordain'd by Him who saw it good  
That man by thought and toil should earn his food.  
Ev'n the brown'd delver in the yielding soil,  
Who draws from earth the sustenance of life,  
Has more of nobleness than he who slays  
His fellow-man on fields of bloody strife,  
And bears a weapon stain'd in mortal frays.  
The world and CHRIST have different measurements:  
While He has said, that *Blessed are the meek*  
*Who in forgiveness their avengement seek,*  
The world applauds the coward who resents  
A scornful word—whose craven spirit fears  
His Maker's anger less than man's disdainful sneers.

## XIV.

A wrong avenged is doubly perpetrated;  
Two sinners stand where first had stood but one:  
But wrong forgiven is wrong annihilated;  
The sin is almost as 'twere never done.  
Oft, love and mercy and their gentle train  
Appeal to man's hard-heartedness in vain:  
Mercy and love, in holiest incarnation,  
Once dwelt upon the earth; but hate arose  
And fired the fury of their deadly foes,  
And smote them in the Prince of our salvation.  
Yet He who felt the fiercest stroke of malice,  
And, 'spite its wrath, man's full redemption wrought,  
Ev'n He takes from our hand revenge's chalice,  
And bids us hold a cup with loving-kindness fraught.

"Vengeance is mine,"  
Saith GOD:  
"Not thine,  
Child of the sod.

"I will repay  
The wrong,  
Though long  
My time delay."

Ye wronged and crush'd,  
And weak,—  
Ye meek,  
Whose plaint is hush'd

By fraud and power,—  
Hope on!

The hour  
Will come anon,

When Heaven shall strike  
Your foes,  
And like  
Untimely snows

They'll melt away,  
And ye  
Shall be  
No more their prey.

Who stings a heart,  
The sting  
Shall bring  
To him a smart.

Ye who in heaven  
Would live,  
Forgive,  
To be forgiven.

Who suffer loss—  
And take,  
For sake  
Of CHRIST, His cross,—

Pray for your foes,  
Do good  
To those  
Who long have stood

Across your path,  
And glared

In wrath  
To see you snared :

And when your time  
To die  
Is nigh,  
In strength sublime

Your souls with hope  
Shall wait :  
The gate  
Of heaven shall ope,

And voices sweet  
With love  
Shall greet  
Your flight above.

## xv.

The test of worth is wealth, it seems to me :  
Too often in this world a fearful ban  
Is on the poor. Nay, tell me not "a man,  
If honest, is respected, though he be  
A dweller in the vale of poverty."  
When he would rise, the meaner sort combine  
And lift a heavy heel to push him down ;  
And if the noble struggler do not drown,  
'Tis not because they show no base design  
Or purposed negligence. At any rate,  
He rises in despite of Mammon's hate,  
And his own hand his hard-earn'd bays entwine.  
Were Heaven to add ability to will,  
Nature's man-children Pharaoh-like they'd kill.



## XVI.

When haply some more generous spirit lifts  
A child of promise from the vale obscure,  
Who else had died unknown among the poor,  
And cheers him with his sympathy and gifts,  
"A miracle!" the astonish'd public shout,  
And laud him loud and lavishly because  
The man obeys the Almighty Father's laws,  
And like a brother throws his arms about  
His lowlier brother's neck. Oh, blessed lot  
To be possess'd of wealth and of a heart  
So heavenly made that it refuses not  
Of its abundance freely to impart!  
Our Saviour says the blessedness of giving  
Is better than the pleasure of receiving.

## XVII.

To waste this life in selfish pleasure-taking,  
To have it on the book of heaven printed,  
"He feasted and he died, nor ever stinted  
His revel-nights or days of merry-making  
To wipe the dews of grief from brows of sorrow,  
Or cheer the soul that sat in gloom of night,  
Nor bade it look with hope for a to-morrow  
When GOD should give it a supernal light"—  
To noble natures how contemptible!  
For such a life the vial of scorn is full.  
Who gives a cup of water in GOD's name—  
The water of affection—to the lip  
Of some sad one who scarce has strength to sip,  
Shall have a vast reward, and heaven shall know his  
fame.

## XVIII.

While impudence, like weeds, will thrive apace,  
Genius is child-like, and so sensitive  
It scarce can find a fit abiding-place;  
And love must tend it, or it cannot live.  
Neglect and contumely have destroy'd  
Full many a man whose spirit long was buoy'd  
By the fond hope that yet would come a day  
That should repay him for the pain he bore:  
The world's unkindness, like a canker, wore  
Into his heart, and life escaped away.  
'Tis sad that earth should lose so suddenly  
Her gentle ones, and few be left behind  
To temper the impetuous selfish mind,  
And pour affection's oil on passion's furious sea.

## XIX.

So let it be—it has been ever so;  
For since the world's foundation-stone was laid,  
And sin brought "death and all our mortal wo,"  
Suffering has been the ransom-money paid  
For man's redemption. Precious lesson taught  
By suffering JESUS!—Murmuring heart, be still!  
Enough for thee that 'tis thy Maker's will.  
Then let thy work in faithfulness be wrought:  
Thy weary toil shall fit thee for thy rest.  
Thy grave more welcome—quieter thy sleep—  
If round thy coffin many sigh and weep,  
Who but for thee had lived and died unblest.  
GOD grant to thee, my soul—GOD grant to all—  
Ripeness in faith and works before our time to fall.



## CANTO II.

## I.

THE Utica was steaming up the Hudson ;  
And we (some friends and I) took passage in her,  
And reach'd Peekskill in ample time for dinner.  
The mountain trees had neither leaves nor buds on,  
Yet beautiful the haughty Highlands stood.  
Oh blessed land of rivers, plains, and mountains !  
Beyond all regions Heaven has made it good !  
More precious than the golden-bedded fountains,  
Or diamond stones of India or Brazil,  
My country is my Holy Land. I love her !  
The purest, brightest skies are spread above her,  
And heavenliest beauties cover vale and hill ;  
Her lakes are oceans, and her mountains hide  
More secret wealth than all the earth beside.

## II.

(Reader ! forgive the muse's transient rapture—  
Thy heart is cold if thou forgivest not.)  
We gazed on Tarrytown, the famous spot  
Where three militia-men made noble capture  
Of André, the adventurous English spy.  
The man was hang'd, and bravely did he die.  
Some years ago the British sought his bones  
And placed them 'mong their famous worthies. We  
Once lost a hero worthier than he ;  
And still he lies beneath the unnoted stones  
Where he was buried. I have ever kept  
A corner of my heart for Nathan Hale  
To live in ; and until my days shall fail,  
I'll honour him whose fate a lonely mother wept.

## III.

He ask'd them for a Bible e'er he died :  
He had been taught to love it in his youth,  
And now he sought the solace of its truth  
In his last moments,—and he was denied !  
The Britons swung him 'twixt the heavens and earth,  
As if he were a dog ; nor scarcely gave  
A shred of time to fit him for the grave.  
(Howe ! noble merely by the chance of birth—  
Thine is the sin, and thine the ignoble fame !  
I loathe to stain my verses with thy name.  
I hold thee forth as one of vermin-breed,  
That men may scorn thee as they scorn a lie !)  
Hale grieved—let freemen ponder as they read—  
“ That for his country he but once could die.”

## IV.

The envious tell us, "We are base-begotten—  
A mongrel nation, born in Time's declension—  
Plebeian people—sellers of corn and cotton,  
Unworthy high and honourable mention."  
Well, be it so. The lusty strength of youth  
Is better far than proud decrepitude.  
With mind and might and fortitude endued,  
We stand erect, and fight for present truth.  
We're in the young delight of new existence;  
The ardent blood leaps lively in our veins;  
The dim traditions glimmering in the distance  
We scorn, for objects worthy manly pains.  
We tread a path our slanderers never trod,  
And as we choose, we serve and worship GOD.

## V.

It ill becomes our brethren thus to mock.  
Their homesteads once were also ours; and we  
Have well upheld the family dignity,  
Nor proved degenerate scions of the stock.  
Let all the earth produce a parallel  
To this good land wherein our people dwell.  
'Tis ours to show what man, most free, can be:  
The mission is not given to us to pore  
O'er cobweb'd tomes of well-forgotten lore;  
Progression is our law and destiny.  
We lead the van of battle, well begun  
By Sidney—Hampden, Cromwell, on the field,—  
And glorious Milton, who a pen did wield  
That glow'd with light from mind's unclouded sun.

## VI.

Oh, that the blind seer's mental mantle might  
(Like the rapt prophet's) fall upon this land,  
Which owes its freedom partly to his hand,  
That dared betimes the fearless truth to write.  
The man immortal of our father-isle,  
His fame is also ours. 'Twere well all men  
Should sit like children at his feet awhile  
And wisely learn of him. All nations then  
Would show their giants. I wish in vain, I fear.  
When he was old and blind, they gave him ten  
(They promised twenty) pounds for his great poem,  
And let him die. And 'twould be so again.  
Thus angels sometimes on the earth appear,  
But till they fly to heaven the world seems not to  
know 'em.

## VII.

If I believed in canonizing men,  
I'd canonize John Bunyan. But, indeed,  
My faith is in a stern and simple creed,  
The "excellent way" Paul taught by tongue and pen.  
And so the tinker may content himself  
To take a place upon my mental shelf  
Beside John Milton. Twelve full years was he  
A guiltless prisoner held in Bedford jail;  
And, accompanied by his daughter, blind and pale,  
Manlike he bore the wrath of bigotry.  
" 'Twas time to curb the license of his speech;  
They had not sent him," thus the prelates reason'd:  
"In their own tenets he had not been season'd,  
And strange 'twould be to let a tinker preach."

## VIII.

'Tis hard to hinder bitter thoughts from rising—  
To keep the word of scorn unspoken—when  
I read the cruelties of these mitred men  
Who seem t' have thought that man-anath'matizing  
Was a far holier work than man-redeeming.  
But Bunyan was beyond their power: nor cords  
Nor bars could bind the immortal thoughts and words  
His genius hid beneath the guise of dreaming.  
He stands alone in his peculiar glory,  
Sole sovereign of the realm of allegory.  
Two hundred years have pass'd; yet brightly beams  
(Such fascination in his necromancy)  
On us the radiance of his brilliant fancy.  
What wondrous sleep was his that had such glorious  
dreams!

## IX.

Thou, too, stand up, Noll Cromwell! Take thy place  
Among thy country's mightiest; for thou wert  
The sturdy champion of thy suffering race;  
And thou didst battle, ev'n to thine own hurt,  
For man and truth and GOD. They slander'd thee,  
The minions of the second Charles. The dirt  
Of slander now is dried, and, verily,  
Like good old Bunyan's pilgrim, thou art girt  
With brighter glory. Godless cavaliers  
Made merry of thy manly spirit's heaving;  
Thy sighs and groans, thy prayers and flowing tears  
Were mocking mysteries to the unbelieving  
And scoffing followers of the bigot-king,  
Whose velvet fingers hid the accursed sting.

## X.

The first and faithless Charles (since falsely named  
The Martyr) sat on England's throne, and sought  
To set aside the precepts wisely framed  
To guard the freedom of man's word and thought.  
He maim'd the men who spoke the unwelcome truth,  
Imprison'd some, and some the tyrant fined;  
In pillories stood stern martyrs of the mind,  
Yet all the people show'd them kindly ruth.  
A reckoning-day was coming. Cromwell! thou  
And thy true cousin Hampden scorn'd to bow  
Before the pride of monarch, priests, and lords.  
Humanity arose in arms; and dire  
And awful were the mortal hate and ire  
When tyranny and freedom measured swords.

## XI.

The Arm divine o'erthrew the foes of men:  
The death of Charles a small atonement made;  
And tyranny sneak'd to its murky den,  
And tiger-like lay watching in the shade.  
'Neath thy protectorate, old England's fame  
Grew great and glorious. Thy simple name  
Sufficed to keep a turbulent world in awe;  
And people great and small securely dwelt  
Beneath the shelter of the equal law;  
And at their wont the high and lowly knelt  
And worshipp'd GOD. When death to thee came  
near,  
Still trustedst thou in Him who died to save.  
Thou hadst thy faults; but who, alas! is clear?  
Immortal memories sanctify thy grave.



## XII.

Short time it was that thou hadst been entomb'd ,  
When tyranny came howling for its prey ;  
Thy sacred corpse was savagely exhumed,  
And on a gibbet swung in open day.  
They cast thee in a pit: thy mother dear  
And thy sweet daughter too: and many more  
Of pure and holy ones. The atmosphere  
Shook nightly with the bacchanalian roar  
And horrid riot of the royal court;  
And freedom's wail afforded royal sport.  
I can no more. Let future writers tell  
The faithful story of those murderous times,  
The merry monarch's shameless tricks and crimes,  
Whose merriment provoked the laugh of hell.

## XIII.

Old Europe bends beneath her load of crime :  
Her catalogue of guilt is written down,  
And Justice waits, with ever-deepening frown,  
To smite for sins of past and present time.  
The lordly few eat up the land; the poor,  
Vilely earth-trodden, sullenly endure  
The hunger-pang; and foundling infancy,  
Unfather'd and unsponsor'd, marks the shame  
Of unwed mothers—babes without a name.  
The cry of man uprises to the LORD—  
Of man oppress'd, and moaning helplessly ;  
And shall not He fit recompense award  
To those who spurn Almighty GOD's decree  
That man in very deed a man should be?



## CANTO III.

## I.

THE rugged head of Winter on the lap  
Of Autumn lies. His snowy locks he flings  
Upon her bosom. His chill arms enwrap  
Her shivering form, until her quiverings  
Subside in death. His voice breaks forth in wild  
And piteous howls, as if he mourn'd the death  
Of the meek one who perish'd at his breath.  
On his stern brow the angry clouds are piled,  
And bitter are his rage and vengeful spite ;  
And seamen on the rocky coast at night  
Fall victims to his ire. At times he seems  
To put away his wrath, and melting tears  
Run down his icy cheeks in copious streams ;  
But soon anew they freeze, and all his rage appears.

## II.

Yet nature in her barrenness has charms ;  
And men of cheerful hearts may even see  
Some beauty in a brown and leafless tree,  
While silently it stands, with naked arms  
Appealingly uplifted tow'rd the skies.  
The man has dim and uninstructed eyes  
Who never finds the precious gems that lie  
Beneath his feet wherever he may tread ;  
And he who bears a high and haughty head  
Will pass unseen GOD's works of wonder by.  
The flowers may all have gone, the birds departed,  
And babbling brooks be changed to speechless ice,  
Still nature's winter aspect may suffice  
To fill with tender thought the pure and earnest-  
hearted.

## III.

The man who looks around him as he walks  
Sees objects strange and wonderful and new ;  
And he who thinks while his companion talks  
In time may grow the wiser of the two.  
An open eye—a quick, attentive ear  
Will lead the mind into the ways of knowledge ;  
For all the world's a universal college,  
And every one may be a learner here.  
Experience is the teacher : dear, indeed,  
Her charges are to thoughtless folk and fools ;  
But all' who follow carefully her rules  
The various tongues of nature learn to read.  
Thought adds to thought ; and soon the mental pile  
Uprises heavenward, like a coral isle.

## IV.

Who seldom sows his mind shall reap but little;  
Weeds quickly overspread the fallow soil;  
The toiler may be wearied by his toil,  
But it shall yield sufficiency of victual,  
Enough for his own use, and much to spare.  
To him who hath, abundance shall be given;  
From him who squanders wastefully his share,  
All that he has shall righteously be riven:  
The world shall make a proverb of his name,  
And he shall fill a sepulchre of shame.  
Work waits for every man; and he who fills  
The measure of a working Christian here,  
Shall little heed life's ordinary ills,  
And calm content his life and death shall cheer.

## V.

In our humanity the LORD has hidden  
Things richer and more beautiful than lie  
In Colorado's mines; and we are bidden  
To seek and find. We live below the sky,  
Yet we may lay up treasure even there;  
Yea, life immortal to the pure in heart—  
Similitude to GOD, in that we bear  
Our Saviour's image in our better part—  
The taste and thirst for knowledge failing never,  
But strengthening in us ever and for ever,  
While depths of love and goodness we explore,  
And wondrous mysteries of His working learn  
In the grand worlds that in the distance burn,  
And find new cause to praise Him evermore.

## VI.

This present life seems full of mysteries;  
The vulgar mind, to superstition prone,  
In nature's movements fearful omens sees,  
And shrinks aghast from terrors of its own  
Imagining. Despotic is the power  
Of ignorance; and thousands live in fear  
And die unnumber'd times before the hour  
That Heaven has set to end their strivings here.  
The trustful, quiet, mighty thinker seeks,  
In loving faith, the unknown orderings  
Of the Great Former of created things,  
And GOD to him in guiding accents speaks.  
Still, in the dealings of the LORD with men,  
Are mysteries far beyond our human ken.

## VII.

Some dwell in palaces, and some abide  
In huts; some languish from the lack of toil,  
And others wait the hour when they may hide  
Their over-weary bodies 'neath the soil.  
Some men go hungry all the day; and some  
Do turn away with loathing from their food,  
For Heaven has given them multifarious good  
Until satiety has overcome  
The natural craving. Some have friends to spare;  
And some, the prey of loneliness and grief,  
Have none to bring them comfort and relief.  
Some sink in trouble, some have naught to bear;  
Some soar to power, and some are trod in dust;—  
Can lots so various 'mong equal men be just?

## VIII.

Were death annihilation—were this life  
A lamp extinguish'd, never to be relit,—  
Then words of deep despondency were fit;  
Then man perchance might lift his arm in strife  
Against his LORD. Were blessedness of mind  
Dependent on the vastness of the heap  
Of gold and gems the schemers 'mong mankind  
Could gather, then 'twere virtuous to weep.  
But 'tis not so. Infinity of time  
Is yet to be. Beyond our vision lie  
Eternal realms ineffably sublime  
And beautiful. Nor heart, nor ear, nor eye  
Of man has known what things are laid up there  
For all who love Him and His spirit share.

## IX.

The mourners of the earth there mourn no more;  
The sigh, the tear in heaven is unknown:  
They walk as children round the Father's throne  
Who in their mortal life were spurn'd the door  
Where Sin and Mammon reign'd within the dwelling.  
Unselfish bliss their raptured breasts is swelling,  
And all are brothers there. None rolls himself  
In dust of gold, and lifts his head above  
His fellow worms because the glittering pelf  
Sticks to his slimier coat. The law of love  
Is perfectly obey'd. The innumerable throng  
Have separate themes of thankful joy; yet all  
Unite in hallelujah and in song,  
And GOD's benignant smiles on all the brethren fall.

## X.

And there is rest,—the full and perfect rest  
Of unfatigued activity: not such  
As lulls awhile the languid mortal's breast  
When he has thought or labour'd over-much;  
Not such: but more, immeasurably more,  
That needs eternity to tell it o'er:  
A ceasing from infirmity and sin,  
From envy, lust, and hate, a banded crew,  
That, through its oft-unguarded doors, let in  
Upon the soul a cursed retinue  
Of evil spirits:—rest in the love of GOD,  
The garment of His grace His people covering,  
Their feet with sandals of his goodness shod,  
And clouds of blessing ever o'er them hovering.

## XI.

And has this various life a change so fair  
And glorious? May man, his death-sleep o'er,  
Awake angelic? Then who would not bear  
And suffer long, and wait in patience for  
Deliverance?—O weeper on the way!  
Do many sorrows on thy bosom prey?  
Dost feel thy burden heavy? Lift thine eye  
To CHRIST thy strengthener. If from thee He take  
No burden, still He helps thee at thy cry:  
Who bear His yoke, their back shall never break.  
And oh, ye poor! condemn not GOD's decree:  
If poverty, a bitter medicine, cure  
The soul's distempers, blessed are the poor;  
Yea, if ye are CHRIST'S poor, thrice blessed men  
are ye.

## XII.

If plenty pall the palate of the rich,—  
If appetite be lacking at the feast,—  
If honours lose their magic power to 'witch,  
And when obtain'd, are loved and worshipp'd least,—  
It is that man should heavenward aspire,  
And seize the substance, while the shadows pass,  
Dim images reflected in the glass,—  
Should warm his spirit with the sacred fire  
Of love to GOD and man, and day by day  
Work in the good LORD'S field as well as pray,—  
A follower in the path of Providence,  
Cheering the halting on life's rougher way,  
The orphan's helper and the widow's stay,  
Till GOD shall call his willing servant hence.

## XIII.

Uprightly stand, then, brothers of my race!  
And manly meet the troubles of the way:  
A trustful hope in our Redeemer place,  
And lovingly and kindly as ye may  
Assist some weaker ones who meekly bear  
A weight of which your arm should take a share.  
Whate'er your station, ye are call'd of Heaven  
To do a generous work among your kind:  
Into your trust a talent has been given;  
It may be wealth of gold or wealth of mind,—  
It may be large, it may be very small;  
But use it well, and ye shall surely hear  
The Master's voice in gracious accents call  
Your souls to dwell in an immortal sphere.



## XIV.

There are some bosoms, all the wide world over,  
That flow with what is call'd the milk of kindness;  
And though I've not been an extensive rover,  
Yet I were chargeable with moral blindness  
Did I not see and own the winsome grace  
That Heaven has given to many of our race.  
The image of the Highest may be seen  
Borne brightly in His children on the earth.  
No claim make they to a patrician birth,  
Yet in their loving tone, their peaceful mien,  
Their faith and works, and self-denying spirit,  
They give us strong assurance they inherit  
The temper of their LORD, who, on the Mount,  
In matchless words man's duty did recount.

## XV.

The heart of kindness seldom sours or curdles;  
The cream of love is in it pure and sweet:  
With every charm that human nature girdles,  
And every grace of gentleness replete,  
The man who has a kindly heart is most  
In pattern like his LORD; for where the law  
Of kindness rules the heart, the virtues draw  
Together in companionship, and post  
Themselves around that citadel of love.  
The kindly man doth always kindly prove:  
He has a word of sweetness for the child—  
Of pity for the poor—of sympathy  
For all who mourn; and truly glad is he  
When through his generous care some sorrowing face  
has smiled.

## XVI.

There's music always in the kindly soul,  
For every deed of goodness done awakes  
Its chords of pleasure, till the harmonies roll  
(Sweeter than man's most cunning finger makes)  
In waves of joyance o'er the happy breast,  
Like the blest home whose gleeful daughter's singing  
Sets bells of gladness through its halls a-ringing.  
How foolish they who seek in biting jest  
Amusement at a weaker brother's cost!  
The wanton anguish man inflicts on man  
Is written down—it never shall be lost;  
Some coming day 'twill meet GOD's righteous ban.  
Be ours the grace to breathe our daily breath  
In kindness, and die the good man's death.

## XVII.

Old Peekskill village has a goodly share  
Of kindly men and women. ("Women! I pray!  
Use softer term, Sir Poet! *Ladies*, say."  
The proudest name the gentler sex can bear  
Is WOMAN, simply woman—bosom-mate  
Of hardier man, and sharer of his state.  
And 'tis, besides, the name bestow'd by Heaven:  
I'll use it till a better word be given.)  
How big the human heart! How much 'twill hold  
Of love! In it the blissful stream may pour  
Continually, and yet there's room for more.  
Should I be spared till I am gray and old,  
I'll not forget the freshet of affection  
That met me there and drown'd my mind's dejection.

## XVIII.

Brother and I together took a ride  
To Shrub Oak Plains. There cousin John alone  
Is lying—friend nor kinsman by his side.  
His resting-place is noted by a stone  
Of whitest marble: truthful words are those  
Inscribed thereon. The scene of his repose  
Befits his life: 'twas beautiful and calm.  
In meekness and in love he went his way,  
Uprightly walking—filling up the day  
With useful deeds. He often pour'd the balm  
Of healing into wounded breasts; nor sought  
The praise of men in doing good,—for he  
Had been a learner at Gethsemane,  
And he remember'd well what his loved Master taught.

## XIX.

Dear John! 'Twas but a little while ago  
When he beside me, pensively and still,  
Wander'd among the mounds at Laurel Hill,  
And sought the grave of one he loved. The snow  
Had melted from the fields, and spring was coming;  
And southern winds blew with a gentle humming.  
He left me for his northern home. The flowers  
Of summer bloom'd and faded; autumn came,  
With setting sun that gleam'd like golden flame.  
Then winter brought long nights and stormy hours.  
But John the autumn or the winter days  
Saw not; for, call'd of GOD in summer time,  
He pass'd away in his and nature's prime.  
A nobler pen than mine might worthily write his  
praise.

## XX.

There also dwelt another godly man ;\*  
But there he dwells no more ; he too has cast  
Aside mortality, and lately past  
Into the heavens. His life was but a span  
On earth ; and yet 'twas long enough to win  
The crown that waits the victor over sin.  
"I have one hope—one only hope," he said,  
"My precious Saviour !" And as thus he spoke,  
Death's darkness gather'd slowly round his head ;  
And from the invisible world a brightness broke  
On his new-given spiritual sight.  
The morning of the Sabbath had arisen,  
And earth was resting when his soul took flight,  
And heavenward sped, like bird escaped from prison.

## XXI.

In after-time I stood beside the grave  
Fresh open'd for the youngest of my love,  
My latest born. Affection vainly strove  
Most earnestly the dying boy to save.  
'Twas otherwise decreed. Were I to say  
How pearly pale and beautiful he lay  
Within his coffin, one might think it were  
A sin to hide him in the sepulchre.  
I touch'd his forehead and his tiny hand ;  
How cold they were !—the chill went to my heart,  
And wellnigh caused the pent-up tears to start ;  
But stern composure came at my command,  
And silently I stood, and loved the more  
The child who, dead, look'd lovelier than before.

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\* Rev. DANIEL BROWN, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church.

## XXII.

We bore him to the grave while yet 'twas morn,  
The winter sunlight shining on his coffin:  
The weight of grief was heavy to be borne,  
And the salt tears rose in our eyelids often.  
We slowly walk'd in mutely sad procession,  
The pitying people freely making way;  
And the blest child, yet guiltless of transgression,  
We softly placed between the walls of clay.  
We sang a hymn—we bow'd our heads to pray;  
And GOD, who had our bitter grief appointed,  
Sent also strengthening grace by lips anointed.  
With lingering steps we left him as he lay  
In angels' care; and when we homeward went,  
We felt his home was better 'yond the firmament.

## XXIII.

The old clock in the hall is slowly ticking;  
And hour by hour it tolls a funeral chime:  
Its ever-going and unhurried clicking  
Denotes the speed of the old traveller Time.  
It is a solemn voice. Who hath an ear  
To hear its warning accents, let him hear,  
And preparation make to meet the day  
When he shall lie alone upon the brink  
Of human life, and death shall bid him drink  
The hemlock cup that none can put away.  
What though man turn from the unwelcome theme,  
Will Time sit still for man's forgetfulness?—  
To watch betimes were wiser than to dream  
And wake at last to wo remediless.

## XXIV.

" 'Tis time we should be going," Socrates  
Said to his judges; " I to die, and you  
To live: the better which, is known unto  
The gods alone." Happy for him who sees  
'Tis time for him to go about his work  
And finish well the allotted part before  
The set of sun, when labour-hours are o'er,  
And night descends in mantle damp and murk.  
In reckless mood, some waste their morning-time,  
And, like an idiot gathering straws, they clasp  
The gewgaws of this world with earnest grasp,  
While life slips on; till, past its glorious prime,  
With trembling steps they carry down the road,  
Hugg'd to their breast, a perishable load.

## XXV.

Spring for the youth, and summer for the man,  
And autumn-time for him whose head is sere;  
But when one meets the winter of his year,  
Then should he rest, and well and wisely scan  
The tenor of his life, and lessons give  
How younger men may well and wisely live.  
I loathe to see the old man dabbling in  
The turmoils of the world. Like one apart,  
Turning aside from Mammon's work and sin,  
Be his the holy task to teach the heart.  
In the midway between two worlds he stands:  
His foot is lifted; when he steps again,  
He passes from the dwelling-place of men,  
And a new stage of life begins in other lands.

## XXVI.

Thus earth goes forth in constant emigration  
To the good land of Heaven. And evermore  
The angel who stands sentinel on the shore  
Proclaims, "Another from the lost creation!"  
The sea of death continually is dotted  
With barks of spirits voyaging across;  
And all whose guilt the grace of CHRIST has blotted  
Sail swiftly on, nor meet with harm or loss.  
True, darkness to the natural eye may cover  
The still and dismal waters, and alone  
Each vessel ploughs a sea before unknown,  
Yet o'er the track invisible angels hover;  
And the death-hidden, from the darkness waking,  
Beholds the morn of day-eternal breaking.





## CANTO IV.

## I.

THE Singing stage up to the door was driven;  
I was the only passenger that day,  
And sadly, gladly pass'd I on my way,  
My wavering heart by varying feelings riven,  
And, like a pendulum, swinging to and fro.  
From dear and loving friends I grieved to go,  
Still fain was I to turn my wandering feet  
And hasten homeward to affection's seat.  
St. Anthony's Nose blew forth a bitter blast,  
And pierced my bosom with the sharp-edged cold:  
All snugly wrapp'd in many an ample fold  
Of cloak and fur, I held them close and fast,  
As o'er the wild romantic road I sped  
Whose winding way along the river led.



## II.

The Dunderberg sat silently beneath  
The snowy clouds, that form'd a vapory wreath  
Above its peak. The Hudson swept along—  
'Tis not in me to paint. Had I a pen  
Endued with master gifts and genius, then  
Might I aspire to tell its praise in song.  
But I'm an humble bard, without a name,  
Who tunes his straw in praise of homely things:  
If gentle hearts are touch'd by what he sings,  
He is content, and thinks it noble fame.  
All mistily let transcendentials sing,  
And soar to realms of sense-confounding fog;  
So that my rhymings have a natural ring,  
In common pathways be it mine to jog.

## III.

Of human things my muse delights to tell—  
Of home and hope—of gentleness and love,  
That sink like oil into the deepest cell  
Of selfish hearts, and make the hinges move  
More readily to let sweet mercy in.  
There's poetry bound up in every life  
Whose years with love and usefulness are rife,  
For poesy and love are sister-kin.  
The affectionate glances of a happy wife—  
A husband's tender tones—an infant's smile—  
The voice of childhood merrier than a fife—  
With themes like these 'tis good an hour to while;  
And so, when musing on a lonesome way,  
With things of common life my thoughts are wont to  
play.

## IV.

And thus it was the woof and warp of thought  
Into this web of ballad-lines were wrought:—

## MARY'S HOLLOW.

A shady dell beside the road,  
Sequester'd, cool, and grassy:  
A pleasant brook anear it flow'd,  
Its current pure and glassy.

And Mary's home was on the hill,  
Up in the farm-house yonder:  
But in the dell so cool and still  
It was her wont to wander.

Her father's sheep the tender maid  
Her steps had taught to follow,  
And friskful lambs around her play'd  
Down in the grassy hollow.

And there she sat on summer days,  
Her nimble fingers flitting  
Through many an intertwisting maze  
In curious arts of knitting.

And there she sang some simple song  
Or hymn learn'd from her mother:  
The hours to her were never long—  
Each moment chased the other.

A native quietude of mien  
So graciously became her,  
The maidens on the village-green  
With honour loved to name her.

The peaceful meekness of her brow  
Awoke no special wonder,  
Though like a brook beneath the snow  
A stream of thought ran under.

And oftentimes a sudden smile  
Her countenance stole over,  
As fitting sunbeams dance the while  
O'er fields of blooming clover.

The very angel of her hearth,  
Her mother's hand caress'd her:  
She changed her father's care to mirth,  
And silently he bless'd her.

On Sunday, in the village choir,  
Her pure, sweet voice, outpealing,  
Struck up in listening hearts the fire  
Of deep and holy feeling.

When sorrow's burden fell upon  
Some soul too weak to bear it,  
She bent her willing shoulder down  
And kindly sought to share it.

The great wide world was all astir,  
And heaved in toppling billows;  
But all was calm as heaven to her  
Beneath the drooping willows.

As life ran on with silent pace,  
Her meek and pious spirit  
Grew meeter for the holy place  
The pure in heart inherit.

And when the leaves were turning red,  
And autumn winds were sweeping,  
Sweet Mary with the blessed dead  
Beneath the grass was sleeping.

The neighbours, still, who pass that way  
Where Mary's sheep did follow,  
Remember her; and to this day  
They call it Mary's Hollow.

## v.

I pass'd the homestead of a rancorous Tory,  
Who fought against his country in the years  
Of our old revolutionary glory.  
He well deserved a cropping of his ears,  
But Britain pension'd him. His neighbours round  
Gave him a pension too—of hearty scorn.  
Of freeman's powers he by law was shorn,  
Yet was he wont to come upon the ground  
Where freemen met to vote. His very name  
A jest-word on the tongues of men became.  
“Ho! ho! sir patriot! will you cast a vote?”  
They cried with biting tone and lip upcurling.  
“I'd rather have,” he mutter'd in his throat,  
“Two hundred fifty pounds in money sterling!”

## VI.

This was the sum the British paid him yearly:  
And Judas-silver 'twas that nation did owe  
To such as he. They gave it to his widow  
When he was dead. Methinks 'twas earn'd too dearly:  
The smiter of his fatherland for gain  
Deserves the doom of the old murderer Cain.—  
What germs of wild romance here go to waste!  
What ripen'd memories cluster on the stem  
Of old tradition! Who shall gather them  
But one whose line's with some ancestor graced  
That sow'd the heroic seed? Chivalric tales  
Might be rehearsed of these grand hills and vales.  
Had the mute rocks a voice, what poet's verse  
Might even feign the deeds they would rehearse?

## VII.

The times of Seventy-six and after-years,  
Till freedom on our hills sat peacefully,  
Were times not often given to earth to see,  
When men, triumphing over natural fears,  
And with a courage bonds nor hunger broke,  
Wrench'd from their country's neck the rasping yoke  
Of foreign sway. It was not meet that they—  
The hardy tamers of a continent—should give  
Their birthright to their kinsmen far away,  
Who dwelt upon an island in the sea;  
A haughty isle, yet so diminutive,  
That, were a giant, in a sportive sally,  
To toss it in our Mississippi Valley,  
'Twould seem an infant on a Titan's knee.

## VIII.

'Twas kingly tyranny and priestly rule  
That drove our fathers from the homes and graves  
Of their ancestors. In staunch Freedom's school  
They learn'd man's dignity; and crouching slaves  
In mind or body they could ne'er become.  
They cast the price, and sternly paid the sum  
Their ransom cost. They took their venturous way  
Over the sea, and set their feet upon  
A free wild land beneath the western sun.  
The GOD they served was their unfailing stay;  
And busy towns and villages arose,  
And peace and plenty dwelt within the land,  
Till in a fateful hour the Briton's hand  
Fell heavily on them, and brethren turn'd to foes.

## IX.

The men of Seventy-six in their good arm  
—Hoping in GOD—reposed a manly trust;  
O'er all the land was sounded war's alarm,  
And victory crown'd the valour of the just.  
The fire of liberty fell down from Heaven  
Till from our shores the enemy was driven;  
And freedom, with the land's redemption shod,  
Her benison flung o'er every hill and plain.  
None of that band of noble men remain;  
The death-roll sounded at the word of GOD,  
And they were laid in honour's sacred fane,  
Their toils repaid by o'er-abounding gain.  
While love of home the freeman's breast shall fill,  
Their fame shall cause the freeman's breast to thrill.

## X.

Dear brethren, friends, and country of my love!  
"The lines are fall'n to us in pleasant places:"  
A newer blessing every moiment chases  
Some previous blessing sent us from above.  
Our cup is full, and rich as Heaven can make it  
For lips of man unworthy. Brethren, take it,  
And let us quaff it with a grateful spirit.  
Its fulness will remain; and while we drink  
Of bliss surpassing nectar, let us think  
How great and pure was our forefathers' merit.  
Let thankful thoughts, like morning's fragrance, rise,  
Whene'er to us returns our natal day;  
And He who smiles upon us from the skies  
Will guide our country in a righteous way.

## XI.

—Our coach got in too late. The waiting stage  
Had started on the way to Tarrytown;  
So at an inn my driver sat me down.  
Folly it were to fall into a rage,  
And so I paid the fare and kept from strife.  
The sun was to its winter zenith risen,  
And forth I went to visit Singsing prison,  
Where some have berths for years, and some for life.  
A thousand live in company, yet alone,  
And earn an honest meal by quarrying stone.  
The prison stands along the river shore;  
It has no outer wall; but men with guns  
Keep watch, and shoot the felon if he runs;  
And rogues, in silence, learn to steal no more.



## CANTO V.

## I.

THE tide of time is stealing up the shore :  
A wrinkle's on my temple, and my hair  
Is not so brown as in the days of yore ;  
And my complexion (ruddy once and fair)  
Begins to show the trace of work and wear :  
And several children clustering round my chair  
(One is in A, B, C ; the others read  
In languages : they're very apt indeed)  
Look up to me with fond respectful air :  
Yet sober truth impels me to declare  
My heart will not grow old ; but, full of joy  
And sportiveness as when I was a boy,  
With mischief and with mirth my bosom teems,  
And still I take a part in childhood's fun and schemes.



## II.

I give this merely as a fond excuse  
For all the whims and fancies of these papers:  
If graver people, liable to vapours,  
Object, and say, "The poet is a goose!"  
Why, let them say it. Well enough I know  
That living springs in April overflow;  
But who'd refuse the limpid stream to quaff  
Because the waters, as they run along,  
Dance over stones and sing a cheerful song,  
And whirl and purl a sort of aqueous laugh?  
Methinks my verses human life betoken;  
Sadness and mirth mix'd curiously together,  
Like clouds and sunshine in the spring-time weather:  
What cheerful heart that has not nigh been broken?

## III.

In summer-time the fleet-wing'd shadows skim  
Trippingly o'er the hills and vales of earth:  
So transient shades flit o'er the face of mirth,  
And casual tears the brightest eyes bedim.  
For instability and change are written  
On us and all our works. The loveliest things,  
When full of promise, oftentimes are smitten;  
And sweetest roses foster sharpest stings.  
The world, if loved too well, is prone to pall,  
And the poor fool who set his heart thereon  
Beholds his idol into ruin fall,  
Its frail foundation undermined and gone.  
May thus a mortal utter his complaint,  
When faith is weak, and spirit worn and faint?

## IV.

" I weary of this wosome world, O GOD!  
My languid spirit sinks ; my nerveless hands  
Have lost their wonted skill ; my feet are shod  
No more with diligence. Like one who stands  
Supine and listless at his journey's end,  
Or like a beggar who has naught to spend,  
There is no relish in this life for me.  
For I have sought for kindness and ruth  
And brotherhood among my human kind:  
But I have found the visions of my youth  
Unreal fancies of a dreaming mind ;  
And fame and riches false and fleeting be.  
The twig may thrive when sever'd from the tree,  
But all my comforts die when I am far from Thee."

## V.

Yet good's in every thing save only sin ;  
And even sin itself makes virtue seem  
More beautiful. Pain is of brother kin  
To pleasure. Night adds brightness to the beam  
Of day. The spring is balmier for the cold  
And bitterness of winter. Budding trees,  
That long seem'd dead, are pleasant to behold.  
In tropic heat, more grateful is the breeze.  
Thirst makes mere water sweet: to hunger, bread  
Is heavenly manna; and the weary head  
Contented rests upon a bed of straw.  
The goodness of our Maker may be found  
In every place the wide creation round:  
His daily providence proclaims this blessed law.

## VI.

How warmly we are loved, we seldom learn  
Till pain and sorrow take our strength away;  
Then, hearts too long estranged to us will turn,  
And be at peace, as in a former day.  
Our true and loving wife more loving grows;  
Our little ones in pitying wonder stand  
Beside the bed and clasp our fever'd hand;  
Their glistening eye the tear of feeling shows;  
And it may be, when evening calls to rest,  
They meekly kneel beside their mother's chair,  
Their silvery voices blend in simple prayer,  
And for their sire they make a child's request.  
The times of anguish are not vainly given  
That lead a family to unity and heaven.

## VII.

An urchin said, "If he were rich, he'd swing  
All day upon the gate." And witless people  
Oft nurse the vain conceit that it would bring  
All heaven to them, if they could climb the steeple  
Of their desires. They clamber up full high,  
But still the goal seems far off to the eye;  
For as they rise, ambition grows the stronger;  
Insatiate longings prey upon their mind;  
And while they seek what they can never find,  
Death intervenes, and lets them seek no longer.  
Their day and dream of life together past,  
Aside their kinsmen lay them in the tomb;  
A passing thought upon their fate is cast,  
And myriads still rush on to meet a similar doom.

## VIII.

And is this all of life? Is bursting bubble  
Or Sodom apple all that man may gain?  
Like a lone partridge wandering mid the stubble,  
Must he so wander o'er life's barren plain?  
Sowing for happiness, and garnering pain,  
Is this his portion? Selfishly alone,  
Shall he supremely ever seek his own,  
And leave the suffering one to weep in vain?  
Is all that heart requires accomplish'd when  
A heap of wealth is gather'd at our door?  
How thirsts the yearning soul for something more,  
Some good that lies beyond its keenest ken!  
And must that thirst forever be unslaked?  
Shall suicidal dreamers never be awaked?

## IX.

For man immortal, it is wisdom's way  
To make this life the pathway to a better;  
To do to all as kindly as he may,  
And love as well in spirit as in letter.  
Let man achieve a victory o'er himself;  
Let him observe the blessed Master's teaching,  
And turn aside from trickery and o'erreaching,  
Nor grind his fellows for the sake of pelf.  
Oh let us take each other by the hand,  
And help the weaker o'er the rougher places:  
Sure, GOD will bless so brotherly a band,  
And gift our souls with high and holy graces.  
What is there here worth living for, if it  
Be not to work in love, and grow for heaven fit?

## X.

The book of human nature is a tome  
Most strange and curious. He reads it ill  
Who sees not man's perversity of will  
Written on every page. Eschewing home  
And all its quiet joy—neglecting all  
The little tender acts that fill love's measure,  
And, like the dews that on the prairies fall,  
O'erspread the heart with fragrant flowers of pleasure,  
And seeking good wherein no good abides,—  
Is't strange that disappointment man betides?  
What though the earth has thorns, the roses grow  
Among them. Hapless is the lot of one  
Who goes through life and never finds it so.  
For him the pitying muse bids these quaint numbers  
run:—

The happy man is he,  
In city or countrie,  
Whate'er his lineage be,  
Who liveth lovingly  
Amid his family;  
Whose heart is like a tree  
That flowereth beauteously,  
And beareth seas'nably,  
And yieldeth fruitfully;  
Whose mind from guile is free;  
Who followeth equity;  
Who scorneth flattery;  
Who showeth charity;  
Who toils with industry;  
Who walks in constancy  
And true humility;

Who loveth minstrelsie  
And natural poesy,  
And trees and shrubbery,  
And brook, and bird, and bee;  
Who serveth reverently  
The LORD of land and sea;  
Who honoureth the decree  
Of the heavenly chancery,  
And uncomplainingly  
Resigns mortality;  
Whose faith in CHRIST's a key  
To ope eternity,  
Where, while the ages flee,  
He'll dwell immortally,  
And wondrous glories see  
Unveil'd by Deity.  
Be this the destiny,  
Reader! of thee and me.

## XI.

I went from Singsing in the afternoon  
And rode to Tarrytown, and willing pains  
The driver took to get in to White Plains  
To reach the cars; and he was paid a boon  
In welcome coin.—The alarm-bell shrilly rang,  
The steam-horse all impatient to be gone:  
The passengers in sudden hurry sprang  
And took their seats: and we went dashing on.  
All nature seem'd to be with legs endow'd:  
A circling race the trees began to run;  
The hills, the rocks, the fences joined the fun,  
Creation hastening past us in a crowd.  
In plainer phrase, along the rail we flew  
Till Manahatta's city open'd on the view.

## XII.

I met a man—I may not tell his name—  
His face was frank and fair: but one who gazed  
Into his eye might see that he was crazed;  
His wife had crazed him by a deed of shame.  
He sat beside me in the flying car;  
I know not why he told the tale to me,—  
Perchance he saw and felt the sympathy  
I had for him whose soul had such a scar.  
He dwelt in peace in his own home afar,  
And love and quietness abode with him;  
And in that heaven his wife was as a star,  
Until a cloud arose and made it dim.  
A villain stole her heart; and what was left  
To comfort him when of her love bereft?

## XIII.

She left his dwelling, and she bore away  
Their only child—a blooming boy, but blind:  
The blow was fatal; and his anguish'd mind  
Totter'd like some half-rooted tree, whose stay  
The hurricane has rent. He sallied forth,  
And on the wretch he plied the stinging stroke  
Until the rod in useless fragments broke;  
And then he took his journey to the north  
To seek the child. "I would not take his life,"  
He calmly said, "though he beguiled my wife:  
Who sits upon the cloud beheld the wrong  
I suffer'd—He will make it right." We parted  
And met no more; but in my memory long  
Shall bide the look of one so wan and broken-hearted.

## XIV.

Within the cars were various sorts of people :  
Some sat in couples—others sat alone ;  
Some softly spoke, and some in boisterous tone.  
A churchman told of his new church and steeple,  
And rightly show'd a warm regard for both ;  
A fellow near, who GOD nor man regarded,  
His low and vulgar language interlarded  
At intervals with an emphatic oath.  
He claim'd to be a gentleman, no doubt ;  
Methinks he was alone in that opinion ;  
A common swearer's Satan's meanest minion.—  
'Twas dark when we got in ; and I got out :  
To brother's dwelling I went hastily,  
And quietly with friends sat down to talk and tea.

## XV.

Delightful is an evening's cheerful chat  
With pleasant friends, especially to one  
Who has been long away. The minutes run  
With speed that all the talkers marvel at.  
So much to talk about—so much to tell—  
So many sleeping memories to awaken—  
The various fates that absent friends befell—  
Whom time had spared, and whom the grave had  
taken  
The tear to shed for those who pass'd away—  
The sigh to breathe for those who went astray—  
Our times of darkness, and our days of light—  
Our purposes and plans for coming years—  
Our heavenly hopes, our earthly human fears—  
And lo ! 'tis time to say, "Good-night, dear friends,  
good-night!"



## XVI.

Now seek we balmy sleep. How happy he  
 Who folds his arms upon his peaceful breast,  
 And calmly takes his 'custom'd nightly rest!  
 But some sad soul is sighing wearily:  
 The eye is dull, yet sleep the lid forsakes;  
 The ear is quick to catch the faintest noise;  
 The clock's dull tick the drowsy spell destroys,  
 And on his couch the sufferer lies awake.  
 All sleep but him—all in the silent town,  
 And lonelier grows the still and lonely night.  
 The stealthy cat, with footfall fleet and light,  
 Along the stairway patting up and down,—  
 The cricket in the hearth,—the creaking door,—  
 But serve to make the silence deeper than before.

## XVII.

And thus the hours in solemn stillness roll,  
 While plaints, like rifted clouds, drift o'er his soul:—

I lay me down, but cannot sleep;  
 My thoughts unwilling vigil keep;  
 I turn in weariness and pain,  
 And, lo! I hear the sentry's strain—  
     *"Twelve, and all is well!"*

A

The air with noise no longer stirs;  
 Still as the place of sepulchres  
 The sleeping city is, save when  
 The sentry's voice is heard again—  
     *"One, and all is well!"*

How solemn is the night!—the eyes  
Of heavenly creatures light the skies:  
They glimmer o'er the ancient tower  
Wherein the sentry marks the hour—

*"Two, and all is well!"*

Does any other wake with me,  
Dear brother in infirmity?  
Does any homeless wanderer hear  
The tones that fall upon mine ear,—

*"Three, and all is well!"*

Sad heart! how wearily and slow  
The long and lengthening moments go!  
When will the darkness pass away?  
Why tarries so the coming day?—

*"Four, and all is well!"*

Yes! all is well! Though now I weep,  
I know my GOD will give me sleep;  
The morning light is in the skies,  
And slumber softly shuts mine eyes—

*"Five, and all is well!"*





## CANTO VI.

## I.

'TIS Sabbath in the town. The calm of rest  
Is in the souls of men. The sound of bells  
The hour for holy convocation tells;  
And sacred aisles by worshippers are press'd.  
Mean Mammon hides within the deepest cells  
Of the mean hearts wherein he wonted dwells.  
The rich man's day—he feels his poverty,  
His need of grace bestow'd without a price:  
The poor man's day—he learns his high degree,  
That he is noblest who has least of vice:  
The gathering-day around a Father's table,  
When brethren from their wandering-places come  
And sit in peace like children at their home;  
An Eden of the soul, outspringing from a Babel.

## II.

The day is past. Another morning breaks,  
And man again to wholesome labour wakes :  
Labour, mother of rest ; the discipline  
Of love ; the doom most merciful and just,  
That keeps the soul uncanker'd from the rust  
That else would eat it with the tooth of sin,  
And let innumerable sorrows in.  
The stillness of the Sabbath—passing sweet  
It was—has given place to various din :  
The hammer's clang, the rumbling in the street,  
The sound of many voices, hurrying feet,  
The massive stroke of ponderous machines,  
All these, and countless more, the listener greet,  
And magical appear the city's wondrous scenes.

## III.

The blind man groping cautiously his way  
Along the crowded pavement of a city,  
Has natural claims upon our tender pity.  
Whether 'twere night, or whether it were day,  
Would seem to make small difference to him  
Whose days and nights alike are ever dim ;  
Yet still the tramp of human feet, and hum  
Of human voices, sweetly fill his ear ;  
The surgings of the tides of life appear  
Like the deep sounds that from the ocean come  
At midnight to the list'ner. Pity's glance  
Upon his form instinctively I throw ;  
And while some sadness clouds my countenance,  
To God I pray to save me from such wo:—

## IV.

"Thine earth, O LORD! is beautiful. Mine eyes  
Have seen—my heart has felt it so. Thy hand  
Has set its mark of glory on the land,  
The sea, and every thing beneath the skies.  
The earth was bright to me in early days,  
Ere dimness fell on me. O Father GOD!  
Thou know'st that I its hills and vales have trod,  
My bosom full of love to Thee, and praise.  
I love the earth because 'twas made by Thee,  
And made so fair. I still would look upon  
Its face when lit with radiance by the sun,  
Or by the moon or paler stars. To me  
'Tis beauteous still, the earth and all its kind:  
Then spare me, gracious LORD! and let me not go  
blind!

## V.

"About my hearth, five little ones are playing;  
Their mother sitteth with our last-born near:  
What hand shall feed them, and what voice shall  
cheer,  
If I am smitten blind? LORD, I am praying  
For these my children whom Thou gavest me,  
And her, more loved in my extremity.  
I kiss the rod that smiteth me. Thy will,  
Thy sovereign will, be done! But yet I pray,  
Oh! spare to me the pleasant light of day,  
And let me look upon my kinsfolk still.  
The face of man to me is very dear;  
Then set me not alone, where I shall see  
My human kind no more, and ever be  
A dweller in a land all lonely, dark, and drear."

## VI.

More pitiable is the man whose mind  
Is darker than the ancient night that fell  
On Egypt, (as our holy Scriptures tell,)  
And who has never learn'd that he is blind.  
In rank and saucy speech he calls to task  
The Great, the Wise, the Holy All in All!  
With questions such as he alone dare ask,  
He mocks Infinity! The lightnings fall,  
And scath him not—he scorns the Thunderer!  
He swells in pride, a little deity,  
Nor heaven nor earth shall make his spirit stir!  
*Fool* were a word as weak as word can be  
To brand his brow:—Ah no! the man is blind:  
The GOD of grace illume his darksome mind.

## VII.

From Manahatta may be seen Long Island;  
It lies between the river and the ocean,  
And interposes many a verdant highland  
Between the city and the sea's commotion.  
There, near the beautiful Gowanus bay,  
Is Greenwood Cemet'ry, the place of rest  
Of mouldering men whose souls are with the blest.  
With loving friends I wander'd there one day,  
A winter day, such as we sometimes see  
When old December, hoar with age and rime,  
Relents its rigour in its dying-time.  
The snow lay here and there; and spots of green,  
Amid the snow, diversified the scene,  
The emblems of a life beyond mortality.

## VIII.

In after-time, when musing on that hour,  
My thoughts fell captive to the muse's power:

Were I to choose where I would rest  
When all my care is o'er,  
I'd bid them lay my silent breast  
Beside Gowanus' shore.

In Greenwood's vale should be my grave,  
Or in its shady steep;  
The ceaseless singing of the wave  
Should charm my peaceful sleep.

I'd rest on nature's dreamless bed,  
Beneath the smile of GOD;  
His hand of love beneath my head,  
And cover'd with her sod.

I'm weary, weary now, and long  
Have weary, weary been;  
And melancholy tunes my song  
When sadness reigns within.

Yet so I work His gracious will,  
And so my LORD approves,  
I'll bear my daily burden still,  
Till He its weight removes.

When GOD shall bid me enter on  
The Sabbath of the dead,  
He will not leave me all alone  
The silent way to tread.

Confiding as a child I'd lie,  
And slumber on his breast;  
Who sleep in Jesus never die—  
They rest in living rest.

## IX.

On Monday afternoon—it lack'd a quarter  
Of five o'clock—I like to be exact  
In days and dates, and other things of fact—  
I bade my friends good-by, and cross'd the water  
To Jersey City, and took the homeward cars.  
The evening shades set in, and soon the Night  
In silentness put on his crown of stars.  
The moon came up, and sprinkled o'er with light  
The rifted clouds. Of all the stars, mine eye  
Chose Sirius, the glory of the sky:  
It pointed to my home; and then a rhyme  
Rose in my mind, and cheer'd the lagging time.  
Thus lovingly I rhymed, while tasting only  
The luxury of lounging languidly and lonely:

## RHYME IN A RAILROAD CAR.

Afar from home for many days,  
I cried, "More swiftly move,  
Ye cars, upon your iron ways,  
And bear me to my love."

The wintry day had pass'd, and night  
Put on his jewell'd crown,  
And from the moon the beams of light  
In silver showers came down.



A single star appear'd at first,  
And twinkled near the moon,  
Undimm'd by all the host that burst  
Around its pathway soon.

The steamy engine, like a bird,  
Skimm'd o'er the level rail;  
'Twixt mountain-heights it wildly whirr'd,  
And leap'd along the vale.

But still the star sped on before,  
As if to lead the way:  
"Perchance my love within our door  
Beholds its silvery ray;

"And peace comes softly in her heart,  
And dark and troublous fears  
Beneath its cheering light depart,  
And hope dries all her tears."

And then methought the eye of GOD  
Doth ever shine upon  
The darksome way in patience trod  
By every suffering son.

And comfort, like a sinless dove  
Soft brooding in its nest,  
Nestled within my heart, and love  
O'erfill'd my quiet breast.

Deep silentness was all around,  
The mid of night was o'er,  
When mine own faithful love I found  
A-watching in our door.

## X.

Anon I thought, at home 'twould not be ill  
To set up for a poet—get a sign,  
“Tam, Poet—and Commissioner for the Nine,”  
And tack it to an office window-sill,—  
Procure a desk, a library-case, and chair,  
And then put on a literary air,  
And cross my legs and wait for customers,  
As legal men and medical doctors do.  
I'd send my card to liberal publishers,  
Thus, “Office hours from 10 o'clock to 2.”  
A quid pro quo I'd always render; that is,  
The merit of the poetry should be  
Proportionate to the bigness of the fee  
The editors and album-ladies gratis.

## XI.

Ah! what a revolution would be brought  
About in things poetic! Then no more  
Would scribblers dwell within starvation's door,  
Supping on words and breakfasting on thought,  
Till, like frost-bitten plants, they wilt and die:  
No Motherwell or Chatterton be mated  
With lean and hungry want: no more be fated  
To live midway betwixt the earth and sky  
'Neath attic rafters. Crowns of tinsel glory,  
A foremost place in babbling men's esteem,  
The puffs that give a transient name in story,  
And daze their wits as in a drunken dream,—  
All these were theirs who'd take their pay in kind  
And cast away the birthright of their mind.

## XII.

Pah! pah! I'll none of it. I'd rather stand  
Nobly among the poor, than soil my soul  
And stain the palm of my unsullied hand  
With Mammon's glittering and dear-bought dole.  
If I possess a fairly-founded claim  
To add the poet's title to my name,  
Let me sing on as nature teaches me:  
Let virtue's signet be upon my words;  
O let me touch in human hearts the chords  
That vibrate in completest harmony,  
And waken music in the souls that sit  
Afflicted and disconsolate in their door,—  
Till far from them the evil spirits flit,  
And in their desolate hearts joy bides for evermore.

## XIII.

But oft I have no heart to make a rhyme;  
'Tis scarce worth while to tell the reason why.  
I cast my verses negligently by,  
And lay them over for a happier time.  
“Why should I seek with earnest care to find  
A jewel, worthless in the eyes of many,  
Who set a higher value on a penny  
Than on the purest diamond of the mind?”  
When thus I ask, awhile my spirits fail;  
But better thoughts and purposes prevail:—  
I'm but a man amid a world of men;  
Among them all, a few may haply listen,  
Until their hearts grow soft, and eyeballs glisten  
With tender tears awaken'd by my pen.

## XIV.

Then my own heart grows stronger, and I feel  
That GOD has given us naught that is in vain;  
That simple herbs may cure acutest pain,  
And gentle words a bosom-sore may heal.  
Then sing I on in hopefulness and faith,  
And close mine ear to what the scoffer saith;  
Nor heed the cold, unsympathizing stare,  
The haughty look, the dull, ungainly grin  
That marks some faces, as 'twere printed there  
In living type, "There is no man within!"  
Oh, that my rhymings, like a living rill  
That slakes the thirst of mortals worn and weary,  
May flow in pure and crystal streams at will,  
And make the heavy-hearted light and cheery.

## XV.

Somehow another train ran off the rail,  
And thus were we consid'rably belated,  
And longer kept than we anticipated  
Upon the road. At midnight we made sail  
Across the Delaware. Few minutes more,  
And I was standing safely in my door.  
A warm embrace soon told me all was right;  
In arms of Love our lives had all been hid.  
I kiss'd the children:—'bove the coverlid  
Their bright blue eyes twinkled like stars at night.  
If breasts e'er gladly throb'd, our bosoms did!  
Kneeling to Heaven our grateful vows to plight,  
In fearless trust our weary eyelids closed,  
And softly, sweetly, soundly we reposed.



## NOTES AND ADDENDA.

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### TAM'S FORTNIGHT RAMBLE.—PAGES 261-324.

This piece was written for *Neal's Gazette*, and published under the pseudonym of Tam.

#### PAGE 265.

On Sabbath morn I went to Dr. Potts's,  
He who had wordy jousts with Dr. Wainwright.

An allusion to the famous controversy between these clergymen occasioned by a remark in an oration made by Mr. RUFUS CHOATE, that "New England in its settlement exhibited the striking spectacle of a church without a bishop, and a state without a king."

#### PAGE 300.

And to this day  
They call it Mary's Hollow.

A locality near the village of Peekskill, Westchester County, N. Y.

## PAGE 91.

Then the people, if unmournful,  
Said, "Poor Norah's dead!" unscornful.

HONORA POWER, known as Crazy Norah, was for many years a notable character in the streets of Philadelphia. The *Sunday Dispatch* gave the following reminiscences of this strange woman :—

The dress of Norah was as fantastic as her speech. Strangely enough, too, considering her antipathy to men, her garb was usually more than half masculine. A man's hat, long boots, and curiously-cut plaid coat, secured around her waist by a broad leather belt, formed her usual costume. At times Norah bedecked herself with fanciful ribbons and flaunting finery, and with a bootjack or some equally uncouth utensil in her hands, she paraded the streets, stopping occasionally to make a speech, in which fantastic thoughts were clothed in strange verbiage.

From our earliest days, the wild fantastic garb and the coarse though not unhandsome features of poor Norah have been associated with our recollections. We remember well, at a time when we could scarcely shape a sentence with our juvenile lips, how Norah would take us by the hand and compel us—under fear of her displeasure—to repeat after her, word by word, the Lord's Prayer and the Creed of the Catholic Church. If we obeyed her directions cheerfully, and betrayed no fear of our wild monitor, a reward was sure to follow. Norah invariably carried with her a capacious bag, well filled with little odds and ends, which she had gathered in her wanderings, and a recitation of a creed or a prayer would certainly be rewarded with a bit of broken china-ware, a fragment of looking-glass, or perchance a piece of red tape or gay ribbon. Norah had a strange jargon of her own, and she made odd speeches. Her grandmother was mixed up with the prince of darkness most singularly in all her orations; and his satanic majesty and her aged relative invariably figured conspicuously in connection with the trash she bestowed upon good children as a reward for their proficiency in the matter of creeds and prayers.

## PAGE 109.

What is death to one that liveth  
In the love of our dear Lord?

The *Philadelphia Inquirer*, on December 22, 1863, published the following tribute to the memory of ANNA MARIA ROSS.

In the first hours when the call was made for woman's labour in the cause of patriotism, Miss Ross took her position as nurse and principal of an institution for the suffering soldiers, and from the moment when she first undertook the onerous duties appertaining to the position she has never faltered, never wearied. Day and night found her at her post; no disease was too dangerous, no wound too loathsome for her hands to minister to; no sufferer was too rude for her gentle sympathy; no discouragement too great to unnerve her heart; and when the way was opened for the foundation of a Home for the discharged soldiers, her whole energy and life were thrown into the enterprise. She visited all who could give aid or influence to the scheme, travelling over the State, canvassing the city, and, while still constant at her old position, her earnest endeavours were ever bent toward the forwarding of the noble scheme.

The perfect self-sacrifice of her life can only be appreciated fully by those who have watched her course, been taken into a place in the same warm heart that cast no one out, and marked the daily and hourly toil for the beloved object. At last the work was near completion. Aided by noble and patriotic friends, sustained by the citizens of Philadelphia, and encouraged by every well-wisher of the disabled soldier, she saw the building opened for the reception of furniture, took her position as Vice-President of the lady managers, and worked still faithfully to bring all to perfection, till worn down by almost superhuman toil, and utterly exhausted by her unparalleled exertions, she laid down her life on the very day when the Home for which she had given it was dedicated, her words of parting being, "I did not think my work was done, but GOD has willed it so; His will be done."

Anna Maria Ross, after a life of devotion to others, has gone to meet the reward awaiting her at her Master's hands.

She has spent her life in earnest seeking after God's will, and resolute efforts to fulfil it faithfully; every charity found in her an active and untiring co-operator; her hand was ever ready to minister to the suffering and needy; her warm heart was ever open to loving charity, and her pure Christian words always waiting to pass the portals of her lips.

## PAGE 110.

On the field of battle, mother,  
All the night alone I lay.

Founded on a line in a soldier's letter to his mother, "When you meet together, tell my little brother and sister that I died to save my country."

## PAGE 113.

Let me kiss him for his mother,  
Ere ye lay him with the dead.

A young man from Maine, hale and ruddy from his native hills, was seized by the yellow fever in New Orleans; and the tender care and nursing of the Howard Association failed to save his life. When the coffin was about being closed, "Stop," cried an aged woman who was present, "let me kiss him for his mother!"

## PAGE 136.

Methought the graves again appear'd,  
Neglected, as of old.

The beautiful Park in Philadelphia, known as Washington Square, was in former times the public burial place, or potter's-field.



## PAGE 147.

For many days our eyes have seaward wander'd  
As if to search the ocean o'er and o'er.

The beloved and honoured HENRY REED, Professor of Literature in the University of Pennsylvania, on the twentieth of September, 1854, embarked at Liverpool for New York, in the United States steamship Arctic. Seven days afterward, at noon, on the twenty-seventh, when almost in sight of his native land, a fatal collision occurred, and before sundown every human being left upon the ship had sunk under the waves of the ocean.

## PAGE 189.

Forget mine ancient friend, my Neal!  
"Nevermore!"

The witty and amiable JOSEPH C. NEAL, Editor of *Neal's Gazette* in Philadelphia, who died suddenly a day or two after his marriage to one of the lady contributors to his paper.

## PAGE 73.

Oh for a spell of the former time,  
When I dwelt beside the river of rhyme,  
And the frequent thought would over me steal,  
"Shall I dip a bowl of its waters for Neal?"

Many pieces in this volume were evoked by the kind encouragement of Mr. JOSEPH C. NEAL, the well-known editor. The author's literary connection with the *Gazette* began with the series of jocular rhymes here appended:—

## "THERE IS NO POETRY IN A HAT."

*Neal's Gazette.*

THE editor says, "No poetry in a hat!"

I throw the gage to him on his assertion:

I'll prove it but an undeserved aspersion—  
I'll make the editor "get out of that."

"No poetry in a hat!" His hat, I s'pose,  
He means—and then perchance 'tis true;  
But sure 'twould be a pretty how d'ye do?

For him to stand in other people's clothes,  
And say they have no poetry in their hats.

Some hats and trunks are lined with poetry,  
All printed fair, and beautiful to see;

And hats are used by some as mental vats,  
Wherein they pour the brewings of their brain:  
And curious 'twere to taste the beverage they contain!

A hat's the dome, the steeple-top of thought—

The attic room, the cockloft of the head—

The hive where fancy's honey-bees are caught,  
Which, else, beyond the memory's reach had fled.

A hat, well-brush'd, 's a cap-stone to the man;

Corinthian column he, with cap to match—

A column it were poetry to scan,

And with a glance its fine proportions catch.

A crownless hat lacks poetry; and he

(Whoe'er the miserable man may be)

Whose tangled hair stands peering through the crown,

Far from the graces hath he tumbled down:

Sans hat, sans coat, sans character, sans all—

Who thus hath fallen, how fearful is his fall!

"No poetry in a hat!" (my strain is growing

Perhaps too sombre—so I'll change the theme:)

Who ever saw a poetaster going

Forth to the fields, in ecstasies to dream,

Without a hat upon his head?—not one!

Were it by day, the fervid noontide sun

Would quench his fire with floods of perspiration:

Were it by night, mosquito, bug, and gnat

Would place him in a painful situation,

And make him long for e'en a napless hat.

"No poetry in a hat!" Behold the Quakers,  
 Who always wear their hats, except in bed;  
 Of all mankind, they are the keenest takers,  
 For poetry and common sense enshrine each placid head.

Now, here I'll stop:—I hope that you will own,  
 Dear Mr. Neal, your charge is overthrown:  
 If you won't yield, why, I must try again  
 What virtue still abideth in my pen.

The editor stoutly denied that he said there was no poetry in  
 a hat: his assertion was that there was

"NO MUSIC IN A HAT."

I PRAY your pardon, gentle editor:  
 You have me on the hip, and I am smitten  
 As dumb as lead for what my pen has written.  
 I see not how it was I said it, or  
 How my good specs misled me as I read  
 "No poetry," when "no music" 'twas you said.  
 But so it was:—man often double sees;  
 And sometimes sees what is not to be seen;  
 And, when he is particularly green,  
 Is made to see what his tormentors please.  
 But still, methinks, I was not much in wrong;  
 A hat I heard of which had music in't,  
 (At least, so thought the hero of the song;)  
 The way was this, as I have read in print:—

There was a man (for thus the story goes)  
 Who always wore a claret-colour'd nose;  
 Some bees once took it for a gaudy flower,  
 And settled in a swarm upon his face.  
 A horrid fear the wretch did overpower!  
 (A wretch is any man in trouble;)—he  
 Stood like a stone in his perplexity,  
 For bees can sting more keenly than a gnat:  
 But soon a thought came with a sudden grace.  
 With steady hand he lifted high his hat;  
 The bees mistook it for a hive, and flew  
 Straight into it, and fill'd it to the brim:  
 Methinks, the hum from that old hat to him  
 Was sweeter music than the spheres can "do."

(The rhyme just made is good—the English bad.)  
 'Tis said the razor-strop man oft doth tell  
 A story to the point—of what befell  
 A wretched man who drunken habits had.  
 (I pity him who, in this better day,  
 For alcohol will give his soul away.)  
 His shoes were toeless, and his elbows out;  
 His face was puffy, and his tangled hair  
 Evinc'd no daughter's love nor sweet wife's care;  
 And in the breeze his hat-crown flapp'd about,  
 And made a music that an owl would scout,—  
 (Queer music that, but music still, no doubt.)  
 A few more lines, and then I'll cut the thread  
 That draws the rhymes in couples from my head.

There's many a hat, on every pleasant day,  
 That's full of music and of poetry;  
 And any man the truth of this may see  
 Who leisurely will saunter on his way  
 Through Chestnut Street, or in the verdant Square,  
 And mark the foreheads lit with intellect:  
 In every glance, a poet may detect  
 The life of poetry indwelling there;  
 And from the mouth of our true-hearted girls  
 Soul music issuing 'tween the rows of pearls  
 That stand like sentries just within their lips;  
 The sweet sounds dying when they close the mouth,  
 Belike the moon last night, when in the south  
 Her mild, fair form was hidden in eclipse.

Whenever woman's brow her beauteous bonnet bears  
 A hat of music and of poesy she wears.

Besides many others, the *New Orleans Delta* now took part  
 in the fray; whereupon the Rhymer conferred with Editor Neal  
 as ensueth:—

#### TO EDITOR NEAL.

WE'LL drive that interloper off. He's poaching  
 Upon our grounds. We have pre-emption right,  
 And we must show our spunk, and give him fight.  
 That Oregon is ours. We'll suffer no encroaching.

'Tis ours from centre to circumference,  
 Throughout its utmost, universal bound,  
 From pole to pole, or water, ice, or ground,  
 E'en up to nature's last, extremest fence!  
 But, by-the-way, I wonder if a hole  
 Into the earth is found at either pole;  
 For if there is, we claim the world inside  
 (Its mines of diamond wit—its golden piles  
 Of thought—and all its coral fancy isles)  
 As well as all upon its outer tough, rough hide.

You squatted first, and I sat down beside you,—  
 You Daniel Boone, and I his nearest neighbour;  
 You set the stakes, and I partook the labour;  
 Now, I'll stick to you, let what will betide you.  
 We fell'd the trees,—we clear'd the brush away;  
 The minx, the coon, the beaver felt our sway,  
 And yielded us the crown.—Shall Delta come  
 And shoulder us aside? Shall he apply  
 Unto his nose the tip end of his thumb,  
 Twiddling his fingers, with a winking eye?  
 He shan't play Yankee game with Indian folk:  
 We'll hold our own, like Prussian miller bold,  
 Who loved his homestead more than Fred'rick's gold:  
 We'll keep the hat, undaunted by his joke.

A pretty pass sure things are coming to  
 When you and I can't hoe alone our row,  
 But every little cockadoodle-doo  
 Must flap his wing and imitate our crow.  
 The hat—the whole hat—nothing but the hat!  
 Ha, Mr. Delta, what d'ye say to that?  
 So, now be off, and go t' the Nile, and climb  
 The Pyramids, or seek the Sphinx's nose,  
 Or learn if it is true, that, at the time  
 Of morning-light, old Memnon music wakes.  
 But pray don't come where we have planted stakes,  
 Or we may tread on one another's toes.  
 So take the hint, or Mr. Neal and I  
 The virtue found in stones at your expense may try.

The *Delta*, nothing daunted, sang in this wise:—

"We say, Sir Tam, the hat is all our own,  
 As by a thousand reasons could be shown;  
     But what of that?  
 By our retaining it we feel  
 We would be tempting you to steal—  
     So take 'our hat.'"

## TAM'S SAY TO THE DELTA.

WE do not want your hat; we'll keep our own;  
 We're much obliged—your article won't fit.  
 And what's a hat, unless a head of wit  
 Is underneath? As well present a bone  
     Denuded of its marrow. We've a head—  
 The editor and I—that "can't be beat;"  
 Full grown in size, and stored with mental meat  
     Of various sorts, and literary bread;  
 And from its garners hungry folk are fed  
 With wholesome food that satisfies the mind,  
 And nurtures thought, and makes them wise and kind.  
 The busy beaver's neither snared nor dead  
 Whose fur shall form a hat that will compare  
 With that which we on Saturdays do wear!

Ha! "take your hat!" You 'mind me of the days  
 When I went courting. Happy days were they!  
 One freezing night I beau'd my lady gay  
 To hear some singers warble lovely lays  
     Composed by Handel (or perhaps by Haydn.)  
 My hat I placed upon a bench near by,  
 My soul entranced by music and my maiden;  
 A man of warty face and squinting eye  
     Approach'd my hat, and set himself beside it.  
 With sidelong look I watch'd what might betide it.  
 He moved, and moved, and still kept moving on,  
 And when he moved, he moved my hat along;  
 My mind was caught a moment by the song,  
 And when I look'd again, the man and hat were gone.

Not gone—but going quickly to the door!  
 I follow'd fast. "That hat is mine" I said.  
 "Oh! ah! is't yours?" exclaimed the warty head;  
 "I thought 'twas mine!" I took my hat once more.

The warty squinter pick'd up from the floor  
 A furless thing made in the days of yore,  
 And bore himself away as well he might.

—Thus Mr. Delta, fancying our hat,

Quick whips it up, and thinks he has it pat;  
 But we, forgetting not the concert night,  
 And conscious that we have the legal right,  
 Arrest the culprit and reclaim the prey.

We lecture him, and let him go his way;  
 And he, ungrateful, claims the hat—the wight.

During the hat controversy in *Neal's Gazette*, some curious persons sought to fix the identity of Tam. Hence the following

“ASIDE” FOR THE EDITOR'S EAR.

THEY ask who Tam is? Pray don't whisper it  
 To any one. Enough that you and he  
 Are cognitive of his identity.

He's rather modest; and he loves to sit

Behind the curtain of his pseudonym  
 And throw his rhymings in the midst of men:

Like some kind fellow who, from some odd whim,  
 Ensconces him from all observers' ken

Behind a wall, and pitches apples out  
 Among a hungry crowd: they take and eat,

And while they munch the food, they look about  
 To ascertain who throws them in the street.

They praise his fruit, and vote the man to be  
 A clever chap, and say, “Pray who is he?”

He's neither Parson, Doctor, nor Professor Tam,

Nor Lawyer Tam; nor even does he claim  
 (So deep his scorn of humbug and of sham)

To add Esquire to his simple name.

His home is in a place where Providence

Has set him. Neither very rich nor poor,

His bread and water have been ever sure.

To man or brute intending no offence,

He seeks to live, and die, in peace with all.

Years three times ten (and more) he's trudged along  
 The lane of life, and sometimes humm'd a song

To cheer him in a heavy interval.

He bears a burden equal to the might

That Heaven has given, and hope has made it light.

Then let him travel on his quiet way ;  
Ask not his name, his whereabouts, and so forth.  
If 'tis his wish incognito to go forth,  
And gently touch the doings of the day,  
So let him do ; and let him have his say.  
What reasonable man will answer Nay ?  
Expect him not to kick at every cur  
That snarls behind his heels. He has an aim  
More noble than a thirst for vulgar fame :  
The better feelings of man's heart to stir,  
His dearest purpose. If to fun he bends,  
It is to wisely win the multitude,  
And lure the mirthful to a thoughtful mood,  
And thus accomplish high and worthy ends.





















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